THE RISE AND FALL OF NEW FRANCE

GEORGE M. WRONG

A HISTORY OF CANADA

THE RISE AND FALL OF NEW FRANCE

VOLUME TWO

THE RISE AND FALL OF NEW FRANCE

by

GEORGE M. WRONG

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CHAPTER XXI

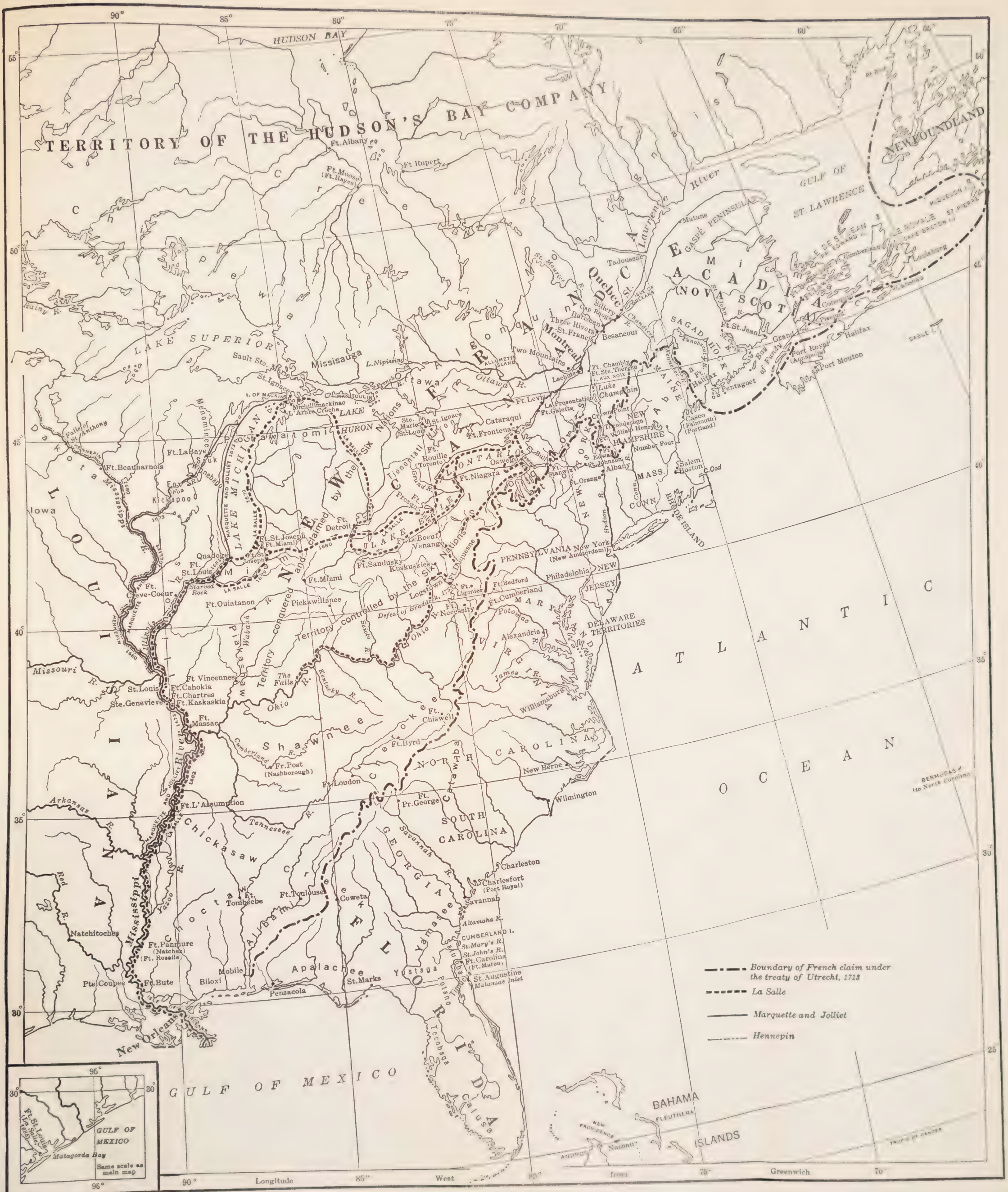
NEW FRANCE AND NEW ENGLAND IN THEIR FIRST WAR

During La Salle's adventure on the Mississippi, affairs in Canada had been going badly. The recall of Frontenac had been a triumph for the Jesuits and more than ever was religion the dominant factor in the counsel of kings. Charles II of England, wishing and yet afraid to avow himself a Roman Catholic, was succeeded in 1685 by his brother James II, whose supreme aim was to reconcile England to the Roman Church. Even under Charles II, with the king a Roman Catholic at heart and Louis XIV ready to aid, it seemed to some enthusiasts that England might turn to her former faith as she had turned under Mary. At that time the confidential secretary of the Duke of York, afterwards James II, wrote to the confessor of Louis XIV: "That which we rely upon most, next to Almighty God's providence . . . is the mighty mind of his most Christian Majesty [Louis XIV]." On the other hand, in England frantic suspicions of these designs led in 1680 to the judicial murder of some innocent and important persons, including a member of the Roman Catholic family of Howard, Viscount Stafford. He died on the scaffold because he was accused by the perjurer,

Titus Oates, and others, of a plot to murder the king and to raise a Roman Catholic army to master England.

In France a counter fanaticism had results even more dire. Louis XIV, told on high authority that the prosperity and the lives of his subjects were at his free disposal, was convinced that he might dictate their faith. Nearly a century earlier, on April 13, 1598, Henry IV had issued the Edict of Nantes granting to Protestants wide toleration, and after this in many towns in France Protestants might hold public worship and fill public offices. But now a challenging despotism would no longer permit this freedom. In his memoirs Louis XIV declares that as early as in 1661 he had resolved to allow the Huguenots to exercise their privileges only in the narrowest sense. One by one the professions were forbidden to them, until no lawyer, nor physician, and even no chemist and no bookseller, might be a Protestant. On pain of the galleys for life no Roman Catholic might become a Protestant, while on the other hand a Protestant child of even seven years might make the momentous decision to become a Roman Catholic, and then, torn perhaps from its parents, it would be educated in that faith.

At last, on October 22, 1685, Louis XIV took the final step and revoked the Edict of Nantes. Within fifteen days all Protestant ministers must leave France, but it was the fixed purpose that their people should remain in France and become Roman Catholics. In England at this time, though religious fanaticism was rampant, it shed in executions the blood of only a few people, but in France thousands were killed. The resolve to have in France but one religion lay so near the heart of Louis XIV that, like his ancestor Philip II, he would have as subjects only those of his own faith. In consequence, though the king forbade all but the Protestant ministers to leave France, soon, rather than give up their faith, a million Frenchmen had gone and they were the *élite* not of plodding agriculture but



Outline Map of Eastern North America

of the throbbing industrial life of France. Coercion ran to extremes which to-day seem hardly credible. Huguenots, said the king, must be converted to the last man! All Frenchmen must have the same religion. In 1686, the year after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Louis boasted that nearly a million heretics had already been converted and that there were not more than fifteen hundred still to convert. Scores of Protestant ministers, who had ventured back from exile to comfort their people, were executed with the drums beating in order to drown their last appeals from the scaffold. Few restraints were put upon the agents sent to the Huguenot districts. There were dire scenes when a company of soldiers were quartered in Huguenot houses with deliberate intent to make life intolerable to the inmates until they yielded. Sometimes drums would beat night and day to keep them from sleeping. The more brutal persecutors made Huguenots dance till they dropped, tied them up by their feet, forced them to hold live coals in their hands while a long prayer was said, poured hot grease on their feet or into their eyes, scorched their flesh before a red-hot oven, stripped women naked and whipped them in public places.

No doubt these were acts of fanatics, mad with the fury of power. Louis XIV did not see with his own eyes the six hundred Huguenot corpses which lay in one town after a volley by a company of his dragoons. He did not see the four hundred and sixty-six villages burned on the plea that the Protestant inmates were rebels; nor the dismal processions to the seaports across France of those condemned to the galleys, some fifteen years old, some eighty, chained by the neck or the leg in pairs, going for religion's sake to life worse than death, to be tied night and day to the rower's bench, half starved, tormented by vermin, and often lashed by an overseer. Even the dying Huguenot was not left in peace. Should he refuse the ministrations of a priest and yet recover, he might, if a man, be sent to the galleys, if a

woman, suffer confiscation of property and imprisonment for life. Should he die defiant, a decree of April 29, 1686, ordered that the body, face downwards, should be dragged on a hurdle through the streets to the refuse heap where dead dogs and other beasts were thrown, and left there to decay, under a stern prohibition against removal for decent burial.

Harsh orders were not always obeyed, for much depended on the intendants in the provinces and some of them and some of the bishops were mild. In the diocese of Cambrai Fénelon declared that it would not be easy to change the opinion of a whole people, but he won many Huguenots by gentle persuasion. On the other hand, in 1687, the powerful minister Louvois ordered the agents of persecution to make few prisoners and to spare neither man nor woman. The Pope Innocent XI, the saintly man described in Browning's *Ring and the Book,* was not in sympathy with this severity. Against such moderation, however, Louis XIV asserted his own royal priesthood, which gave him the right to make even an unwilling Church do its duty in checking and punishing error. It is melancholy to remember that, unlike the Pope, some of the best spirits in France approved of these extremes. "The finest, most notable thing ever done by any monarch," said Madame de Sévigné, while Bossuet, Fénelon's great rival, thanked God that the mystery of iniquity had been revealed and that, by the dispersion of the Protestants, France had been purged of monsters.

Louis XIV, supported in France by the Jesuits, was not likely to defy them in Canada. After the recall of Frontenac, La Barre, his successor, and the intendant Meulles proved to be staunch friends of the Jesuits; so also were the chief traders at Quebec and Montreal—and for good reason. The Jesuits were the champions of the plan to keep the savages in their villages; since traders were not to live

among them the result would be that once a year the native canoes laden with furs would come to Montreal and Quebec to the great profit of their merchants. The English and the Iroquois were indeed hardly a greater menace to the trade of Montreal and Quebec than were Frontenac's fort on Lake Ontario and La Salle's on the Illinois; and thus the interests of trade were in tune with the coercive religious policy.

When, in the summer of 1683, La Barre took shares in a company engaged in the Illinois trade in rivalry with La Salle, he sent word to the Iroquois that they might pillage the canoes of any French traders who could not produce a passport from himself. We may imagine with what glee the Iroquois received this warrant to plunder the French, while they themselves would be the judges as to the validity of passports which probably they could not read. In the spring of 1684 when seven canoes sent out by La Barre's company with valuable merchandise for trade, were on their way to Fort St. Louis on the Illinois, an Iroquois war party seized the men and plundered their canoes. Though the men protested that they had passports from La Barre, the Iroquois declared that they had been told to pillage any French in the country and to kill them if they were defiant. They even attacked Fort St. Louis of which La Barre's agent had taken possession, but after six days were driven away. Clearly they did not dread war.

The most powerful of the five Iroquois tribes were the Senecas, who had as many warriors as all the others together. They had harassed the borders of Maryland and Virginia; they had raided the Illinois; and they were ready to attack the French in Canada for whom they expressed an arrogant contempt. Since they were the most westerly of the Iroquois tribes they had not felt, as had the Mohawks, the military power of France. Accordingly La Barre now made up his mind that the Senecas must be humbled and he even wrote to Louis XIV that he intended to exterminate them.

In the autumn of 1683 the king sent out from France, not indeed a regiment, as La Barre wished, but three companies of regulars. Among the officers was the young Baron La Hontan who, as we have seen, wrote a vivid account of his experiences in Canada. La Barre, with stupidity to match his greed, imagined that he might destroy the Senecas without fighting the other Iroquois tribes, and that he might have from Dongan, the English governor of New York, if not support, at least neutrality. Why not, he asked, since Charles II and Louis XIV were at peace? In the spring of 1684 he wrote to Dongan explaining what he intended to do and Dongan of course took steps to foil his plans, since he regarded all the Iroquois as English subjects. La Barre sent also to Lamberville, the Jesuit missionary among the Onondagas, asking for his influence to keep quiet other Iroquois tribes than the Senecas.

Then in 1684 La Barre struck his blow which, indeed, proved feeble. La Hontan describes the advance of the army from Quebec to Fort Frontenac. There were a hundred and fifty regulars, seven hundred Canadian militia, and three or four hundred Indians, so that La Barre had gathered nearly twelve hundred men. When he lingered at Fort Frontenac his enemies said with truth that he had no real intention to fight. It was late in August when the army again advanced, rowing night and day during five days, until it reached a place called La Famine, at the entrance of the little Salmon River on the south side of the lake. Nicolas Perrot, a leader in the west, and Duluth, had brought hundreds of western Indians, some of them for a thousand miles, to a war which was to end the Iroquois peril. They had brought also some hundreds of the hardy *coureurs-de-bois* who, better than any other element in Canada, knew how to carry on war against native forces.

This great company had reached Niagara on its way to the scene of war, when the leaders, to their amazement,

received orders to turn back homeward. We know what was happening: La Barre was making a discreditable peace. On September 5 he began formal and tedious parleys at La Famine, not with the Senecas, who stayed away, but with thirteen delegates from three Iroquois tribes led by an Onondaga, known as Big Mouth, probably from his eloquence. Seated in a chair, surrounded by military officers, La Barre addressed the Iroquois in the assumed tone of a parent to his children. La Hontan records the speeches on both sides. Big Mouth was as imperious as La Barre and had the advantage that La Barre must decide quickly for his army was being decimated by disease. Since it was clear that both the Iroquois and the English would stand by the Senecas, these haughty savages refused to do more than to promise amends for plundering the canoes which had La Barre's passport, and they did not even keep this pledge. They would not promise to cease attacks on the Illinois tribes who were allies of the French, and they insisted that, for future councils, the French should go to their country, instead of summoning the tribes to Fort Frontenac. While securing only such shadowy concessions, La Barre, for his part, consented to abandon his advance into the Seneca country. The intendant Meulles reported to the court that La Barre had made the treaty in a panic of fear and this ended his career in New France. When Louis XIV received the report he wrote with gentlemanly tact to La Barre that the fatigues of office were too heavy for him and that the Marquis de Denonville was coming to Canada to take over the government.

Denonville sailed for Canada in June, 1685, and since, unlike other governors, he took with him his wife, he must have thought that conditions would be stable. With him sailed another high personage, Laval, now growing old. He had gone to France to resign his office as bishop and Louis

XIV had graciously asked him to select his successor. Accordingly he chose an austere and devout aristocrat of his own type, Saint-Vallier, a young chaplain in personal attendance on the king as his almoner. Already he had refused the sees of Tours and Marseilles and his going to a harder task in Canada first as vicar-general and a little later as bishop proves his sincerity. Like Laval himself, he knew nothing of compromise, and his arbitrary rule of the church for forty years was to mean strife whenever he found opposition. It was a heroic venture to cross the ocean in those days. Two years earlier La Hontan had thought the long passage enjoyable, but we see the other side of this voyage of Denonville. So insanitary were the ships that a quarter of the six hundred soldiers sent by Louis XIV with the new governor died on the way. On the *Fourgon* alone the captain and sixty men died and eighty more were ill. Such were the tragedies due to ignorance. Denonville was a man of high rank and character, a polished courtier to whom the rough ways of Indians and *coureurs-de-bois* were alike intolerable, a good but a rather rigid soldier, and a devout Catholic. He was scornful of the dabbling in trade which he saw all about him, but his wife, the Marquise, was, it is said, less sensitive and kept a room in the Château of St. Louis for traffic.

New France was now entering upon the last great struggle in its history. Spain she could defy; the natives, weak in number and destroying each other, she could in the end master; it was the English who wrecked New France, and now they were standing behind the arrogant Iroquois. The relations of the two crowns in Europe might well have seemed to make easy a settlement in America, and Denonville's solution was that Louis XIV should buy New York from James II. This would, he thought, involve the taking also of Boston. To us now such proposals seem grotesque for there were more than a score of people in the English

colonies to every single person in Canada. In that age, however, to a son of France, Louis XIV seemed so great that no other nation could long resist what he proposed. Since weak Spain could hardly block French designs on Mexico, England remained the only formidable enemy. But had not her king Charles II been the paid vassal of France and was not her new king, James II, dominated by devotion to the Roman Catholic faith like that of Louis XIV? It was, of course, clear that James who, by the gift of Charles II, was owner of New York, could hardly himself drive out his Protestant subjects, if they should refuse to change their religion, but, asked the French enthusiasts, might he not, in the interests of religion, sell New York to Louis XIV and thus accomplish their united high purpose against heresy? With New York once secured, Boston would soon fall and then France might have the continent to herself. She would grow rich on its vast resources, as Spain had grown rich from her colonies, and, above all, the whole of North America would, like South America, be secure in the fold of the Roman Catholic Church.

These thoughts were in the mind of Denonville when he prepared to smite the Iroquois by going to the heart of the country of the Senecas and declaring their land French territory. Still, however, Dongan, governor of New York, was on the watch and his tone was defiant. To him James II was "the greatest and most glorious monarch that ever sat on a throne," and, as he warned Denonville, the Iroquois were subjects of this mighty ruler. Though himself a Roman Catholic, he was not to be cajoled by any thought of common religious aims, and he told the Iroquois that a French advance meant their own ruin. He ridiculed France's claim to the Great Lakes by right of prior discovery, spoke even of the Ottawas as English subjects, and told the English and Dutch traders that they were free to push their trade among the tribes on Lake Huron and

beyond, in regions not before disputed with France. The English would have every prospect of success, for their goods were the cheaper and the natives were becoming keen bargainers.

Denonville decided to strike the Senecas suddenly and, as he supposed possible, secretly, and by humbling them to establish French influence among the western tribes and to make secure forever from Iroquois attack the trading routes from the west to Montreal. In 1686 Louis XIV was still willing to send help, though two years later he would do nothing. Troops and money arrived from France. Denonville sent word to La Durantaye, the competent soldier in command at Michilimackinac, and to Tonty on the Illinois, again to rally the western tribes and the *coureurs-de-bois* for a great deliverance. Thus it happened that, in the spring of 1687, from the east and from the west many hundreds of men were pushing towards the rendezvous on Lake Ontario.

On July 14, Denonville had at Fort Frontenac regulars, Canadian militia, and Christian Indians, numbering in all about two thousand. The final preparations completed, he set out westward with four hundred canoes, just when the allies from the farther west set out eastward from Niagara. When the two forces met at Irondiquoit Bay they numbered about three thousand. In this, the most imposing array for war yet seen on the Great Lakes, Denonville was startled by the appearance of some of his savage allies, with naked, painted bodies, with buffalo horns fastened to their heads and the tails of animals hanging from their backs. Their sense of discipline was as eccentric as their costume. To them war meant killing or capturing as many of the enemy as possible and then hurrying homeward with the trophies of victory.

The march inland to the Seneca villages in intense heat was trying. We find Tonty here, as we find him in the

next year at the mouth of the Mississippi searching for La Salle, and are astonished at the vast distances which he covered. Here too were Duluth from the far north-west and La Durantaye from Michilimackinac. Courtly officers freshly arrived from France, regulars in light armour, rough bushrangers in buckskins, savages painted in all the colours of the rainbow, were pushing on together to crush the ruthless enemy of all. The forest pathway was haunted by the skulking foe; and once at least, when a horde of whooping Senecas sprang out from an ambush, the French were almost startled into a panic. When Denonville's force beat off these assailants and inflicted heavy losses, he saw for himself what savage warfare meant, for his ferocious allies scalped their victims, scooped out with their hands and drank the blood from the warm bodies, and later boiled and ate the flesh. The French reached the heart of the Seneca country; they burned four Seneca villages and destroyed animals and grain; but they struck no deadly blow, for the Senecas, as hard to catch as the Bedouins of the desert, had flitted away, to come back only when their enemy was gone. Before turning homeward, Denonville repeated a well-worn ceremony and took formal possession of the country, much of what is now the State of New York. Then he returned to Lake Ontario and his savage allies scattered to their distant homes. Further to make sure of holding the Senecas in check, he went on to Niagara, began a fort there, and left a hundred men to guard the perilous outpost. He ordered Duluth to build a similar post on the Detroit River to guard the route to Lake Huron. When, in the autumn, Denonville reached Montreal, he was received as a victorious leader.

It was not often that the Iroquois, themselves adept in treachery, could with justice make a similar charge against the French, but this they could now do. One of the terrible punishments of the time was that of the galley-slave. The

galleys for life, a familiar sentence, meant victims chained to their seats and pulling the long and heavy oars of the galleys under the lash of an overseer, with death as the only release. For this brutal service strong men were needed and Louis XIV had told the new intendant, Champigny, who had just succeeded Meulles, to send him as many Iroquois as possible for his galleys. Since an order from the king was something half divine, it must be obeyed at the cost even of treachery. At Quinté, west of Fort Frontenac, were friendly Iroquois among whom Récollet priests were working. These natives were useful to the fort for they brought in fish and game and sometimes they caught French deserters. Now, however, they became victims of French treachery. That summer, just before Denonville's army had reached Fort Frontenac, Champigny, who was in charge of supplies for the army, invited these friendly Iroquois to visit Fort Frontenac. They knew nothing of impending war with their Iroquois kinsmen and came trustingly, with their wives and children, in all a party of about two hundred. Champigny gave them a welcoming feast and then suddenly seized all the men. When La Hontan reached the fort on July 1, to his horror he found some fifty Iroquois men tied to posts or trees by the neck, the hands, and the feet, some of them singing night and day their chant of death, which meant that they expected to die but defied the tortures of their captors. Among them was a young Iroquois of about twenty-four with whom La Hontan had previously made friends when at Fort Frontenac with La Barre. This man and the other captives were whipped, they could not drive off the flies from their naked skins, and they had to bear the exquisite torture of having the ends of their fingers forced by Huron and other allies of the French into hot pipes of tobacco. Though La Hontan spoke so violently against the treachery that some thought him mad, nothing would move Champigny. He insisted on sending some of

the men to France and many of them died in the hard life of the galleys.

This treachery deepened the savagery of even the Iroquois. Denonville had not forced them to make peace and during the next year they gave the French settlements no rest. The fur-trade died out, for no route was safe. Since no help came from France, the distress of the colony made Denonville anxious for peace; but when, in 1688, "Big Mouth" went to Montreal to discuss terms, the keen wit which scented the French need made him arrogant. The Iroquois, he said, had never been conquered while, he added, only his own influnce had kept them from completing the ruin of the French colony; they would not make peace until the French had brought back the men sent to the galleys and all other captives; and even then the peace would be only with the French and not with the Hurons, Ottawas, and other native tribes. Denonville was forced to consider these terms and he sent word to his Indian allies to suspend hostilities in view of a coming conference at Montreal. He was in a half-panic. So weak was he now that, at the Iroquois demand, he gave orders to dismantle and abandon the fort at Niagara.

Denonville's acts alarmed the Indian allies of the French, who saw themselves abandoned to the ravages of the Iroquois. Among the Hurons was a capable chief—Kondiaronk—known as The Rat. Native diplomacy was never scrupulous and now The Rat plotted to ruin the prospect of peace. With forty warriors he lay in ambush when four Iroquois chiefs and a few warriors arrived at La Famine on their way to the conference with Denonville at Montreal, attacked them, killed a chief and captured all the others except one who escaped. Then The Rat told his prisoners the lie that he had acted on the instructions of Denonville who, he added, had deceived him into an act of treachery by saying that the supposed Iroquois envoys were really a

war party. When the captives had expressed horror at the treachery of the governor, The Rat sent them back to tell the story to their people, retaining only one whom he took to Michilimackinac. There he lied again, telling the officer in command, who knew nothing of plans for peace, that the Iroquois was one of a war party. Perhaps to save him from torture, this officer had him shot. Then The Rat continued his complex treachery by releasing an old Iroquois captive and sending him to tell his people that the French at Michilimackinac had deliberately executed a peace envoy. When Denonville learned what had happened he sent word to the Iroquois that he was wholly innocent of treachery, but he was not believed. The Rat, carrying treachery further, now plotted to unite Hurons with Iroquois against the French posts in the west. Meanwhile the Iroquois secretly planned their own day of vengeance.

In the summer of 1689, undetected by any *coureurs-de-bois,* or by any natives friendly to the French, a great horde of Iroquois was drawing near to Montreal by secret forest or river routes. At daybreak, on August 5, 1689, they burst in on the village of Lachine, a few miles above Montreal, and killed some three scores of victims, magnified by report to two hundred. They took many prisoners and with savage brutality they forced helpless women to turn the spit in which their children were roasted to death. Some of the savages crossed to the south shore and the French in Montreal could see at night far across the river at Châteauguay the bright fires in which their own men and women were being tortured. It was the direst tragedy that had happened to the French; and the savages carried out their work with vengeful shouts that, since Denonville had betrayed them, they now retorted in kind: "Onontio, you deceived us, and now we have deceived you." During weeks they devastated the neighbourhood of Montreal, and the supply of brandy made them drunk and reckless. Though

Denonville had troops he so feared ambush and further losses that he remained too long inactive. Since a like massacre might occur at Fort Frontenac, he asked for a volunteer to carry to the officer in command an order to destroy the fort and to withdraw. Niagara had already been abandoned. It looked as if New France, instead of expanding to the Gulf of Mexico, might lose every post which it held beyond Montreal.

The massacre of Lachine marks, though it did not cause, a climax in the history of New France. In the previous year Denonville had sent Callière, governor of Montreal, to France to secure help. Callière was competent and saw that, while the Iroquois might be checked, the real danger lay behind the Iroquois in the power of England, and that since England would not sell New York, the one way to end her rivalry was to seize that colony. The thing could, he said, really be done, for the English were very weak. At Orange (Albany) they had only a poor fort, a hundred and fifty soldiers, and but three hundred settlers capable of bearing arms; at Manhattan (New York) they had wretched fortifications and could raise only four hundred men. It was true, he said, that in the irregular war with the Indians even a large force and seeming victory might be ineffective, for the natives could easily scatter; but war with the English was another matter. If they lost their forts they would collapse for they had no reserve power. New France, on the other hand, was strong, for she had regulars and militia sufficient to advance in triumph by way of Lake Champlain to Albany and from there down the Hudson to New York. A naval force before New York would aid this army to strike the final blow. The leading inhabitants and the officers should be held in prison for ransom, while the others should be sent singly or in groups to Pennsylvania or remoter colonies, with precautions so to scatter them as to make re-union impossible. The houses at Manhattan should be destroyed.

Any French Protestant prisoners should be sent to France for a fate which we may imagine. This done it would be easy for France to deal with the last enemy, the Iroquois.

Louis XIV pondered this proposal and liked it, but saw a difficulty. He was the friend of James II of England. They shared common religious aims, and in 1686 and 1687 Louis had made treaties which did not question James's right to New York. But just at this time came, to remove these scruples, startling events:—acute alarm in England at the religious policy of James, a revolution, the driving out of James, and the placing on the throne of the Protestant William III, to Louis a usurper and a deadly enemy, with whom he was soon at war. Louis XIV had, it is true, war at his own doors, for he was fitting out a squadron to aid James II to hold Ireland. But two ships of war seemed to be enough to settle the question of New York. There were more than a thousand regulars in Canada and six hundred militia would aid them. If done, the thing must be done quickly, and the autumn of 1689 was to see the fall of New York.

The plan involved the recall of Denonville and on June 7 instructions were issued to the new governor, who was none other than Count Frontenac. We know little of his life after his return to France. He had, however, been much at court; his wife's cousin, Madame de Maintenon, had just married the king; and he had received a royal pension. Now, though seventy years old, he was the man for the required task and he was eager to go. "Serve me as well as you did before; I ask nothing more," said the king and this was to forgive the defects of the past. Two ships of war should take him to Acadia. From there he should hurry to Quebec in a merchant vessel and organize his army. Then, by way of Lake Champlain, he could reach the Hudson, take Albany, and descend the river to New York, where he would

find two warships awaiting his arrival. New York secured, only those Roman Catholics who would acknowledge Louis XIV as sovereign might remain. All the Protestants were to be seized, the rich to be held for ransom, the others to be deported. All their property was to be forfeited to the king of France and to be sold, and Canadians were to go to occupy the lands of the expelled English, who must be so widely scattered that they could never again unite and become a danger.

The plan was too complex to succeed. The ships were late in leaving France and Frontenac reached Chedabucto in Acadia only on September 12. Thence he set out for Quebec as planned, in a merchant ship, but he did not arrive until October 12. It was two days later when the ships from France arrived with the necessary munitions. Not until the end of October was Frontenac at Montreal and then it was too late in the season to go to New York. The project achieved one great thing. It brought Frontenac back to Canada at a time when panic was spreading; and a delirious welcome at Quebec showed the confidence which he inspired. Cannon boomed in salute, the people illuminated their houses, and even the Jesuits offered an elaborate reception to their old enemy.

During his second term Frontenac faced not only the two old problems of war with the Iroquois and the holding of the French Alliance of the western tribes, but a new one. For the first time New France now went definitely to war with the English colonies. To the Iroquois, though they were certain to side with the English, Frontenac used once again the audacious tone that they were his children, to be rebuked when, in their folly, defiant, and petted and rewarded when obedient. But this method now failed. We resent in others our own most cherished vices, and since the Iroquois were themselves treacherous, it was precisely the treachery of Denonville that rankled most in their

minds. They had insisted that every Iroquois sent to the galleys should be returned, but for many there was no returning. Death came to the galley slaves not less through the brutality of their hopeless toil than in the risks to life when the sweating victims rowed galleys to attack pirate strongholds in Algiers and Tunis, defended by cannon. Frontenac had been able to find in France only thirteen surviving Iroquois galley slaves and these he had brought with him to Canada.

It shows the ruthlessness of the French that they had sent a captured Cayuga chief, Ourehaoué, famous in war, to the tortured life of a galley slave and this the Cayugas could not forgive. Frontenac had brought him back and, seeing that he might be useful, had dressed him as a Frenchman, welcomed him at his own table, and made him a devoted friend. Frontenac did not send him at once to his people, but gave him three of the returned galley slaves, whom the chief sent to the Iroquois with the message that Frontenac was grieved at the folly of his children in making war, but still loved them. If you will come to ask for me, said the chief, I may go back with you.

On February 22, 1690, the Iroquois held a great council at Onondaga to consider peace with the French. At such times they showed a grave and stately dignity not surpassed in the eyes of many observers by the most solemn functions of Europe. But peace was not for them nor for their English allies in days when Louis XIV was making war to restore his Roman Catholic cousin James II to the throne of England, and when, for the first time, English and Iroquois were definitely allied against the French. If alone the Iroquois could defy Louis XIV, what could they not do with English support? Canada was weak. Denonville's eighteen hundred men had been reduced through wastage by one quarter; while six small cannon, three hundred muskets, and a hundred axes were the ludicrous equipment

which Frontenac had been able to bring with him. Need we wonder that those whom he called to obedience as erring children now jeered at him? They would not go even to Fort Frontenac to meet him. Did he not know, they asked, that there the council-fire had been quenched in blood? It was at Albany, with the English, that it now burned, and to Albany the French must go. Onontio was drunk, a cheat and an enemy. They would not, and never again did they, meet him as a friend. When Frontenac received this defiance he would not accept defeat but caused the Seneca chiefs to send four captives of his tribe to his people to express amazement that they had not hurried to receive him on his release by Frontenac. A French officer with two natives was to conduct the captives; and for this task La Hontan was named, but he wisely drew back. The Chevalier d'O (or d'Aux) went and in his person endured the insults of the Iroquois. Prompted, as French writers say, by the English, they tortured to death the two native companions of the Chevalier. He was himself beaten, tied to the stake, and seemed about to share the same fate, but in the end was handed over as a captive to the English. Clearly the majesty of the great Onontio was in final eclipse.

The Iroquois seemed likely to detach from the French all the western tribes. But though it was to the advantage of these tribes to buy the cheaper English goods, which peace with the Iroquois could alone secure, interest conflicted with the passion created by generations of murderous war. The tribes knew that the Iroquois would be content with nothing short of mastery of them all and it was Frontenac's task to keep alive such suspicions and inspire confidence in himself. It helped his efforts that just at this time the Abenaki Indians captured the fort at Pemaquid, massacred many of its English inhabitants, and carried desolation to Maine and New Hampshire. News of this barbarism aided French prestige and Frontenac soon pro-

vided his allies with another stimulus. They were calling the French cowards. Denonville, they said, had invaded the Iroquois country but with what result? The Iroquois were now torturing French captives to death in their villages and Frontenac was meekly sending back Iroquois prisoners and begging for peace. Why should not the tribes make peace and leave the French to face alone this ruthless enemy? Frontenac's answer was to muster about a hundred and fifty men and to send them to Michilimackinac with the message that he was strong enough to destroy the English and their allies and also the western tribes, should they fail to obey him. If the tribes did not want to be boiled in Iroquois kettles let them hold to him, their true father. On the way up the Ottawa the party defeated a band of Iroquois and took one prisoner. Him the French insisted that the native allies should burn, since this would make impossible reconciliation with the Iroquis; and the deed was done.

The midsummer of 1690 saw the outcome. After the Iroquois prisoner was put to death the Iroquois would not permit the western tribes to go to the English to trade. Then the French alone could sell them the needed supplies of muskets and kettles; and a swarm of five hundred Indians in canoes laden with beaver skins arrived at Montreal. Great was the joy of the merchants at this prospect of revived trade. Frontenac was in his element. He received at his table and awed by his magnificence the greasy savages whose appearance long afterwards Montcalm thought loathsome. He sauntered with them about their camp, he protected them from the wiles of cunning traders. In a grand Council he told them that it was useless for him any more to treat the Iroquois with the indulgence of a kind father and that they must now be punished. Then, in spite of his more than seventy years, the old man rose, brandished over his head a hatchet, and led the savage

company in a wild war dance and war song. He knew how to be all things to all men. This time he was a savage among savages; within a few months he was meeting English enemies at Quebec with regal pomp and haughtiness worthy of Louis XIV. Half a century later the English too had a leader, Sir William Johnson, who dressed himself as an Indian and took part in savage war dances round the camp fires of the Iroquois, but could also, when necessary, awe them by his majestic bearing. Champlain had the same gift of tact.

So far as the western tribes were concerned, the situation was saved. Never again did they break from the French, and during the next seventy years they fought with them in all their wars. Thus it was Frontenac who made possible the continuance of France's ambitions in North America. As the result of his skilful tact, in an hour of deadly peril, France remained in the lead in the whole vast region of the Great Lakes and of the Mississippi Valley, with the result that at Fort Frontenac, at Niagara, at Detroit, at Michilimackinac, and on the Mississippi to its mouth, the *fleurs-de-lis* long floated in defiance of the English; and all this Frontenac did with small means, for almost no help came from the court.

The English colonies had been having troubled years. The tactless Duke of York, who became James II, had received the colony of New York as a gift from his brother Charles II, and when, in 1674, the king sent out Sir Edmund Andros as governor, the Stuart conception of rule quickly won for him the title of tyrant, and the anger of the people. For him the colonies were the property of the king and his nominees, to be ruled as they might choose; and even before the death of Charles II he had declared that the charter of Massachusetts was forfeited. After James succeeded his brother in 1685, the pressure increased. James swept away the charters of the colonies with their legislatures and

placed them under the authority of Andros. He was himself to appoint a Council which should make laws and levy taxes without consulting the people. Andros even forbade all printing in the colonies. This was despotism unmasked and it shows more clearly than did the complex events in England the causes which made Stuart rule impossible over men nurtured in English traditions. Revolution was already brewing in New England when news came in 1689 of the overthrow of James. In turbulent Boston the mob rose, with the result that Andros was soon in prison, and then was recalled by the rulers in England who overthrew James. When a former governor, Simon Bradstreet, an old man of eighty-seven years, was proclaimed chief magistrate, Massachusetts had regained its liberty. Naturally, however, there were divisions of opinion and a restless public temper which the menace from Canada deepened.

The English with their greater numbers might have ruined the French; but they were not united for only the English near the frontier were aroused. Moreover, in forest-clad regions without roads, even resolution and numbers are not effective against an enemy protected by nature herself, and this led Frontenac to see that his own best defence was to attack. It followed in 1690 that he organized a war party at each of the three centres, Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec. Near them all were settlements of Christian Indians who had been led by their priests to live near the French, but had not yet lost the savage taste for torture and massacre which Frontenac now used. Never before had French and English been really at war in America, or used against each other the unrestrained methods of the savage. Now, however, to Frontenac the English had no right to live, since they were outcast rebels against their lawful Stuart king, and, as Protestants, deniers of vital Christian faith. Formerly Indian atacks had been chiefly in spring or summer; not in winter when scouts could track a hostile

party over the snow, and when the leafless trees would not conceal them. But now Frontenac organized secret expeditions in winter. Himself a savage or a refined European as occasion required, he found similar qualities in the young Canadian *noblesse*. They were inured to the life of the forest and, because better disciplined, soon learned to surpass the savage in night attack and massacre.

Thus it came about that we have in Canada a new phase of strife between the two nations so persistently hostile in Europe. In America, as in Europe, they misunderstood and disliked each other, but for sixty years, since the English capture of Quebec, their antagonism had fallen short of open warfare. Now this came with every aid of frontier savagery. Frontenac's most formidable party, a hundred and sixty French with nearly as many native allies, set out from Montreal in January, 1690. The goal was Albany. The leader was Ailleboust de Mantet, related to a former governor of that name, and with him were three brothers Le Moyne, among them Le Moyne d'Iberville, soon to find his new field of effort in Louisiana, and members of other well-known families. In bitter winter they reached the Hudson. Since Albany had a garrison of four or five hundred men, Mantet could not induce his Indians to join in attacking it. Instead the party advanced westward to Schenectady, the last outpost of the English towards the Mohawk country. In the dead of night French and Indians crept within the palisade of the sleeping village, barred the means of escape, and then raised the wild war-whoop. Sixty persons were killed, including ten women and twelve children, some of them thrown, as the English declared, into the flames of burning houses. By mid-day the village was a smoking ruin. Then, in Indian fashion, massacre was followed by rapid retreat with a few wretched prisoners. The only punishment was that the English pursuers killed fifteen of the French before they reached Montreal.

From Three Rivers a second party under François Hertel, another young Canadian, commanding twenty-four Frenchmen and about the same number of Christian Indians, set out to harry the frontier of New Hampshire and Maine. War between the New England frontiersmen and the Abenakis had long been almost chronic. In New England discipline had been weakened by the events in the motherland, when James II was overthrown. This resulted in Boston in the glad haling to prison of Sir Edmund Andros, and it happened inevitably that, with revolution in its own streets, Boston neglected the exposed villages on the frontier and with dire results. In the lingering darkness of the early morning of March 28, 1690, Rouville's party burst in on the sleeping village of Salmon Falls, a short distance from the site of the modern town of Portsmouth in New Hampshire, and a few hours later they were hastily retreating, leaving behind burnt and burning houses, and about thirty dead bodies, and dragging with them fifty-four prisoners, chiefly weeping women and children. Neither age nor sex saved some of them from being tortured to death by Hertel's Indians.

On the Kennebec River Hertel joined Frontenac's third war party, that from Quebec, under still another member of the Canadian *noblesse,* Portneuf. With fifty French and sixty Abenakis from the mission, Portneuf had followed the route made famous long after by the advance of Benedict Arnold to Quebec through the wilderness from Maine. Where now is the city of Portland stood then Fort Loyal, defended by a few cannon and a wooden palisade. By May the united French parties were before it. In command at the fort was a frontier trader-soldier, Captain Sylvanus Davis. Many Indians had joined Portneuf's war-party and now he had four or five hundred men. After heavy fighting and loss Davis proposed terms to which Portneuf agreed, with a solemn oath, by the almighty and eternal God, to pro-

tect soldiers and civilians alike and to conduct them to the next English town. But when the English, with their women and children, marched out and laid down their arms, Portneuf's Indians fell upon them, massacred some and made the rest prisoners. Davis says that when he protested he was reminded that no faith need be kept with rebels against their sovereign. After this success Portneuf turned back to Quebec where Davis, his prisoner, was treated with courtesy. Frontenac told him that there would have been no trouble had the English been loyal to their king. At the same time he seemed to be enraged with Portneuf because of the treacherous massacre.

The incident reveals a danger which always haunted the French forces. Their Indian allies were numerous; they were divided among many tribes; and they were rarely under full control by the French leaders. The result was that, over and over again, from the beginning of the war upon the English by Frontenac to the last struggle under Montcalm, the Indians frequently committed outrages on English prisoners who had surrendered and had the right to protection. The English had fewer native allies and were thus the better able to control them. There was, however, no barbarity which their allies, the Iroquois, left to themselves, would not commit, and this gave the French a ready excuse for retaliation in kind. Frontenac made gifts to his Indians of prisoners to be tortured to death, not in wild forest scenes, but in such centres as Montreal and Quebec, and sometimes Canadian onlookers were not too refined to take part in these horrors. The writer, La Potherie, describes a scene at Michilimackinac when a Frenchman began the torture of a captive chief by tying him to a stake and drawing over his naked flesh a gun-barrel red-hot. Later the Hurons ate the lacerated body. When policy seemed to require it Frontenac knew no restraint in savagery. He took from his Christian Indians a promise, not always

kept, because of fear of retaliation, to kill all their male Iroquois prisoners, for this he thought would help to exterminate these savages and would also intensify native strife and thus prevent union against the French. He offered a reward of ten *écus* for every scalp, Iroquois or English, and sometimes, perhaps, since French scalps were like English, he may have paid his treacherous allies for scalps of murdered Frenchmen. He was more merciful in offering the higher price of twenty *écus* for male and ten for female white prisoners brought in alive. After this it became profitable for his allies to spare life; and invariably the French treated such captives kindly and often led them to turn from their Protestant faith.

The French had hoped to seize New York and New England, but had failed, and now the English colonies retorted in kind. Unlike the French they had not been thinking of a vast Empire and, beyond the desire to be rid of a neighbour sometimes troublesome, they had rarely planned to conquer Canada. But the spring of 1690 saw New England and New York stirred as never before against French and Indians alike. Apart from intense religious passions which made each regard the other as antichrist, there was enduring hostility from rivalry in trade and in influence among the native tribes, and the mutual hatred became so active and enduring that it never softened during the next seventy years. It was intense in 1690; it was even more intense in 1760. In Europe the sea cut off the two nations from daily contact with daily strife, but in America, with every frontier disputed, the rivalry was continuous and implacable. The native allies of the one warred on the native allies of the other in territory claimed by both. Neither nation was in a position so to fix frontiers as to yield to the other an unchallenged title, and we may well ask what but war could come from such a situation. Though it was really continuous, there were four avowed inter-

colonial struggles between 1689 and the final British conquest, and, in all, the British followed the same plan, to attack Quebec by sea and Montreal by land.

When we remember that in the frontier raids of 1690 some hundreds of English captives had been taken to Canada, at the best to an uncertain fate and at the worst to cruel torture and death, we can understand the resolve in the colonies to end the danger for ever. They had long been accustomed to the outrages of the natives, but it was new to them to have the French joining the savages in massacre and pillage. Massachusetts had suffered most and took the lead in saying that, since New France was the cause of these woes, New France must be conquered. It menaced New England by sea as well as by land, for the harbours of Acadia, and especially Port Royal, were havens for privateers who attacked the extensive English sea-going trade. New York, with the massacre of Schenectady fresh in mind, was ready to aid. There was to be the two-fold attack; one on Quebec by sea, the other on Montreal by land. The plan was excellent and its counterpart succeeded seventy years later. But its execution required able leadership which the English lacked and which the French had in Frontenac. We find in the English colonies at this time the resolve not merely to master Canada but to remove the French inhabitants, a plan realised in part long afterwards by the removal of the Acadians from Nova Scotia.

Connecticut joined New York in raising seven or eight hundred men to attack Montreal. The leader, Fitz-John Winthrop, had a command weak because divided between Stuart and Orange factions. The Iroquois, who had burned Lachine and harassed Montreal in the previous year, were not now so sure of themselves since, if their warriors should go on a distant campaign, the western tribes might descend on their villages. Thus it happened that only Mohawks and Oneidas would serve with Winthrop. In addition small-

pox broke out—a deadly disease to the natives. Consequently Winthrop did not get nearer to Montreal than Wood Creek at the head of Lake Champlain. In spirit, if not in effectiveness, he rivalled the barbarity of Frontenac. He sent forward under Major Peter Schuyler twenty-nine men with four times as many Indians to ravage the French settlements. Schuyler reached La Prairie de la Madeleine, almost within sight of Montreal, burned houses, destroyed cattle and crops, killed or captured twenty-five French and then hurriedly retired.

Owing to this menace Frontenac remained at Montreal during the summer of 1690. In truth, however, that was not the chief point of danger for a powerful attack on Quebec by sea from Boston was imminent. It was to be the unaided effort of New England, for the mother-country was fully occupied with the civil war in Ireland which ended that year in the decisive Battle of the Boyne. New England intended that one great stroke should settle the issue forever, and the government of Massachusetts was so confident as to send word to England that "God Almighty has determined the fall of Anti-Christ in our days." There was urgent haste in preparations and it was decided that Acadia should be the first conquest. The busy recruiting of seamen and soldiers was quickly effective and in the early spring, when the memory of the recent massacres by French and Indians still aroused furious passions, seven ships, carrying about seven hundred men, were ready to put to sea with instructions "to assault, kill and utterly extirpate the common enemy." They sailed from Nantucket near Boston, and on May 10 they entered the harbour of Port Royal, where nearly a century earlier Champlain and Lescarbot had formed such glowing hopes of a great New France.

These hopes had never been fulfilled. We have seen the feudal rivalries which checked growth, after France had

recovered Acadia in 1632 until, a score of years later, Oliver Cromwell laid his hands on it. By 1653 that great imperialist had ceased to be only the leader of a successful army and had become the head of the state as Protector of England—Protector and promoter of her power in all parts of the world. He was prepared to take what of the Spanish, Dutch and French colonies he should choose, without much care whether England was at war or peace with these nations. He took Jamaica from Spain in 1655 and in the previous year he gave orders to equip an expedition at Boston to attack both the Dutch and the French in North America. Holland was England's natural ally, for the two nations were the defenders of the hard-pressed Protestant cause in Europe, but they were rivals for sea-power and in 1653 were at war. At the mouth of the Hudson was then a little Dutch town, a new Amsterdam, from which enterprising Dutchmen were pushing up the Hudson River, trading with the natives and claiming the vast domain which is now the State of New York. In June, 1654, a little fleet lay ready at Boston to sail away to smite the Dutch. But for the time, though only for the time, these had a reprieve. An English ship arrived with the news of peace with Holland. Here, however, at Boston was a fleet equipped to capture someone's territory and it turned against that other rival, the French in Acadia who were it seemed growing rich by an active trade in fish and furs. So the fleet sailed away, seized Port Royal and other posts and raised the English flag. Acadia was in English hands. But when Cromwell died in 1660 a Stuart king, Charles II, reigned in England and in 1667 he signed the Treaty of Breda which gave Acadia back to France. After this it remained a thorn in the side of New England, by harassing its fishermen and by harbouring privateers who troubled its shipping.

Port Royal, the plaything of English and French rivalries, had already been seized from the French some five

times when Boston now made its most formidable attack. The force was in command of William Phips, a ship-carpenter from a rough frontier village in Maine. Clearly New England could rival New France in large families for Phips's mother had borne twenty-six children of whom twenty-one were sons. Phips himself was thirty years old when he went to Boston and there learned to read and write. He knew not only how to build but how to sail ships, and he embarked on a stirring adventure. Backed by men of position in England he went to search for, and he actually found, a sunken Spanish ship on the coast of Hispaniola and raised treasure worth three hundred thousand pounds. His own share was sixteen thousand pounds and this wealth and that of a rich wife, together with his own rough energy, had made him one of the chief men in Boston, rather shunned by its politer elements since good birth counted for much in the colony. In 1690 he made a public profession of conversion to the Puritan faith, and expressed regret that the troubles of the frontier strife and the rough life at sea had hitherto kept him from pursuing the welfare of his own soul. He was still, he said, in the prime of his age and strength, and he had all that he needed in his life, but, he added, "I think it is my duty to venture my life in doing good, before a useless old age comes upon me."

There was a fine vigour in this tough leader and the capture of Port Royal proved easy, for Menneval, the French governor, with fewer than a hundred men and only twenty cannon, could make slight resistance. He surrendered on condition that the soldiers should be carried to French territory and that the inhabitants should retain their property and have the free exercise of their religion. It was unfortunate that, after granting these terms, Phips's predatory instincts mastered him. Since, with his large force, he could have insisted on unconditional surrender, he soon acted as if this had taken place, and in so doing gave

an excuse to Frontenac in Canada to regard the English as outlaws and rebels beyond the pale of civilised relations. Port Royal, in reality a poor and neglected outpost, had been reputed rich from the booty of French privateers, and the volunteers with Phips had been inspired by the hope of loot. Accordingly, they carried to their ships everything, whether public or private property, which they thought worth taking, and they included such a store of brandy that the price fell in Boston. They sacked the church, and with Puritan zeal overturned the altar and the images. In the general scramble Phips looked after himself, and took not merely the Governor's plate, but also his wig and his underclothing. In the list of booty there are church vestments, beds, shoes, "one red waistcoat" and "fourteen old kettles, pots and stewpans." Since the conquest was to be permanent, Phips required from the inhabitants whom he allowed to remain at Port Royal the oath of allegiance to William and Mary. Then he sailed away carrying with him to Boston the garrison and also two priests. Clearly conquest meant a rough experience for the vanquished when it was entrusted to a leader with the instincts of a pirate. The English seized other French settlements, but they set up no permanent government, and within a year the French had re-occupied Acadia.

This conquest, in truth rather ignoble, made Phips a hero at Boston and ensured his leadership in the further enterprise to take Quebec. Canada, said the zealous Boston preacher, Cotton Mather, was "the chief cause of New England's miseries," of the sorrows of bereaved families, and of the haunting fear of renewed massacre. In consequence, throughout New England a crusade against Canada was now preached so effectively that the colonies made the most striking warlike effort in colonial history up to this time. By mid-August, 1690, Phips had secured forty ships, some of them indeed mere fishing craft, and two

thousand two hundred men. With this force, he set out on August 9 for the long and perilous voyage to Quebec through the uncharted waters of the St. Lawrence Gulf and River. The instructions to the force laid stress on the need of prayer, good conduct and the strict observance of the Sabbath, and on behaving like men and Christians to all prisoners. There was to be no looting like that at Port Royal, and only by consent of the highest authority was any damage to be done to churches and other buildings. Phips was delayed by bad weather, but he proved his skill as a sailor for he surmounted difficulties in navigation which baffled a British admiral twenty years later.

By October 16 Phips had arrived with his squadron before Quebec. Watchers in that place counted his ships as they came in view round the head of the Island of Orleans into the spacious basin. There were now thirty-four, but only four of them were well-armed war-ships capable of bombarding Quebec. Phips had thought, however, that this would not be necessary, for he had imagined that the place would be undefended and might be taken by surprise. It was, in truth, vain to suppose that a squadron of many ships could sail for hundreds of miles up the St. Lawrence, in view of land, without some account reaching Quebec of its approach. The natives were, indeed, such diligent carriers of news that when the squadron left Boston an Abenaki chief had set out overland and carried the alarm to Frontenac, and as the ships came up the St. Lawrence other watchers took word to Quebec. Frontenac was at Montreal when, on October 10, he received the startling news that the English were as near as Tadoussac. After giving orders to Callière, the governor of Montreal, to follow quickly with what forces he could gather, Frontenac himself hurried down the river.

Before the arrival of Frontenac Quebec was in panic. One of the nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu describes their consternation.

They buried their silver and sacred vessels in the gardens and collected carts for their own transport to Lorette beyond the range of bombardment. Meanwhile civilians rushed to the supposed security of the convent, dragging their effects, and women and children crowded every corner of the house. The panic was, however, eased when, at ten o'clock in the evening of October 14, Frontenac arrived with three hundred men. One of his first orders was that the nuns should remain in their hospital and not aid terror by running away. The vigorous old man now himself saw to everything and so skilful a leader could make Quebec formidable. La Hontan, who was in Quebec, describes the striking appearance of the upper town with massive buildings created by the best art of France. They stood on the high cliff, partly out of range of Phips's guns, and to them now the merchants moved their stores. A defiant spirit soon inspired the inhabitants. The old bishop, Laval, issuing from his retirement, hung on the clock tower of the cathedral a picture of the Holy Family, the special guardian of Quebec, while Saint-Vallier, the bishop in office, urged the people to repent and amend their lives in order to win the blessing of God against the enemies of their holy religion. There were processions in the streets, the church bells rang, and prayers did not cease night or day.

When Phips dropped anchor, he sent off a boat under a flag of truce, and Frontenac now displayed his talent for the dramatic. As the boat neared the shore, four watching canoes paddled out and took from it the young officer who was Phips's envoy. He was blindfolded and led, with a soldier on each side, through streets resounding with the noise of drums and trumpets and seemingly full of menacing and jostling crowds, for the same people repeatedly hustled him. In Mountain Street, leading to the Upper Town, he had to climb over three barricades. At last, when his eyes

were freed, he found himself in the Castle of St. Louis, surrounded by a group of officers in the showy military dress of the time. Frontenac stood there and with him the intendant and the bishop. In this awe-inspiring presence, the officer delivered his message. The French and their Indians, declared Phips, had committed unprovoked and wanton barbarities on New England and made this expedition necessary. Accordingly, in the name of their majesties, William and Mary, King and Queen of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, he now demanded that, to avoid bloodshed, Frontenac should surrender Quebec. He offered the French pardon and mercy, but their persons and estates must become subject to the crown of England. Taking out his watch, the officer said that he must have an answer within an hour, that is by eleven o'clock. We can imagine Frontenac's wrath at this imperious message. He knew, he said to the envoy, no king but a usurper, William, who had violated the most sacred ties by turning against his own father-in-law. The English had basely violated the terms of surrender at Port Royal and his only answer to the usurper's general would be from the mouth of his cannon. When an officer, the Sieur de Valrennes, cried out that Phips was a pirate in arms against his lawful sovereign and should now receive a pirate's fate, by one account Frontenac gave orders to erect a gibbet on which the envoy should be hanged, and he seemed to abandon this plan only at the urgency of the bishop and the intendant.

With the best leadership the English would have found Quebec difficult to take and Phips, though a good sailor, was no general. He lost time when only rapid action would have saved him. Probably the fate of the expedition was really decided when, on the evening after the summons to surrender, a great clamour in Quebec reached the English ships. It was the welcome to Callière, who arrived from Montreal with seven hundred soldiers and *coureurs-de-*

bois. "You have lost the game; you may as well pack and go home," remarked a French prisoner to some English officers. Having failed to secure instant surrender, Phips planned to land his militia at Beauport under Major Walley, and to attack Quebec by land from the rear, while he battered its front from the river. The plan required nice co-operation between land and sea forces which Phips and Walley had no training or skill to effect, and it involved other great difficulties. The English must land on the mud of a tidal shore at Beauport. They must cross the St. Charles River in the face of an enemy fighting behind trees and barricades and skilled in guerilla warfare, and they must then advance on a road swept by the artillery in Quebec. The attacking ships had equal obstacles. On the heights of Quebec, Frontenac had artillery well served, while Phips's light guns were not effective against the solid masonry of the Upper Town.

The attack began on the 18th. The English landed at Beauport, wading in slime as they advanced to dry ground, and harassed all the time by defenders hardly seen, who fought from cover and were thought by the English to be Indians. When night fell the losses of the English were heavy and they had achieved nothing. Meanwhile Phips was bombarding Quebec from the front, and the roar of the cannon in the echoing gorge of the St. Lawrence River was terrific. His fire reached the Upper Town, and the Ursuline nuns were startled when a cannon ball came crashing through one of their windows and fell by the bedside of an inmate. Twenty-six cannon balls fell into the garden of the Hôtel-Dieu and, with fine spirit, the nuns sent them to their own gunners "to be returned to the English." But Phips effected little; as a result of his fire one man was killed in Quebec, another was wounded, and the damage to buildings, as La Hontan says contemptuously, could be repaired for five or six pistoles. On the other hand the French fire

was deadly. One of the remarkable group of the Le Moyne brothers, St. Helène, directed it so well that Phips's own battered ship was struck and nearly sank. A shot carried away the flag-staff which, with the flag, fell into the river and drifted with the current until canoes put out from Quebec, under fire, and secured the trophy. On the 19th Phips continued his futile bombardment. At the same time, in the biting air of late October, Walley's land force was suffering from cold, from lack of supplies, and from disease, for smallpox had broken out. On the 20th there was some sharp skirmishing, in which St. Helène was killed, but the English were never able to cross the St. Charles. That evening they re-embarked, leaving behind some of their cannon, and Quebec was safe. During even so short a siege it had suffered from famine, for it was not equipped to feed the many soldiers who came to its defence. At the Hôtel-Dieu starving people snatched the bread in the oven before it was baked, soldiers cleared the house of vegetables, and in the chill October days burned up the supply of firewood. When they carried off flooring and joists for the defences, the nuns declared their content, if only such efforts would save them from foes who were enemies of God.

Just a week after his arrival in high hopes, Phips made an exchange of prisoners and sailed away, a defeated man. It was none too soon, for the season was late and in the river he met heavy falls of snow and dense fog. Quebec soon realised its deliverance. The refugees went back to their homes in the Lower Town and the city resumed its normal routine. On November 5, when the whole population went to the cathedral, the bishop chanted a *Te Deum,* and the captured flag of Phips was displayed in the choir. In honour of the deliverance Quebec established an annual fête and reared a church, still in use, to "Our Lady of Victory." The Virgin's protection, said the devout, had saved the city and the cult of Mary greatly increased from

that time. In Europe France welcomed the victory by striking a medal with the motto "Kebeca Liberata, MDCXC," and making the extravagant estimate of twelve hundred men as the British loss. Frontenac reported that the loss was nine hundred, and he urged the king to cap this success by sending out a fleet adequate to take both Boston and New York and to gain for France the whole Atlantic coast and also the priceless fisheries of Newfoundland. On the other hand, while England, which had sent no aid, barely noticed the defeat, in Boston there was deep gloom; God, it seemed, was testing His people, for the stronghold of evil had not fallen. Under this, His "awful frown," the Puritans asked in the anguish of men grieving for their sins: "Shall God spit in our face and we not be ashamed?" But they asked too: "How long, O Lord, how long?" for they were rather exasperated than dispondent. "The French are generally too quick for us," it was said, but this could be remedied. The ships straggled into the home ports in New England, but four or five never returned. Phips reported to England that he had lost only thirty men—clearly a false statement. Probably from one to two hundred perished in the operations of war, and disease and shipwreck accounted for many more.

Massachusetts had incurred a debt of fifty thousand pounds and now, for the first time in its history, had to issue, to pay the soldiers, paper money, which in sullen discontent the men found not worth its face value and were accordingly the more gloomy. The colony reaped indeed the inevitable result of pitting against a trained and resourceful French general an ignorant amateur like Phips who had no fitness to direct a complex effort. Yet, two years later, this discredited leader was made, not by election in the colony but by appointment from England, the first royal governor of Massachusetts, an appointment as fitting as that of a prize-fighter to a bishopric. One thing had been achieved;

the way to Canada was now learned, said Cotton Mather, and in the long course of time this failure was crowned by a success which proved that to go by sea to Quebec was the true path to the conquest of New France.

The victory at Quebec did not relieve the situation in Canada. Trade was stagnant, for only rarely could the trading canoes evade the Iroquois peril. Since there seemed to be danger of a renewed naval attack, Frontenac maintained his old front at Quebec. It was known that the defeated Phips had gone to England to secure aid, and busy rumour told of the coming of a naval force carrying ten thousand men. To meet it the great engineer, Vauban, prepared plans to fortify Quebec and these Frontenac carried out by what was really forced labour from the settlers within a radius of sixty miles. A growing discouragement, with flashes of inspiring heroism, marked these last days of Frontenac's rule. Such was the dread of lurking savages that men had to till the fields under guard, and Frontenac provided three hundred militiamen for this work. Through pre-arranged signals by cannon and musket-fire any party discovering traces of the enemy warned the others.

Tales of heroism at this period are embalmed in the traditions of Canada. A later governor, Beauharnois, took pains to verify the story of Madeleine de Verchères, a girl of fourteen, who was granted a pension by Louis XIV. Her father's seigneury of Verchères lay on the south side of the St. Lawrence about twenty miles below Montreal. There was a palisade, in bad repair, and a strong blockhouse. In October, 1692, the seigneur was absent on duty as an officer at Quebec, his wife was in Montreal and, with the recklessness to which continuous peril is apt to lead, the girl was left to defend the place as best she could. Attended by a man-servant she was at the pier on the river when musket-fire from neighbouring fields warned her of danger. With bullets whistling about her head and pursued by forty or

fifty savages, she was able to reach and close the gate of the palisade. The men working in the fields were killed. In the fort were two soldiers, in a state of abject terror, one or two other men, and some weeping and panic-stricken women and their children. She herself now put on a soldier's hat and she told her brothers, one of twelve, the other of ten, that their gentle blood called them to face death with courage, and stationed them at loopholes with muskets. She fired off cannon to terrify the savages and to give the signal of danger to the neighbourhood. One would have thought, it was said, that the place was full of soldiers. Through the night the cry of "All's Well" went back and forth. The peril lasted for a week until rescue came from Montreal.

In 1693 there was rejoicing when, sweeping down the Ottawa, too strong to be attacked, came a great fleet of a hundred and eighty-six canoes paddled by about seven hundred men of whom more than five hundred were Indians. Frontenac met them at Three Rivers, and showed his usual tact by receiving the leaders at his table. The whole community honoured him with the title of Father of His People and Preserver of the Country. In the winter following, Quebec saw festivity to which it had long been a stranger. In the Château of St. Louis Frontenac encouraged amateur theatricals. To the stricter clergy of the time in France, as to Puritan England, plays were due to the energy of the devil, and the devout were shocked when word went abroad that Molière's *Tartuffe* was to be put on the stage. The choice of the play was hardly happy, for in France its author had been denounced as a demon in human flesh. Jesuit and Jansenist were agreed that it was insulting to religion, while each claimed that the other was the cause of its attack on the clergy as hypocrites. We may read still in the printed *Mandements* of the Bishop of Quebec a fiery denunciation of this and all other plays.

Meeting Frontenac in the street, the bishop offered him a hundred pistoles to forbid the playing of *Tartuffe,* an offer which Frontenac gleefully accepted and he gave the money to charity.

In 1695 there was further occasion to rejoice for again canoes arrived from the west where now French influences had so widened that, for the first time, Sioux Indians from the prairie came to Montreal. On August 16 Frontenac gave impressive audience to the savages and begged them to live at peace with each other. The French would, he promised, build forts in the west and around these forts Indians should group their villages in order to be strong against their foes. They should all be on their guard against the wiles of the common enemy, the Iroquois. To the Sioux chief, Tioskatin, Frontenac paid special attention, nor had he lost his old impressive power. The savage fell weeping at his feet and in the name of twenty-two Sioux villages begged him to be to them a father as he was to the other nations.

It seemed that Frontenac's greatest triumph might be near, when during that summer, in face of keen opposition from the traders in Montreal, he began the effective restoration of Fort Frontenac, the outpost which as he hoped might be the means of the final crushing of the Iroquois. On July 20, 1695, seven hundred men left Montreal to make the toilsome journey to Lake Ontario. They found the fort not quite in ruins and soon made it habitable and they established there, under a competent officer, La Vallière, a garrison of forty-eight men. Once more the *fleurs-de-lis* fluttered over this inland post which, rage as the Iroquois might, defied them. Frontenac kept up the old tone of a father grieving over erring children. When the Iroquois sent to him a deputation and the leader said that he spoke for the English as well as for his own people, Frontenac rebuked him. He would, he said, recognize no tie of the

Iroquois with the English; once the Iroquois had been proud in their independence; there had been five tribes; but now there were six and the sixth, the English, were masters of all the others. He lavished presents and hospitality on the chiefs but told them that no peace would be made until they brought back all their French captives.

The last effort of the old man shows amazing energy. He had received little aid from France. True, in 1695, some five hundred so-called soldiers had come out but they proved to be chiefly boys of fifteen or sixteen unfitted for the hardships of Canada. Though now in his seventy-sixth year, Frontenac determined himself to lead an expedition to smite the Iroquois in their own villages. Tracy had done it effectively in 1666; Denonville had tried it in 1686 and had failed; now in 1696 Frontenac made another and the last great effort. He actually collected eighteen hundred French —half of them regulars, the other half militia. In addition he had some five hundred mission Indians and he expected a horde of western savages to join him on Lake Ontario. On July 4 he left Lachine with an imposing array of some four hundred canoes and flat-boats. Twelve days of heavy toil brought the army to Fort Frontenac. Then, although the Indians from the west had not yet arrived, he pushed on across Lake Ontario to the Oswego River by which he could go to the heart of the Iroquois country. With arduous labour, the French dragged cannon and stores on rollers past the Falls on this river and the division led by the Chevalier de Vaudreuil had to march for many miles knee deep in water. Frontenac himself would have taken his share of hardship and marched on foot with his men but strong Indians insisted on carrying him in a canoe on their shoulders. Forty years earlier the French had begun a mission on Lake Onondaga and claimed that region, and now they had come to the same spot to make themselves finally masters. After the army had sailed or paddled the length

of the lake, they passed on through the forest to Onondaga, the chief village, eight or nine miles away. Frontenac was now carried in an armchair; Callière, lame with gout, rode a horse which must have been a clumsy passenger in the boats. As they neared the town a light in the sky gave some warning and when they reached the open fields before them lay only the glowing ashes of Onondaga. At the last moment the savages had set on fire their village and had disappeared, leaving behind the bodies of two murdered French prisoners. When Frontenac's Indians caught a withered old Onondaga warrior, four hundred of them tortured him slowly to death while he derided them as slaves of the French and the French themselves as cowardly dogs.

The French struck a heavy blow for not only did they destroy the Onondaga capital; in addition Vaudreuil marched to and burned the Oneida fort and villages and returned with thirty-five prisoners. Wisdom required that even more should be done—that the Senecas, the most westward of the Iroquois, should receive a similar blow. To effect this and ruin the Iroquois finally Callière offered to remain for the winter in their country, with a force commanded chiefly by Canadians well-versed in the Indian ways. But Frontenac would not have it. The Jesuit historian, Charlevoix, says that nine years later he found the gossip current in Canada that Frontenac had feared to dim his own glory by leaving Callière to complete the task; in any case, since he had so humbled the Iroquois, he may have been certain that they would seek peace. All his forces were, in truth, needed elsewhere, for soon he received word from France of a revived naval attack on Canada by the English. In a real sense Frontenac's expedition succeeded. The English allies of the Iroquois gave them no aid and they faced the French alone and met with heavy losses which greatly reduced their already small numbers. The most defiant of the tribes was the Mohawks. When at this

time two of them made their way to Quebec on the plea of restoring two captive French women and addressed Frontenac in an insolent tone he rebuked them sharply. Not a word further would he hear until they offered to submit to his will and bring back all their prisoners. He wrote to the king that he had struck a final blow for he had so burned the crops that the savages would starve. Since, as he said, only a short time remained to him on earth, he begged from the king what he called the highest reward of a true-hearted man, a new mark of honour. But his star had set at the court. He was no longer in favour and the king sent him only the military cross of St. Louis, which Callière, his subordinate, had received three years earlier.

Frontenac's day was over. The Iroquois were still at war, the English might be coming in overwhelming force, and, in truth, neither of his chief foes had been crushed. Seignelay, Colbert's son, had died and colonial affairs were in the hands of a capable and firm minister, Pontchartrain. We need not wonder, however, that a minister of Louis XIV should look with suspicion on costly colonial ventures. Vast building enterprises and war are two favourite forms of kingly extravagance and in both Louis went to great lengths. "A king dispenses charity," he once said, "by spending largely," an easy maxim for the lover of vainglory. We marvel at the cost of his buildings. Versailles is so vast, so monumental, as to suffice for the energies of a whole long reign. Yet it was only one of the many buildings reared by Louis XIV. The château of Marly, only five miles from Versailles, was a huge structure, never of any real use, and later wholly destroyed. Its cost alone, spent wisely in Canada, might have won half a continent.

This, however, was not to be. During the later years of Frontenac's labours Louis XIV engaged recklessly in war. By dethroning James II and putting William III on the throne, the English had struck at the two most treasured

convictions of Louis, the divine right of kings, and the truth of the Roman Catholic religion. Pride due to one made him try to master Europe; zeal for the other made him a crusader against Protestants. The result was that from 1689 to 1697 he had to face in Europe a hostile league which included England, Holland, Germany and Spain. To defeat it his armies invaded Germany, ravaged the Palatinate, and drove a hundred thousand people from their homes. War on the Rhine, war in Italy, war in Belgium, war in Ireland, war on the sea, strained French resources. Long sieges of Mons and Namur, bloody battles such as Neerwinden in 1693, with its twenty thousand dead, victories and defeats alike were ruinous. At one time Louis pledged even the silver of Versailles to meet his vast outlay. For Canada, remote, unseen, not understood, the urgency was always to contract rather than to expand effort. There were bursts of generous interest but suspicion of great plans fitted in with the lack of money.

Frontenac had many enemies, some of whom he well deserved. Pontchartrain told him bluntly that his wanton violence made it difficult to support him. Quebec was the continued scene of quarrels over precedence. Frontenac required that four members of the Superior Council should escort him to its meetings in the intendant's house and that two others should meet him at the head of the stairs on his arrival. When the Council went in procession through the streets he insisted on walking alone at its head. The intendant, Champigny, protested that the king gave no warrant for these honours, that often Frontenac carried out on his own authority what could rightly be done only by the Council, and that he himself was ignored or overruled. Though Frontenac's able defence of Quebec made him for a time a dictator, the opposing forces rallied and in the end defeated him. He had never obeyed the order to grant only twenty-five licenses to trade. One reason was that the

court left him without money and when the Château of St. Louis needed repairs he sold licenses to get funds. While this outlay was probably necessary, Champigny charged him with spending money needlessly. Why, asked the intendant, keep and pay for fifty good men at a distant and unhealthy post such as Fort Frontenac where there was no trade and nothing to do? Why scatter establishments everywhere in the west? Moreover, he declared, Frontenac was robbing the king by drawing pay for garrisons which did not exist. The true policy, he wrote over and over again, was to concentrate and not to expand. Since Frontenac was dreaming of a mighty empire which should extend to Mexico, the best way to secure it, said the critics, was to strike the one enduring enemy, the English, at points really vital. Smite them on Hudson Bay, as Iberville did; in Newfoundland, as also he did; harry them on the frontier of Acadia; send a fleet to take Boston and also New York. Then the English power would end and France would have the continent.

We need not deny that there was a certain wisdom in this policy and it was inspired by another motive, religion. The Jesuits, always watchful critics of the influence of the traders in the interior, declared that gross scandals existed. The Jesuit Father Carheil quotes in 1692 a description of a trading post in the west. It had four chief features—cabarets where the natives drank to excess; the illicit carrying of goods and brandy from post to post; scandalous vice with the native women; and gambling so incessant that it went on all night to the neglect of duty. The austere critics were, however, too ready to see only the dark side. When an officer named Courtemanche carried to the west the news of the defeat of Phips at Quebec in 1690, there was, of course, rejoicing among the native allies of the French. The officer sold them openly some brandy to celebrate the victory, with the result that the Jesuits hurried to

tell him that a whole village was drunk. When he went to see for himself he found, as he declares, hilarity, but nothing involving danger. He told his men to continue to supply brandy but to do it secretly for three or four nights. There was little drunkenness and the priests congratulated him on the excellent results of his supposed prohibition. He said nothing until about to leave and then to their confusion he revealed his strategem. Brandy was almost the currency at some trading posts. That is better, said a witty trader, La Mothe Cadillac, than to drive the natives away to the English where they will drink in not only brandy but heresy.

The second bishop of Quebec, Monseigneur Saint-Vallier, was even more austere and aggressive than his predecessor, Laval. His duty, as he conceived it, was to establish the kingdom of God by smiting sin wherever it should raise its head. No one could accuse the bishop of neglect of duty. At Quebec and Montreal he visited every house in order to give counsel to each family; he travelled as far as Newfoundland and Acadia on his pastoral visits; and he even talked of going to Hudson Bay and to the French settlements on the Mississippi which were part of his diocese. Since he counted himself the divinely appointed guardian of morals, he would take counsel from no one and seemed to believe that those who opposed him must be children of Satan. When two priests holding Jansenist opinions found their way to Canada the bishop threatened with major excommunication any one who should harbour them and drove them back to France. The Jesuits supported ardently the bishop's policy. Officers at the trading posts were sharply rebuked if they failed to attend mass, though to enforce this severity was not easy among youths from France, versed in its dissipations and not ready in Canada to conform to strict clerical standards.

The French court was itself austere, for now its gay worldliness, its pursuit of pleasure, linked with skepticism

in religion and with gambling, extravagance and loose morals, felt the strict sway of the king's wife, Madame de Maintenon, and her friends among the clergy. Since freedom was lacking, there seemed to be no middle way between defiance and the rigid ideals of the Jesuits who, Frontenac said, would like to see in Canada the counterpart of the Spanish Inquisition. As we have seen, to attend a play was to them a mortal sin. An officer, Mareuil, who sang an indecent song at a feast and otherwise let his tongue run too freely, was deprived of the sacraments. La Hontan says that the priests forbade and burned all books but those of devotion. When the curé of Montreal, entering La Hontan's lodging in his absence, saw on the table a copy of Petronius, he fell upon it in fury and tore out most of the leaves. We may say, in mitigation of the priest's offence, that Petronius, a sharer in the dissolute life of the court of Nero, was especially offensive to ascetic standards. La Hontan declares that, had not his landlord restrained him, he should have gone to the priest's house and plucked out the hairs of his beard as mercilessly as he had torn out the leaves of the book. The bishop interfered even in the affairs of the army. Sometimes soldiers were allowed to take pay for helping in the work of the farms and when officers deducted from their pay as soldiers the money thus received Saint-Vallier charged them with robbing the poor for their own benefit. At a banquet in Montreal he objected to the presence of a high official lady of whose conduct he disapproved. His ascetic life showed his sincerity. If he was severe with others he was severe with himself and his sensible rules for his clergy are in use to this day; they must read daily the New Testament, give half an hour to meditation, hear mass, and find useful employment for the rest of their time.

An incident at Montreal reveals the bishop's conception of his duty, and also the incessant conflict of authority

which weakened every field of French colonizing effort. Callière, the governor of Montreal, was, like Frontenac, a man of independent spirit and a friend of Father Joseph Denys, the superior of the Récollets. On entering the chapel of the Récollets at Montreal, the bishop saw that his own *prie-Dieu* was in a place of less distinction than that of Callière who, though only a subordinate governor, had his seat prominently in the centre of the church. Before Callière arrived for the service the offending seat was by the bishop's orders moved to a less conspicuous spot. Callière, a man of stiff will, was not to be so rebuked and on reaching the church ordered two officers and a soldier to restore the seat to its former place. This angered the bishop and he declared that he should leave the church if the governor did not change his position; to which Callière replied quietly that he should not move. In consequence the bishop left the church and later he gave orders to remove from it all *prie-Dieus* and in the future to allow none except on occasions when Frontenac himself was present. To this the answer of Callière was to have the seats replaced and in addition to send out with the beat of the drum a proclamation denouncing the bishop's conduct. Then the bishop placed the church under an interdict which forbade all services. In his austere fury he accused the superior of the Récollets, the owners of the offending church, of conniving at an adulterous intrigue between his sister and Callière.

The quarrel stirred all Montreal and after two months the Récollets re-opened their church without the bishop's consent. In the end the matter was referred to Louis XIV, who showed good sense in dealing with it. Saint-Vallier had been his almoner and now the king summoned him to France and intended that he should not return to Canada. Yet Saint-Vallier defeated even the king, who could forbid the bishop's return to Canada but could not directly inter-

fere in the affairs of the church and compel the bishop's resignation. When the king sent for Saint-Vallier and asked him to resign for the good of the Church in Canada, the bishop protested his personal devotion to his monarch. "But," urged the king, "you do not reply to my request." "Sire," replied the bishop, "there are matters on which it is more respectful not to reply to your majesty." The king could only say that the bishop should go back but that further strife would lead to his final recall. We need hardly wonder that at Quebec his windows were broken at night and that he was sometimes greeted in the streets by insulting cries.

France, absorbed in Europe, was chary of activities in America and the reports of vice and lawlessness at the interior posts led Pontchartrain to ask why France should continue to take risks there, when, once victorious in Europe, she might do as she liked in America. Thus it happened that on September 12, 1696, the day of Frontenac's return to Quebec from the Iroquois country, he received a crushing Ordinance from the court dated May 21, 1696. Its terms were decisive. No longer were settlers to go beyond the prescribed limits of the colony. Frontenac was to issue no more licenses to *coureurs-de-bois*. He was to abandon and destroy the western posts and to recall to the east the French settlers that they might till the soil and carry on the industries connected with the forests and the fisheries. He was to make peace with the Iroquois, even though it might not include the western allies of the French who had always feared such treachery. So far had the old governor's enemies gone in destroying his work. But their policy could not succeed. No order registered at Quebec could keep adventurous Frenchmen from continuing their trade among the Indians. If they might not bring furs to Montreal they could take them to Albany. Duluth, Tonty, La Mothe Cadillac, Nicolas Perrot and a dozen

other leaders were not of the type to spend monotonous days with plough or axe or fishing net for they knew a life more interesting and adventurous. It was among these men and not in France that imperial ideas of French power in America had flourished and the plan to build up there a realm spreading from the far north to Mexico was too deeply fixed to be abandoned.

Accordingly Frontenac made no peace with the Iroquois nor did he abandon the posts. The *fleurs-de-lis* continued to flutter over remote stations and, in spite of protestations from intendant and clergy, Frontenac, still gave licenses to *coureurs-de-bois*. Clearly he saw French interests better than did the court. For the moment, too, events seemed to vindicate him. Just when he was parrying orders to abandon the west the French won successes in the east. In 1696 they and their Indian allies took and destroyed Pemaquid, on the New England coast, and during the winter of 1696-97 Iberville devastated in Newfoundland all but one or two of the English posts and made prisoners of some three hundred inhabitants.

It was just at this crisis that the French court planned action which should justify its policy of centring effort in the east. Early in the spring of 1697 a startling message reached Frontenac. A ship from France had landed at Mount Desert, near Pentagoet, a Canadian gentleman named Vincelotte with instructions to hurry overland to Quebec and to order Frontenac to keep ready an army of at least a thousand men for a purpose to be explained later. During the whole summer the end in view remained to Frontenac a mystery, but he kept his force in readiness. We know now what was on foot. During a lull in the war in Europe while peace was being discussed, a French fleet was to be sent to Acadia, Frontenac's army and a horde of Abenakis were to gather at Pentagoet; and from there this

fleet was to carry them to attack Boston which was thought to be so defenceless that it might be quickly taken. One force should attack the town on the south and a second on the north while at the same time the fleet should bombard the front and cover there a third landing force. The strategists in France had planned with the aid of a good map how everything should be done. Boston when taken was to be completely destroyed and after it Salem, Portsmouth and other places. Of the expected booty some was to be divided among the victors, while the rest was to be carried to France. The fleet was to go on and take New York. This town the Canadians were to occupy and from there to go northward to Canada, ravaging the country. This was not all. A small fleet was to go to Hudson Bay, take and plunder Fort Nelson and leave the French with no rival in that vast northern region.

The military genius of Frontenac, the old soldier, still commanded respect, and now he was told that, in spite of his seventy-six years, he should have supreme command of the land forces. His army of perhaps fifteen hundred men was apparently to march overland to Acadia. The plan was not his and when he learned of it he had doubts as to the success of a venture so complex, but he threw himself with ardour into the preparations. Meanwhile Quebec must be made secure. He put the soldiers at work on the ramparts, required the people in the town, as their share of the burden, to supply the troops with food, and those on the south shore to furnish one man from every house for the labour of fifteen days. Owing to these efforts a successor to Phips would have found Quebec better equipped for resistance. Such signs of war so alarmed the Iroquois that they sent to parley for peace, though the war parties did not cease their ravages.

In mid-May, 1697, a powerful fleet left France. The

commander, the Marquis de Nesmond, had fifteen ships, including some of the finest of the French men-of-war. After re-victualling Plaisance in Newfoundland he was to disperse the English fleet supposed to be in American waters and then to go on to Boston. One section, of five ships, that intended for Hudson Bay, arrived at Placentia early in July. Iberville, who had just mastered Newfoundland, took over the command of this squadron and sailed away to the north. The season was late; one of his vessels carrying stores was crushed in the ice; and he lost sight of his other ships. But, early in September, with only the *Pelican*, he reached the west shore of Hudson Bay near Fort Nelson. When three ships came in sight he thought them his lagging squadron, but they proved to be English and well-armed. The intrepid Canadian leader, by skilful manoeuvring, kept the advantage of the wind. Either from the French fire or from striking a rock the *Hampshire* sank; and most of her hundred and fifty men perished in the chill waters of that desolate sea. The *Dering* fled and the battered *Hudson's Bay* hauled down her flag. When Iberville's missing ships joined him he took Fort Nelson with a great booty of twenty thousand pounds of furs. For the time the French were masters in all the seas from Hudson Bay to Acadia.

Meanwhile at Quebec Frontenac waited, but in vain. Though Nesmond's great squadron had set out in May, contrary winds caused it to be late in reaching Newfoundland. Then, on September 1, came to the expectant Frontenac the final message of failure from Nesmond who wrote that, owing to the delays, his supplies were exhausted and that he was sailing back to France. In a campaign, which was to be the most glorious for France in the whole long war, he had not fired a single gun. Frontenac sent a blunt letter to the court in October saying that his force had been ready to start but that failure was involved in the complex

plan and that an attack from the sea on New York and from Canada on Albany would have had better promise. Naturally this did not please the minister. With the valour of ignorance he retorted that Frontenac himself had weakened the colony by keeping up the posts in the interior on the bad advice from interested traders and rebuked him for spending money without warrant in fortifying Quebec.

We know now that even a French success would have achieved nothing for already peace had been signed. During that summer in the château at Ryswick, near the Hague, the envoys of England and her allies sat in one wing, those of France sat in the other, and the representative of Sweden in the central salle acted as mediator. The long haggling resulted at last in the ending of a war marked by barbarous cruelty and bloodshed and on September 20, 1697, a few weeks before Frontenac sent his caustic letter, France signed the Treaty of Ryswick. News travelled so slowly in those days that not until a year later, on September 21, 1698, was joy at the peace expressed in a solemn *Te Deum* at Quebec. In America the two nations were to return to the condition before the war, the *status quo ante bellum;* French conquests during the war on Hudson Bay and in Newfoundland were to be restored to England, while Acadia and the Mississippi Valley were to remain to France.

Ryswick was one of those treaties made in Europe which ignored realities in America. The long war of nine years had wearied both sides. Though William III of England had been forced to pledge his private fortune to continue the war, France's poverty was the more obvious. The vast expenses of the court, the pompous building, the loss of hundreds of thousands of her best workers by the expulsion of Protestants, the inequality of taxation which laid the chief burden upon those least able to bear it—all these might well indicate that it was for the master of France

to seek peace. In addition Louis had his own special reasons. Since the Hapsburg king of Spain, Charles II, was near his end, and had no direct heir, inevitably there were rival claimants, and Philip, Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV and of his wife Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV of Spain, had a claim by descent as good as that of any other candidate. Should this young prince rule Spain, the Pyrenees, as Louis said, would disappear as a barrier, France and Spain would be in effect one, and the Bourbon house would dominate both Europe and America. The Peace of Ryswick was intended to further this end by breaking up the coalition against France. In face of things so great in Europe what did designs in barbarous America matter?

Thus it happened that Louis agreed to abandon his demand for amnesty and the restoration of property to the supporters of James II, and to recognize William III as king of England with, as his successor, Anne, the Protestant daughter of James, and not her young brother James Edward, an ardent Catholic. It was disastrous to future peace that in America no frontier was changed or even settled and no rivalry ended by agreement: the French continued to hold most and to claim all of Hudson Bay, but restored Fort Albany to England; they remained in Newfoundland; they secured the return of Acadia which Phips had annexed to England; they still claimed New York by right of prior discovery and maintained that the Iroquois were subjects of Louis XIV; they recognized no western frontier of the English colonies which fronted on the Atlantic seaboard and they remained bent on shutting them within the narrowest limits and indeed of expelling the English from the continent. Only one hesitating admission of English rights did they make, by agreeing to a commission composed of members of both nations to report on the frontier between Acadia and New England. The peace

was no real peace, since to leave things as they had been before the war was to maintain unsettled every cause of conflict, and more than half a century of strife was still needed to settle the issues between the two nations.

Whether the peace was welcome or not to Frontenac we do not know. Only in July, 1698, ten months after the treaty was signed, did he receive the official news, though already, by way of Albany, at the hands of Peter Schuyler, he had an authentic copy of the treaty. Some of the implications asserted by Schuyler Frontenac would not accept. In the autumn of 1697 Iroquois peace-makers had come to Montreal to discuss peace, but when they declared that it must not include Frontenac's Indian allies, he had told them angrily that he should guard these tribes as his children, and that there could be no peace until every prisoner, French and Indian, was returned. Now when Schuyler said that, under the terms of the peace, he spoke not only for the English but for the Iroquois, who were English subjects, and demanded the return of Iroquois prisoners, Frontenac gave an indignant refusal. The Iroquois, he said, had always been subjects not of England but of France and he would deal with them himself. He was to them "Father," and a father might chastise his children; they should feel his tomahawk if they did not quickly accept his terms, and for any clamour he would give them something to cry about.

The old governor had lost none of his arbitrary vigour. Perhaps the Iroquois, awed by his resolution and now alone in the war, were sincere in desiring the peace which Frontenac did not live to see. In October, 1698, he seemed to be in perfect health, but by mid-November he took to his bed. For some time he had heard mass daily, and his last hours were edifying. To the intendant, his keen critic, who now often visited his bedside, he bequeathed in these last days a crucifix, a souvenir from his dead sister, and to Madame de Champigny a reliquary. But the old distrust

of the Jesuits and their allies endured. Not to them but to the Récollets did he leave fifteen hundred livres for daily mass for his own soul during a year, and after that once a year forever, in behalf of himself and of his wife, after her death. To her he left the residue of his property, so small as to prove that he had not, as his enemies alleged, grown rich by illicit trade. His body was to be laid not in the cathedral at Quebec but in the Récollet chapel, while his heart was to be kept in a casket in the Parisian church where his sister and his uncle were buried. On November 28, 1698, Frontenac died at the age of seventy-eight; and three weeks later, on a chill December day, the 19th, he was laid in the grave. For the moment death seemed to silence enmity and even the Jesuits praised his generosity and his valour. We do not expect exact estimates of defects or merits at such times and Frontenac's confessor, the Récollet Father Goyer, made of the funeral sermon a panegyric. Flanders, Germany, Italy, he said, had witnessed Frontenac's courage; Europe, Africa and Asia had watched his efforts against the Turk; and Canada had been saved by his devotion. Among the hearers was, it seems, a priest, possibly Father Latour, later the author of a life of Laval, and we have his caustic notes on this laudation. There were, he says, some in the congregation who shrugged their shoulders, for they knew that Frontenac was the foe of the truest needs of the colony; and he adds the slander that Frontenac was not even brave, for in the hour of need, during the siege of Quebec, he left the shelter of the governor's house only once, and returned to it quickly at sight of the enemy. So enduring were the passions of the strife-ridden colony. Frontenac had been vain, jealous of any rival authority, and furious in his resentments. Since our later age has often shown cold brutality in war, its right is limited to reproach Frontenac for his ruthless methods

which involved the horrid massacre of women and children. In a savage scene he reverted to primitive savagery. But he was above all a faithful servant of a master, sometimes indulgent, though often careless of the claims of one who served France with devotion never dimmed.

CHAPTER XXII

THE SECOND WAR WITH THE ENGLISH COLONIES AND THE PARTITION OF NEW FRANCE

Though the Treaty of Ryswick baulked the aims of Louis XIV to humble Protestant England, it hardly checked his glowing ambitions. It is the conviction of France that she has the call to lead Europe and Louis XIV believed that he himself was, in a real sense, France, that his glory was her glory and that other nations must submit or be trampled under foot. Now it seemed possible to bring under the sway of his house the whole vast Empire of Spain, including in Europe Spain, Belgium and the greater part of Italy; in Asia the Philippines; in Africa the Canary Islands and part of Morocco; in North America, Mexico; and the whole of Central and South America with the exception of Brazil. Spain had fallen very low. During little more than a hundred years her population had declined from twelve millions to half that number, while so reduced were her revenues, so poverty-stricken was the court, that at one time her king, Charles II, had only half a dozen shirts and could not go out in his carriage owing to lack of money for repairs. Since to the realm of this childless king the Bourbon claimant had a plausible right, can we wonder that the interest of Louis in the slow task of colonizing Canada was fitful when, by a strong policy in Europe, he might bring Spain's dominions to his house?

Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, described Spain as so nearly a dead body that she could not defend herself. Who better fitted to restore life to this decaying mass than Spain's one great neighbour France? In reality, however, Spain was alive with pride and resentment and would never really accept the dominance of France.

Peace had hardly been signed in 1697 when began again the sinister rumblings of war. England and Holland, under the one ruler, William III, opposed the plans of Louis to bring Spain under the rule of his line and so also did the Austrian branch of the Hapsburg line which led the greater part of Germany. The short peace gave Louis one advantage. While it endured he was able to withdraw his forces from other fronts so that he could invade Spain at the critical moment. He had a hundred thousand foot soldiers and thirty thousand horse with which to threaten invasion; and these, with a powerful fleet cruising near the coasts of Spain, formed a potent argument in support of Bourbon right. It was assumed that the imbecile Charles II of Spain might by his last testament bequeath the crown to the claimant of his choice and he named as his successor not a Bourbon but a Hapsburg prince, Joseph Ferdinand of Bavaria. Following this a stroke of fortune came for Louis XIV when on February 6, 1699, this young prince died. Then, by skilful diplomacy, Louis surrounded the King of Spain with influences friendly to France in the hope that Charles might make a Bourbon his heir.

At the same time, however, Louis reached an agreement with England and Holland that the Spanish dominions should be divided. It shows the weakness of Spain that she was not asked for her consent to this plan, while Austria stood haughtily aloof, insisting that not only a part but all of the Spanish dominions should go to the Hapsburg heir to the Spanish throne. The agreement known as the Partition Treaty provided that a Hapsburg prince should

inherit Spain while France was to have an improved frontier in the Pyrenees, together with Savoy on the Italian frontier, and Lorraine and Luxembourg, in the north. Naturally this Partition Treaty caused great outcry in Spain. None the less did Spanish pride begin to ask under which ruler, Hapsburg or Bourbon, would Spain be the more likely to retain what she held. In truth the prospects seemed better with the Bourbon and as a result Charles II made a new will. His realm must, he said, remain intact, and on this condition he made Philip, Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV, his heir, though, to save Spain's independence, Philip must renounce all right to the throne of France. On November 1, 1700, Charles II died.

Should Louis keep faith under the Partition Treaty to which England was a party or should he accept an undivided Spain for his grandson and defy Europe? The country most concerned, Spain herself, wished the Bourbon prince and we may admit the temptation to Louis of adopting the view that treaties are to be observed only when it seems in the interest of all those concerned to observe them. Some of his ministers counselled moderation, but Louis's judgment was warped by his outlook as a despot and he made a decision which meant his longest and most exhausting war, blighted France's prospects as a colonial power, and brought untold misery to her people. On November 16, 1700, there was a dramatic scene at Versailles when the doors of the king's cabinet, leading to the great gallery, swung open and revealed in imposing array the king and his grandson, the Duke of Anjou. Louis said to the expectant courtiers with his majestic air: "Gentlemen, the King of Spain! He has the right of birth to the crown; the whole Spanish nation urgently demands him and I have acceded to their desire with pleasure; it is the will of heaven." Turning to the young king, now Philip V of Spain, he said: "Be a good Spaniard; it is your first duty;

but remember that you are born a Frenchman." Then he led the company to the chapel to give thanks to God. In truth the Bourbon line was destined to find in Spain its last home for while France is now a republic a Bourbon is still king of Spain.

Louis's act involved not only the defiant breach of a treaty with England but also a menace to her trade. Whatever the will of weak Spain to exclude English trade from her colonial possessions, this commerce had already an even exaggerated importance in English eyes. It was largely the shameful trade in slaves seized in Africa and carried across the sea to the Spanish colonies. With the slaves went English products and so great were the profits that, twenty years later, commerce with colonial Spain was the chief cause of the fever of speculation in the South Sea Bubble. If France should dominate Spain, the English saw clearly enough that French and not English goods would go to the Spanish possessions. This was one cause for protest against a Bourbon king of Spain. Another, which appealed to Europe as well as to England, was the fear of Louis's avowed design to make France the one world-power.

War did not break out at once. Since England hesitated, Louis believed that her foreign king, William III, had slight authority, that in her finances she was bankrupt, and that the nation was bent on maintaining peace. William acknowledged Philip as king of Spain but he also made plans for a great alliance against France. Meanwhile the arrogance of Louis was boundless. While there was still peace, he shut out English trade from France. Then, as if this was not enough, he added a fatuous defiance. On September 16, 1701, James II, the deposed king of England, died. By the Treaty of Ryswick Louis had recognized William III's right to the English throne. But for the dead king, both his cousin and his guest, Louis had friendship,

the deeper because James had suffered in behalf of that religion which Louis was determined to force on all his subjects. Thus it now happened that, meaning perhaps little more than to gratify an unhappy exiled family and to show sympathy with the widowed queen of James II, Louis recognized her son as James III, England's rightful king. It could be little more than a title of courtesy, such as now we give to an exiled king of Portugal, but it flouted the terms of a treaty and stirred in England deep resentment. Hitherto peaceful compromise had not seemed impossible but soon warlike addresses poured in on William III. Accordingly he dissolved a Parliament which had opposed war, and the Whigs, the most resolute enemies of France, carried the election.

The new Parliament acted with decision. It declared the Stuart Pretender subject to the penalties of high treason, should he set foot in England, and it required from every official, civil and military, a direct repudiation of his claims. The reckless act of Louis XIV had made a nation, divided, a nation united to defeat the designs of France. William III did not live to engage in the inevitable war. When he died on March 19, 1702, many in France believed that God had shown His favour to Louis at a supreme moment, by removing his chief enemy; the new Queen Anne, it was said, believed that her brother, the Pretender, had an inalienable right to the crown. But in truth the death of William was a blow to France. It removed a king whom the English suspected as a foreigner and, instead of this tenacious but unlucky leader of their armies, it brought forward the most brilliant soldier of his age, John Churchill, who became Duke of Marlborough. On May 15, 1702, England, Holland and the Emperor, who ruled Austria and dominated Germany, declared war on France.

With the war in Europe we are concerned here only as it affected France's designs in America. The allies gained

brilliant victories. Since the days of the Black Prince in the fourteenth century, English arms had won few laurels on the continent, but now Marlborough's military genius and not less his tact brought victory to England and her allies. They had, however, rival interests. Austria was thinking of her problems in Germany, in Spain and in Italy; Holland was indifferent to Austria's resolve to put a Hapsburg on the throne of Spain, but wished to extend her own frontiers so as to include Belgium; while England feared the menace to her trade and was incensed by the religious policy of Louis XIV. The common enemy, France, was hampered by her despotism. The ministers were dead who had helped to make brilliant the early days of Louis XIV and now he ruled in person and he ruled alone. No doubt his labours were unceasing. A flattering courtier declared that while, in the silent night, all others at Versailles slept, the king's lamp burned to late hours as he worked for the welfare of the French nation. In this spirit he undertook to direct the campaigns of his generals and thought he knew better how to do so by studying maps at Versailles than did they, face to face with conditions on the spot. In order by one telling blow at Vienna to shatter the ambitions of Austria, Louis placed under Marshal Tallard perhaps the finest army which France had ever formed. He was, however, foiled; for Marlborough and the brilliant leader of Austria's armies, Prince Eugène, divined the plan in time. Blenheim is an obscure village on the Danube in Bavaria but it gives its name to one of the great battles in history. Here, on August 13, 1704, Tallard met with such utter defeat that, of nearly sixty thousand men, only a beggarly remnant escaped. The joy in England at the victory is still marked by the vast Blenheim Palace at Woodstock which the nation built for Marlborough. When the terrible news reached France no one dared at first to break it to the king. In the end, his wife, Madame de Main-

tenon, agreed to tell him that he was no longer invincible. It was ominous for Europe that even then he hardly believed it.

Though during many centuries Europe had been the world's cockpit of war, rarely had it seen it on the scale of this struggle. Brussels and Antwerp fell when, in 1706, Marlborough won a great battle at Ramilies. In 1708 at Oudenarde and in 1709 at Malplaquet, he and Eugène gained costly victories which gave them Lille, Douai and Mons. Even Paris seemed not beyond their hopes. France's enemies were bent on baulking forever her restless ambitions. While they were weakened, France so suffered from distress and famine that, in the palace of Versailles, Madame de Maintenon, as an example of self-denial, ate bread made of powdered hay. In the end so chastened was the pride of Louis XIV that he was ready to sue for peace and to agree that the Hapsburg Charles III should have the throne of Spain. England, too, was weary of war but, unlike France, she was free from invasion and at this time she found a new source of strength. The needs arising out of war were a chief cause of the union in 1707 of England and Scotland to form the United Kingdom of Great Britain and this ended age-long rivalries. About the same time the Methuen Treaty, made in 1703, opened Portugal and Brazil to English trade. In addition, with a large part of Spain, including Barcelona, in possession of the allies, English merchants traded there freely and even controlled the output of many Spanish industries. Moreover, after 1704 England became dominant in the Mediterranean by taking the Spanish fortress guarding its entrance, Gibraltar, which she still holds. Thus it happened that when the time came to make peace she had won advantages in respect of both trade and colonial power of vast moment for her future.

In America the operations of this war were barbaric in

method and consisted chiefly in surprises at night of frontier settlements, followed by massacre which included women and children. Once more was shown the lack of unity among the English colonies. While New England was suffering from French and Indian raiders, New York remained in effect neutral. It had never been a very determined enemy of French Canada, but asked rather to be left alone. It was less New York than its Iroquois allies who had waged perennial warfare on the French, while the English and Dutch traders did little more than supply the savages with needed arms. On the French side, though Frontenac was dead, Callière, his successor, was a capable man. His brother, the Comte de Callière, was secretary to the king, and to this was due no doubt the prompt appointment of this governor of Montreal to succeed Frontenac. The old disunion among high officials remained. The Intendant Champigny was a rival applicant, and we have from him acrid criticism of the pomposity of Callière in office.

The new governor really needed an impressive presence for both dignity and tact were required in a difficult task. The Treaty of Ryswick in 1697 had not ended war with the Iroquois and only four years later, in August, 1701, was Callière able to bring together all the Indian tribes, including the Iroquois, at Montreal to talk of a general peace. The Iroquois, with fewer than two thousand warriors, had focussed in themselves the issue of war or peace from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi and were the common enemy to all the other tribes. Now the crisis in their history had come. They had denied allegiance to either the English or the French king. They did not like the arrogant demeanour of the English; they suffered from unscrupulous English traders who tried to rob them of their lands and, as the French declared, spoke to them as on the level of negro slaves. The French knew better than

the English how to live among savages on terms of brotherhood. The ascetic Jesuit priest learned to endure the crude and often nasty discomfort of life in a native hut crowded with men, women, children and dogs; for religion's sake he bore with the insects, the filth, the lewd talk, the buffoonery, the nauseating stench, the foul air, and sometimes the threatening insolence of warriors and medicine men; but English traders and missionaries were not so hardened, and tended to avoid close contact. Moreover, since the French lived chiefly by the fur-trade, they were naturally rovers, while the English farmer clung to his own home. Thus the French were in touch with wide problems, and under a Frontenac and a Callière they were ably led. While the Jesuit historian, Charlevoix, admires the steady persistence of the English, as contrasted with the changing purpose of his own volatile countrymen, he adds that the leaders of the English were ignorant of war and of proper methods of defence. While the French trading posts were invariably forts planned for defence, most of the English villages consisted of straggling houses without even the defence of a palisade. As to leadership, we need only compare with Callière in Canada his contemporary, the Earl of Clarendon, a corrupt and debt-laden mediocrity, who was governor of New York in 1701, to prove the insight of Charlevoix.

In August of the year 1701 Montreal showed vivid contrasts between civilization and savagery. Thirteen hundred Indians were coming to discuss peace and outside the palisade which surrounded the stately religious houses of the town were rows of native wigwams covered with green boughs. First arrived two hundred Iroquois and after them many warriors of other tribes from points as widely separated as Wisconsin in the far west and Acadia in the far east. The natives brought, no doubt, many bales of furs for trade, but they had also a more interesting freight;

urged by the French, the western tribes brought their Iroquois prisoners for exchange as a condition of peace. It showed, however, an ominous lack that the Iroquois canoes contained no prisoners, something which caused doubt and suspicion. While camp fires threw at night their light far out on the river and there was feasting on the flesh of dogs and bears, the half-naked, lounging warriors were debating among themselves whether enduring peace was possible. The chief obstacle was the fear of treachery by the Iroquois. Two reasons explain their failure to bring their prisoners: one that they could not bend their pride to this act of surrender; the other that many of the natives, adopted into the powerful Iroquois tribes, were unwilling to go back to their own weaker people. Some even of the French prisoners had come to prefer the free native life.

The spokesman of the tribes allied with the French was the capable Huron known as "The Rat," a leader not inferior in sagacity to the subtlest statesmen of Europe. Though now stricken with a mortal malady, he held for two hours the keen attention of his hearers while he charged the Iroquois with bad faith, and outlined the basis of true peace. The effort killed him for he died that night. After this Callière arranged an elaborate funeral in which all the tribes took part and a Council followed. The French writer, La Potherie, who was present at this great gathering, describes the eloquence of the speakers which resulted in a momentous decision for peace. The orators declared in florid terms that they now buried the instruments of war in a pit so deep that they should never be found; that again the sun shone; that the Iroquois were brothers of the other tribes; and that the past should be forgotten. A spokesman for each of the tribes accepted these ideals and the observers laughed when one of these chiefs rose to speak. His face was painted red and in a ceremonious salute to the governor

he lifted from his head an old French wig with tangled curls. It was perhaps a symbol of native effort and failure to adopt the culture of Europe. The Iroquois, like the other tribes, addressed Callière as "Father"; they asserted their independence of the English; and they pledged themselves to maintain the peace.

This conclusion meant for the French that the path to the interior was no longer haunted by massacre and soon they had renewed strongholds at Fort Frontenac and at Niagara where their presence had long been challenged. They did more; they established securely now what was destined to be the most important of their western posts and has become the great city of Detroit. It guarded the route from Lake Erie to Lake Huron. To command it was sent La Mothe Cadillac, a Frenchman of good birth, resourceful, witty, impulsive, hotly anti-clerical and not blind to his own interests as a fur-trader. It shows perhaps reaction against the Jesuits that their anxious protests against this new post did not avail with Pontchartrain. Though at first Detroit grew only slowly, it endured. In time Indian tribes came to live near the French and the remoter Michilimackinac, less favoured by position, so declined as to arouse in La Mothe Cadillac the gleeful hope that Father Carheil, the Jesuit in charge, might in time have not a single parishioner. During the next sixty years Detroit was important both for trade and for solidifying French influence among the natives. Even after the British conquest it was the centre of a far-reaching plot to restore the French cause, lost through Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham.

When, in 1702, England and France were again at war, New York and Canada were, of course, also at war. Since neither of them was sure of the Iroquois, they left each other alone and, during many years, that frontier was quiet. Far different was the situation in New England on both sea and

land. Since that was an age of privateers and piracy, the thousand English ships which sailed annually to or from Boston offered temptation, and the harbours on the coast of Acadia were easy lurking places for French ships. Then as now it was Nature's decree, however man might defy it, that Acadia and New England should trade with each other and the intercourse between them was considerable. Acadia had a surfeit of beaver skins and a lack of food, of implements, of arms and ammunition, and the law of supply and demand favoured an extensive trade from which Boston merchants profited.

A dispute as to where New England ended and Acadia began had been of long standing and the Treaty of Ryswick had left the problem unsettled. The French claimed not only the present New Brunswick but the greater part of the present Maine, extending south-westward beyond the Kennebec River. In 1689 they had destroyed Saco where now stands Portland and for years the place remained in ruins. In this region lived the Abenaki Indians divided into a number of smaller tribes. Since no French settlement was near from which they could get the supplies from Europe, now become necessaries, Boston was the natural center for their trade. But to their intercourse with Boston the French had two objections. One was that of religion. For many years Jesuit priests had worked among the Abenakis, and no other of their labours had seemed so successful: the whole tribe had become Catholics and looked upon the Protestants of Boston as a repugnant and deadly menace. The second objection was political. France regarded Acadia as a vital outpost protecting her fisheries and her approach to Canada. The settlements in her two colonies were separated on land by a vast and roadless waste of forest, while the route by sea was long and dangerous and was blocked in winter by the ice of the St. Lawrence. Though Acadia was almost an unpeopled land,

with only about a thousand French settlers, it guarded the sea route to Canada.

In the neighbouring Maine, an outpost of Massachusetts, straggling settlements of fishermen, hunters and farmers stretched from Kittery Point north-eastward along a much indented shore, to-day the resort in summer of many thousands seeking rest and pleasure. When war between England and France was renewed in 1702, New England keenly desired peace with the Abenakis. Accordingly, in June, 1703, Dudley, the governor of Massachusetts, summoned them to a conference. We may imagine with what concern the French watched this effort to win from them their converts, but the event proved that they had sown seeds of fear and distrust of the English which now bore fruit. The conference ended in war. This brought cruel suffering to the English colonists, along two hundred miles of frontier from the sea coast to the western limits of Massachusetts. The rough life of the frontier attracted not only the constructive pioneer; it had charms for the indolent and shiftless who preferred to the discipline and industry of settled society the life of the log-cabin, the careless farming, the desultory hunting, the idle lounging, drinking and gossip, of primitive conditions. The frontier village of New England had such people, while it had also ambitious and self-reliant pioneers and usually a missionary and a school teacher. For the purposes of war it was ill-equipped as events now proved. On the same day, August 10, 1703, by concerted action, bands of savages, including also some French, burst in on several of the most exposed of the New England settlements near the coast. The warfare was of the approved Indian type—before dawn an attack sudden and unexpected on the sleeping settlement, savage war-whoops and indiscriminate massacre, including women and children, the burning of houses and the retreat with captives likely to be killed by the way, if

unable to keep pace in the hurried flight from pursuit. On this same day, at the little village of Wells in the south-west corner of Maine, twenty-nine were killed or carried off; at Saco, farther north, eleven were killed and twenty-four were taken captive.

In the following winter the same terror was at work in the distant inland settlements on the Connecticut River, and the massacre was inspired directly from Quebec. In the Canadian village feudalism gave effective leadership. While the seigneur was landowner and magistrate, the captain of militia was the agent to whom the governor gave his orders and usually both commanded the respect and authority which ensured a following in time of need. The democracy of New England involved, on the other hand, slow persuasion rather than quick command; it was resentful of the imperious tone of regular army officers and had therefore to find leaders among farmers and traders ignorant of war. The result was that French war parties were more secret and effective than English.

One of the enterprising leaders in this war was Hertel de Rouville, a young member of the Canadian *noblesse*. He had learned frontier warfare from his father François Hertel, the leader of Frontenac's expedition against New Hampshire in 1690. Callière, the governor of Canada, died in 1703, and it was his successor, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, a competent soldier of aristocratic family and attractive personality, who revived Frontenac's methods. The Iroquois in New York he left alone. Iroquois took part indeed in this warfare, but they came from the French mission stations and fought on the French side. In mid-winter, by Vaudreuil's order, Rouville, with four of his brothers and a war party of two hundred and fifty, of whom some fifty were French, set out from Montreal on snow-shoes. They had had a long and exhausting march, when in the darkness just before dawn on February 28, 1704, they

approached the sleeping village of Deerfield, on the Connecticut River on the northern frontier of Massachusetts, crept silently up to its scattered houses and then, amid savage war-whoops, began the work of massacre. Though nearly half of the English escaped, within a few hours some fifty lay dead among the burning houses and a hundred and eleven wretched captives were being hurried on the long route to Canada. The party killed a few children, because of the burden of carrying them, and sometimes drunken Indians murdered other captives. When one prisoner had escaped, Rouville told his captive, the Protestant Pastor Williams, that a second escape would cause him to burn alive all the others. At Quebec Vaudreuil received Williams kindly. This ardent Protestant resented most of all efforts to turn the captives from their Protestant faith; whippings, warnings of hell fire, and threats were, he says, used, but he admits that in the convents the nuns were kind to the female captives. When the English complained of the efforts at conversion, Vaudreuil replied that he could "as easily alter the course of the waters" as check the zeal of the priests. Williams' daughter, Eunice, became a convert and later would not return to live among her own Protestant people for fear of contagion to her soul.

During five years every frontier settlement in New England lived under this terror. At first the assailants were chiefly natives, but as time passed the Abenakis began so to waver that the Canadians were the more active in the barbaric warfare. While France was indifferent to colonial needs, vigorous minds in Canada were ever planning some new adventure. In 1705, Le Moyne d'Iberville, its most brilliant and daring leader, proposed to take Boston by surprise in winter. Give him, he urged, at a cost of not more than a hundred thousand livres, a thousand Canadians, four hundred soldiers, and four hundred Indians. He would go up the Chaudière River and down the Kennebec to the sea-

coast, that route which in the reverse way Benedict Arnold followed long afterward to attack Quebec. In mid-winter he would put his men on snow-shoes and push on so rapidly that he could be near Boston before the alarm could be spread. He would seize that place, devastate the country to the gates of New York, and drive the starving inhabitants into Pennsylvania. Then the Iroquois would join the French, who would hold New England and New York. I am not like some, talking wildly, said Iberville; I do not propose what I am not able to perform. Look at my record on Hudson Bay, in Newfoundland and in the discovery of the Mississippi.

Though this proposal was not taken up by those in authority, they encouraged adventures less ambitious. The summer of 1708 saw at Haverhill on the Merrimac, not far from the sea, a massacre which was almost wholly the work of Canadians. The leader, Hertel de Rouville, had with him young Verchères, brother of the girl who had made so striking a defence of her father's fort in the time of Frontenac. The party had set out from Montreal with a hundred French and three times as many Indians, chiefly Christian Iroquois and Hurons, but many of these deserted on the way and a few only of the Abenakis appeared at the rendezvous. Thus Hertel's band was mainly French and he regarded them as crusaders against the infidel. Before the attack he told his followers that, united in a glorious task, they should forget and forgive the causes of any existing quarrels. After all had knelt with him in prayer, they crept up to the village, dashed in, sword and axe in hand, killed about fifty English, including the Protestant minister Rolfe and his wife and child, set fire to the houses, and hurried away to evade pursuit. In the fighting Rouville's brother and young Verchères were killed. We may be sure that some of the English were as ready as the French leaders for ruthless methods, but it seems true that opinion in

Boston was against retaliation in kind. Moreover, the French settlements were so remote that massacres by the English rarely occurred.

In 1692, a few years earlier, the massacre of fewer than a hundred clansmen at Glencoe in Scotland, by soldiers of William III, inspired in the supporters of the Stuarts a fervour of resentment which endured for half a century. Now not one but a dozen massacres fixed in New England the resolve to end forever the menace by conquering New France. One vulnerable French post was near, Port Royal, in Acadia. With this French outpost the chief centre in New England stands in vivid contrast. Boston was so prosperous that the style of life of its chief merchants—their plate, their furniture, their dress and their education—equalled that of the leading merchants in London. Port Royal, on the other hand, was a neglected village, and yet it was the centre of the French interest in Acadia. Subercase, the governor, a competent soldier, usually had a force of about three hundred men. Like all French colonial posts, Port Royal suffered from incessant petty strife, and its score or so of officers and officials were as touchy about rank and honours as were the courtiers at Versailles. So poor were some of the people that Subercase gave away, to relieve them, even his own shirts and the sheets from his bed. In 1710 he had been left for two years without pay for his men, and in order to raise needed money had sold his own furniture. Other troubles of Subercase are indicated in his report to the minister that he really needed a mad-house for some of his people. We get a glimpse of some of the cares involved in paternal government when we find the great minister Pontchartrain asked to decide on the merits of a quarrel about a cow straying into a garden; about a brawl at the church door, with the priest in his robes as mediator; about the price of a canoe; and about the virtue of a certain lady.

Port Royal, the scene of so many hopes, was now to fall finally to the English. In the summer of 1704 a tried veteran in frontier warfare, Benjamin Church, filled with fury at the massacre at Deerfield, sailed away from Boston with a force of about seven hundred men. After ravaging one or two obscure French settlements on the Bay of Fundy he landed his army before Port Royal but was driven off. Charlevoix says that Church's lack of resolution aroused the contempt even of the Indians. In 1707, three years after Church's failure, John March, a militia colonel, from the little town of Newbury, made a more serious effort. He had some fifteen hundred men, a third of them sailors, the others chiefly mechanics and traders. On June 6 Port Royal was startled when more than twenty ships, among them an English man-of-war, the *Deptford,* sailed into the harbour. A capable soldier in command of so large a force should have taken the weak fort without difficulty; but rivalry of soldier and sailor, jealousy and disputes did their work and on June 17 the baffled English sailed away to Casco. We are told that had March gone to Boston he would have been torn to pieces. As it was Boston sent three commissioners to Casco with orders to March to go back and finish the job. Accordingly, on August 21, he reappeared at Port Royal but, after ten days, he had again failed and sailed away. The failure was the more disgraceful that Subercase had had difficulty in keeping the discouraged defenders of Port Royal from mutiny and surrender.

Colonial ineptitude in military matters now recognized the need of an appeal to Britain for effective aid. Word ran that Queen Anne had said she must have Acadia before the end of the war, that it should never go back to France, and that if the English colonies could not themselves take it she would send the needed help. She found that the colonial mind was not less eager to accept aid from the mother land than to assert rights against her. Those were

the days of repeated French defeats in Europe when the allies were invading France. It seemed as if even Paris might fall for, in 1708, a Dutch flying column reached Versailles. Just when Louis XIV was suing for peace and Queen Anne was said to want Acadia, Samuel Vetch, an energetic Scot, sent by Massachusetts, reached London with plans to drive the French from North America.

After England and Scotland were united in 1707 Vetch and other Scots could look out on a wider world and in both France and England the Scot was now much in evidence. It was in 1708 that the Scot, John Law, was in Paris with a plan to save France from financial collapse and a few years later France let this Scot become for a time her financial master. In the same period another Scot, William Paterson, was, with deeper insight, reconstructing English finance, by founding the Bank of England. Before the Union, Scotland had been shut out from English colonial enterprise. Since she aimed to be a colonial power, Paterson had persuaded her to send in 1698 twelve thousand colonists to the Isthmus of Panama (Darien) there to create a New Scotland, containing a New Edinburgh and a New St. Andrews, and fronting on the two oceans, so as to become an emporium for the vast trade of both the east and west. In doing this, Scotland was defying Spain, who, aided by a deadly climate, soon destroyed the colony. Among the captains in the enterprise who must have been well known to Paterson, was Samuel Vetch, the descendant of a line of Covenanting ministers, and it was his energy which now made the beginning of the end of France's Empire in America.

From Darien Vetch had found his way to New York, where he married into a well-known family, the Livingstones. After this he went to Boston and became one of its chief traders. More than once he travelled to Canada and in 1705 he was one of a mission sent by sea to Quebec to discuss with the governor, Vaudreuil, among other things,

neutrality between New England and Canada, in spite of the war in Europe. Vetch kept his eyes open. He was even suspected of carrying on some illicit trade at Quebec, and he studied so closely the navigation of the St. Lawrence as to boast that he knew more about it than the French themselves. So keen a trader was he that at Boston he and five others were fined for traffic with Port Royal in time of war. He was keen, too, in politics. Not only had he seen Canada; from his experiences at Darien he knew something of Spain's colonies; and now he told Queen Anne's ministers that a determined effort would drive both French and Spanish from North America.

With competent leadership this was not impossible, in days when Spain was already a secondary power and France was exhausted by war with nearly all Europe. A French deserter told the English in 1709 that the troops in Canada had received no clothing for five years, and that no armaments had been sent out for seven years. The interests of New France ranked not at all in the plans of Louis XIV at this time, as the making of peace a few years later showed. Vetch played his part with credit, and in March, 1709, he was able to sail for America with the promise that a naval squadron and five regiments should follow at once to conquer Acadia and Canada. Britain was to aid on a large scale, and she ordered similar action in the colonies. New York and the other westerly colonies were to provide fifteen hundred men and to advance by Lake Champlain on Montreal, while New England was to raise twelve hundred men to join the five British regiments and go by sea to attack Quebec. The thing was to be done in the summer of 1709, at a time when France's fortunes were at their lowest. There was a period of feverish activity. New York abandoned its neutrality, in spite of protests of Albany traders involved in the Canadian fur-trade, and the Iroquois, with the exception of the Seneca tribe, joined the English. By mid-

summer Colonel Francis Nicholson, former lieutenant-governor of New York, a leader well versed in frontier affairs, for he had ruled also in Virginia and other colonies, was in command of fifteen hundred men at Wood Creek which flows into Lake Champlain. Here he built forts, dwellings and store-houses, and waited for the signal to set out for Montreal when the fleet should sail from Boston for Quebec. While he waited anxiously pestilence broke out in his camp. Far away Boston too was watching for the signal to start. It never came for, very late, on October 11, arrived a despatch from England saying that the expected troops had been sent to Portugal.

This was the first enterprise in which Britain and the colonies had acted together on a considerable scale; and seeds were then sown which ripened later in the strife of the American Revolution. Perhaps suspicion and resentment are inevitable between two people living far apart and each expecting aid and understanding from the other. It is certain that both colonial French and colonial English disliked what they thought the patronizing and domineering tone of many who came to them from the mother-country. In Canada the clergy Canadian-born found the door to the highest preferment closed to all Canadians, so that no Canadian became bishop, while two bishops of Quebec refused even to live in Canada. In New England, too, there was resentment, to be measured almost by the degree of contact. Civil war and revolution in England, in which the colonies took no direct part, had lessened their unity of thought with the mother land. They had had no share in making William or Anne their ruler; they accepted the results, which fitted in happily with their convictions; but their thoughts centred chiefly in their own interests. To them Canada was more important than Portugal, and when they had prepared, at the cost of labour, debt, disease and death, to act on a pledge of help from England, and

no help came, there were embittered murmurings. Later, when British regiments arrived, contact was irritating, for the officers usually treated the colonials as ignorant provincials. In New France we find the same type of military resentment, and during the last struggle with the British it hardened into strife between the Canadian-born and the French.

Soon after the failure in 1709, the British gained a partial but the first enduring success. This time the initiative came from New York. Her loss of life in the futilities of the previous year, her piled-up debts, and her hope, by the conquest of Canada, to get a monopoly of the fur-trade, united to cause a unique appeal to England to redeem earlier promises. During the winter of 1709-10, London had a social sensation when Peter Schuyler of New York arrived with some Mohawk chiefs. We may imagine the emotions of the swarthy barbarians as, day after day, on the long voyage, they had watched the tossing wastes of the Atlantic. One of them died on the sea, but four became the nation's guests. They were described as "four Indian princes lately arrived from America," and treated as sovereigns. A pamphlet called them "The Four Kings of Canada" to anticipate their prayer to Queen Anne to drive the French out of Canada. A costumier replaced their blankets by scarlet mantles edged with gold, and they were carried in two state coaches to have an audience with the queen, who received one of them as "Emperor of the Mohawks." Their portraits were painted by the Queen's order. Ballads were written about them; Swift and Steele were interested in them; Addison made them his topic in a whole number of *The Spectator,* and used their supposed comments to satirise English manners. The four kings were dazzled, he said, by the beauty of English women seen at a distance, but wondered at their fashions of dressing the hair and of wearing patches on their cheeks. The plea

of the chiefs for rescue from the French no doubt aided Schuyler's requests. He was not alone in England to press them. Colonel Nicholson was also there with a mandate from both New England and New York to support this call.

The colonial effort of the year 1710 was to centre on Port Royal. Nicholson was to be in command and Vetch to be his adjutant-general. The promised aid came from England, but it was after such protracted delay that not until the twenty-fourth of September did a great British and colonial force from Boston sail into the harbour of Port Royal. There were five men-of-war and some thirty transports and they landed four hundred British marines and three times as many colonial troops. Since France, herself in distress, had sent no aid to Port Royal, resistance was hopeless. Subercase asked for honourable terms and on Monday, October 2, the French garrison, numbering about two hundred and fifty, marched out with drums beating and colours flying and the English marched in. Queen Anne had said that the place must be taken in her time; now it received her name, Annapolis, and from that day the former Port Royal has remained British. The fleet and army sailed away and it was fitting that the Scot, Samuel Vetch, should be left behind as the first British governor of what was now finally Nova Scotia. He was the most competent among the leaders, he faced his work with vigour, but he had an almost impossible task. The colonies which had been so eager to conquer Nova Scotia felt no responsibility for its maintenance. This they left to the mother country, and she did almost nothing. Vetch had to make heavy outlay of his own money. No heed was paid to his frequent applications for relief, and the situation was dangerous, for a handful of British were left in Annapolis to rule a population alien and hostile. We find Vetch now suggesting a plan carried out long afterwards.

To solve a hard problem, and end the danger from the French colonists, the Acadians, he proposed to force them to leave Nova Scotia. He thought that all who would become Protestants might stay, but that all others should be sent to the French settlement at Placentia, in Newfoundland, or to Martinique. They were chiefly women and children, he wrote on January 22, 1711, and their coming would not help these places but rather would weaken them by the need of feeding the refugees.

Queen Anne, so the French heard, was now saying that she must also have Canada. That indeed was becoming the only field in which to attack France while the war lasted, for there was a lull in Europe caused by talk of peace. Warlike nations usually welcome war when it begins, but are as ready to welcome its end. England was weary of war and yet the Whig government refused the reasonable terms of peace offered by Louis XIV, who was now willing to abandon the Bourbon claim to Spain. When Philip V refused to withdraw and the Whigs insisted that Louis should make war on his own grandson to drive him from Spain, the monarch's pride flared up. He had rather, he said, make war on his enemies than on his own children. Hitherto he had acted as if France centred only in himself; but now he appealed with success to the spirit of the French nation against the aggressive foreigner.

The English Whigs were showing intolerance. When they were so foolish as to send to trial and punish a certain Dr. Sacheverell for preaching extreme High Church and Tory doctrine, the London mob cheered frantically for that obscure person. At court the Whig Duchess of Marlborough, a masterful woman, treated with tactless arrogance the dull and indolent queen, who had an obstinate sense of her royal dignity. The intrigues of party were boundless and in 1710 came the explosion. When the election of that

year went Tory, the Duchess of Marlborough was dismissed from court and her indigent cousin, Abigail Hill, whose married name was Masham, took her place as the queen's chief friend. While in the war zone Marlborough retained for a time his high command, so complete was his loss of influence that at the end of 1711 he was dismissed; and he was forced to live in exile for the remainder of Anne's reign. Since his prestige as a soldier had served his duchess, Abigail Hill thought to secure similar prestige in her own support and, in consequence, her brother, General John Hill, was now appointed to command the army which was to conquer Canada.

During the whole summer of 1711 rumour was busy at Quebec. Clearly something important was on foot. Was not Colonel Nicholson back at Albany repeating the labours of two years earlier in bringing together an army? The French tried to believe that the "haughty pride" of the English could not reconcile the "ferocious pride" of the Iroquois to action in common, but by this time the Iroquois were on the eve of becoming the subjects of Queen Anne, and most of them were hostile to the French. Again at Wood Creek Nicholson formed a great camp of more than two thousand men and waited.

Vaudreuil, governor of Canada, had now the double menace of an attack by land on Montreal and by sea on Quebec. With inadequate means he did his best. At Montreal he gathered a horde of natives from the west and feasted and flattered them into support of the French. Not there, however, but at Quebec was the real danger which was to come from the sea. When Vaudreuil divined this he so aroused the people of Quebec that even the women prepared to join in its defence. Religion aided valour. There were processions and prayers for the saving of that Catholic faith which, it was said, the English would destroy. It was a trial that a disease known as the "malady of Siam" now

swept through Quebec and carried off twelve priests and six nuns. When it was clear enough that a crisis was near and that a British fleet was on its way to attack Quebec, conflicting reports flew about; first that a great fleet had left Boston, later that Gaspé fishermen had seen eighty-four ships not ascending but descending the St. Lawrence. More cheering was news that, after waiting for a time, Nicholson had broken camp at Wood Creek, late in August, and had gone to store his equipment at Albany. He had been heard to speak of "roguery" and "treachery" and had said that next year the thing should be done finally.

Something had indeed happened, but not until October did Quebec learn the truth and then it went wild with joy. A little earlier Vaudreuil had sent the Sieur de la Valtrie to watch at the mouth of the St. Lawrence for the expected approach of a hostile fleet. It happened on October 1, when La Valtire landed from a canoe on the Isle aux Œufs, one of the group of Seven Islands, that he came upon some men laden with plunder and saw other startling things,—the hulls of wrecked ships and hundreds of bloated corpses which had been lying in the sun for nearly six weeks. Many of them had the red coats of the British soldiers and there were a few women. Dead horses, sheep and dogs lay there too, and scattered about were papers, among them a printed proclamation in bad French to the Canadians declaring that, by long historic right, all of North America belonged to the British, that now they had come to take possession of Canada, and that only those who offered no resistance should be spared. There were officers' commissions, articles used in Roman Catholic worship, intended no doubt for Highland soldiers of that faith who might remain in Canada, and a vast amount of other wreckage; tools, anchors, casks, and personal belongings such as clothing, plate and swords. The truth as to what had occurred was already known in England when La Valtrie reached Quebec on October 19

with news so startling as to cause the rumour that on the route to Quebec from Boston three thousand British had lost their lives.

In truth, on a rock-bound shore some eight hundred British soldiers and two hundred sailors had perished. The dismal story is soon told. In England the new Tory ministry, eager to win prestige by a striking success, had acted so promptly that on June 24, 1711, a great fleet of war-ships and transports reached Boston. While Mrs. Masham's brother, General John Hill, led the soldiers, Admiral Sir Hovenden Walker was in command of the fleet; and history knows them both as blundering incompetents. The minister chiefly instrumental in planning the expedition was the highly accomplished Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, and when he heard of the arrival of the fleet at Boston he wrote to the Duke of Ossory: "I believe you may depend on our being masters at this time of all North America." At Boston disputes began at once—the usual result of contact between the colonial and the home authorities. The British Quartermaster-General, Colonel Richard King, was peppery and soon was making bitter complaints of the indolence and indifference of the government at Boston. It kept none of its promises, he said, and five weeks had been lost in gathering stores which should have been ready when the fleet arrived. There were sharp disputes as to relative values of English and colonial currency. Supplies were so inadequate that even enough bread for daily needs was not provided.

King made arrogant charges of ill-nature, "sowerness," hypocrisy and corruption. Only General Hill's patience, he said, made relations possible; if the British government did its duty it would cancel all the charters of the colonies and place them under a single government. This sounds like an echo of Daniel De Foe's advice to Queen Anne's minister, Harley, in 1704, to make himself an all-

powerful minister, like Richelieu and Mazarin and Colbert, and promote efficiency by ending "confusion of councils"; a medicine which, if good for England, would work even better in scattered colonies. The authorities at Boston, King declared, had actually so encouraged desertion that two hundred and fifty men had gone off, and it had been necessary to hang or shoot some unhappy offenders. One great difficulty was that of securing pilots, for the navigation of the St. Lawrence was difficult. Some were found who had been to Quebec with Phips, but so little did they know that Vetch declared his own amateur knowledge of the river to be better than that of these experts.

At last, on July 30, the fleet set out, some seventy sail including nine men-of-war carrying about twelve thousand men, the greatest force yet seen in those regions. Vetch commanded the colonial troops and was on board the little frigate *Despatch* which kept at the rear of the fleet. So secret was the attack to be that Walker had left Plymouth with instructions to be opened only at sea. When he had found that his goal was Quebec his timid soul was alarmed. Since, as he thought, the St. Lawrence froze to the bottom, he might be caught by "adamantine frosts" and "mountains of snow" and his men might freeze or starve. This spectre of famine especially haunted his mind, for his supplies would be exhausted in three months. When, after three weeks of prosperous sailing from Boston, the fleet met with gales and fog above Anticosti, Walker lost his bearings and thought he was heading for the south shore, when in truth a south-west wind was driving him on the north shore. On the very dark night of August 23, the pilot on Walker's ship, finding the outlook dangerous, sent a land captain to urge Walker to leave his bed and come on deck. He only laughed at the message but when the officer again appeared and said: "For God's sake, come on deck or we shall certainly be lost," he went up in dressing-gown and

slippers. By that time the watch could see rocks close at hand on a lee shore with waves breaking over them violently. In this emergency some of the ships were able to anchor or to beat back into deep water, but eight transports with troops and two of the precious supply-ships struck and the cries of the drowning men could be heard on the ships struggling to safety. A little later, when the weather cleared, some of the smaller ships stood by and rescued about five hundred men; but on the shore lay nearly a thousand dead.

On the third day after the disaster Hill and Walker held a panicky council of war at which the ignorant pilots agreed that the navigation of the river was impossible. Since the leaders still had eleven thousand troops, many of them veterans of Oudenarde and Malplaquet, and could attack Quebec in overwhelming force, this was the verdict of incompetence. In truth there was no fight in either general or admiral and, though Vetch spoke strongly for going on and offered himself to pilot the fleet, it sailed away to England. Soon after anchoring at Spithead Walker's flagship, the *Edgar,* blew up; all on board perished, but Walker himself was on shore. It is almost incredible but it is true that he expressed satisfaction at the disaster in Canada. It had, he said, saved the nation from a greater one, for had he reached Quebec his ten or twelve thousand men would have perished from cold and hunger. The ice in the river, a hundred fathoms deep and freezing to the bottom, would have crushed his ships as if squeezed between rocks; and the only way to save them would have been to put them in frames and cradles on dry ground. Thus the disaster was a mercy for "by the loss of part, Providence saved all the rest."

When, at the end of 1711, the two nations suspended hostilities, both had succeeded and both had failed. France had not kept a Protestant from the throne of England and

England had not kept a Bourbon from the throne of Spain. Though France seemed exhausted she has always shown recuperative power. The English Whigs then, as fifty years later, in 1761, were bent on humbling her, so that she should be forever crippled, but in both periods they failed and they failed inevitably, for nations are as often inspired as crushed by such designs. If the ambitions of Louis XIV stirred the resentful patriotism of every menaced country in Europe, the malice of France's enemies so aroused her pride that she secured a better peace than had at first seemed possible.

As Louis XIV neared his end his self-confidence increased. When Louvois died in 1691, Louis said "I have lost a great minister but that will not cause my affairs to go any the worse." His insight had so weakened that he had trusted incompetent generals like Villeray and Chamillart to confront the genius of Marlborough and Prince Eugène. He lived in a world divorced from reality; a world created by himself of great palaces, beautiful gardens and sparkling fountains. It was artificial and so also were the men and women who, like the trees, were transplanted to his court from other scenes, to become obsequious and obedient actors in what was really a tragedy. Louis XIV had created a despotism. When he should go no despot could fill his great place, but the despotism remained in the form of an all-pervasive bureaucracy, to check and harass the spirit of the French, and to leave them no liberty until they smote it and it fell.

It is an old maxim of philosophy that in all spheres dogmatism leads to skepticism. It is true in religion and it is true in politics. Enforced religious conformity in France did not aid faith; while many believed, many turned to the resentful unbelief which found expression later in Voltaire and in the reasoned atheism of Diderot and other writers of the great Encyclopaedia. In politics we find the

same resentment. By the end of the reign of Louis XIV revolt had become so chronic a malady in the provinces that repression in the Cevennes alone involved the killing of a hundred thousand people. To the million exiled Huguenots France was a loathsome Babylon, while to others, coerced at home, religious conformity became a hated ceremony barely endured for safety's sake. Despotism invaded and injured trade, when inspectors in the factories gave orders as to what and how materials should be used; and when the king ordered what dividends should be paid. It invaded family life when parents could get from the state the right to imprison troublesome offspring, or to send them to the colonies. France's keenest rivals, England and Holland, profited by her commercial unwisdom and secured most of the French carrying-trade. England made war so serve to obtain concessions to her trade, that at Utrecht she agreed to peace only when it enabled her to force open many new markets.

By the end of the reign of Louis XIV, the future destiny of North America had already passed to the British. Some of their colonies were bigoted and intolerant, but personal freedom includes liberty to hold intolerant opinions. Massachusetts was successfully colonized by an intolerant people. Not, however, something imposed upon them from outside, but their own will made them intolerant, as later a free experience made them tolerant. During the reign of Louis XIV England had in truth gone far to solve the problem of liberty. There were severe laws which aimed at destroying the Roman Catholic religion, while other English laws aimed at the ruin of Protestant nonconformity. But the English, unlike the French, have a genius for compromise, and the severity of the law was so evaded that, before Louis XIV died, Roman Catholics in England were no longer hounded to death or to exile and every type of Protestant sect was left in action free.

Civil war and revolution in England in the seventeenth century had, in truth, so softened despotic ideals that almost in spite of herself she had to mother in America Anglican, Nonconformist and Roman Catholic communities, to which went hundred of thousands of all types of opinion, including many foreigners—Germans, Swedes, French Huguenots. It was such forces that made inevitable British dominance in North America. The French make good colonists for no people are more capable of pioneer work: later, when free in Canada and thrown wholly upon themselves, their industry and tenacity made them an aggressive factor in the life of a British state. But just when England became freer, France had become less free. In France the civil strife of the Fronde made the king more despotic at the time when civil strife in England sent a king to the scaffold. Thus, while the free France of the nineteenth century could build up colonies, the France of an earlier time failed because the initiative and the variety involved in freedom had not yet been won.

French wit was never more biting than in the last years of Louis XIV. An angry perversion of prayer ran: "Our father who art at Versailles, no longer glorious in thy name, no longer is thy kingdom great nor is thy will done on land or sea; give us the bread lacking to us all; forgive our enemies who have beaten us and not our generals who have let them do it; yield not to all the temptations of the Maintenon and deliver us from Chamillart." In New France, unlike France, there could be no resentment by the persecuted for there were no Huguenots to persecute. The malady of New France was due to its being shut up within itself, left without effective aid, and without power to recruit its numbers, at a time when many thousands were pouring into the English colonies.

The Treaty of Utrecht was signed on April 11, 1713. During more than a year, since January, 1712, Britain and

France had been discussing peace in that pleasant Dutch town and death had been clearing the way. When the Emperor Joseph I died in 1711, his younger brother, who claimed, as Charles III, to be king of Spain and still held part of that country, left it to live in Austria which required his personal attention. In due course he was elected Emperor as Charles VI and became a great figure in Germany, so great, indeed, that he alienated other European rulers by his plan to unite Austria, Spain, much of Germany, and other great dominions under his own Hapsburg rule, as they had been united two centuries earlier under the Emperor Charles V. To this Europe would not agree any more than to the plan of Louis XIV to unite Spain and France under the Bourbons. Thus Charles's succession in Austria made for him enemies and helped the Bourbon Philip V in Spain so long as he did not also claim France. This now became a living question. The only legitimate son of Louis XIV, the Dauphin, died in 1711 and his eldest son, the Duke of Burgundy, died in 1712, leaving as the direct heir to the French throne his infant son, a child of two. Death had so smitten the line of Louis XIV that this child, his great-grandson, was to become king, as Louis XV, at the age of five. In case of his death the next heir was Philip V of Spain and Philip was ready to press his right to France as well as to Spain.

In 1713 the envoys of Louis XIV at Utrecht were ready to agree that such a union should never take place. Since, however, each of the allied nations was pursuing its own interests, they could not agree on terms which they should offer collectively to France and in the end each made with her a separate treaty. Britain, as the most powerful of her foes, was able to exact terms in which she paid little regard to the interest of her allies. Two centuries later, in 1914, she went to war with Germany because she would not have

that power entrenched in Belgium to menace her shores, and this was only a repetition of her demands in 1713. Dunkirk, on the straits of Dover, to-day a great French seaport, had so menaced English shipping that in 1658 the masterful Protector, Oliver Cromwell, had taken it from France, only, however, to be sold back to Louis XIV by Charles II four years later. After this, under the rough and adventurous French seaman, Jean Bart, it became to Britain's shipping a terror which she was determined to end. Now Louis XIV agreed to destroy its fortifications and to fill up its harbour. He also agreed not only to accept the Protestant succession in England but also to expel from French territory the Stuart Pretender who claimed to be James III.

Britain looked well after her commerce. Both France and Spain agreed to give to British trade the treatment of the most favoured nation. From Spain Britain took Gibraltar and Minorca to give her the maritime command of the Mediterranean. Spain made a further and far-reaching concession. She agreed to what is known as the Asiento, a contract by which was conceded to Britain for thirty years the monopoly in the Spanish colonies of the slave-trade. Under it the British South Sea Company was to supply yearly to the Spanish colonies four thousand eight hundred negro slaves. It was a shameful trade against which, however, the conscience of the nations was not yet in revolt. It meant that Britain alone might seize slaves on the coast of Africa to meet the keen demand of the Spanish colonies. From them hitherto Spain had tried to exclude foreign ships, but under the new treaty British ships might enter Spain's colonial ports, carrying what goods were needed for the support of the cargoes of negroes; while, in addition, one British ship of five hundred tons might each year carry a cargo of goods to the Spanish colonies. These privileges, certain to lead to smuggling, opened Spanish America to

British trade, which soon had almost a monopoly in those vast regions. Truly the "nation of shopkeepers" was taking good care of their interests.

Thus Britain made colossal gains by the war. Since the Methuen Treaty with Portugal opened to Britain the trade of Brazil, the only part of America closed to her was New France. Moreover Holland was no longer a serious rival. When William III ruled both countries, it was England which dominated the common policy. Weak against England on the sea, menaced by France on land, Holland now kept guard within her own frontiers and never again played a leading part in Europe. Britain had forced Louis XIV to abandon the hope of being the master of Europe and also his arrogant claim to dictate as to the right of a Protestant ruler to her throne. She had become the greatest commercial power in the world. The British trader saw himself dominant in Spanish America and was indeed soon asking, in the spirit of Elizabeth and of Drake, whether a decaying power like Spain was to hold those regions. Only the one powerful rival remained. Everywhere France confronted Britain, and the rivalry involved a struggle which lasted for a century and a quarter, from 1689 to 1815. The conflict with Spain and with Holland had reduced both of these powers to secondary rank. That with France left her, in spite of defeats in the colonial field, always a great power.

It was the Treaty of Utrecht which marked the beginning of the end of New France, for in it France made concessions which broke up her colonial empire. She had claimed Hudson Bay and on that remote sea had won brilliant victories. Britain, however, coveted it, for that territory meant in the British mind rich trade and ownership in the lands drained by rivers flowing into Hudson Bay, the present north-west of Canada, spreading, as was soon to be discovered, westward to the Rocky Mountains. Though its full meaning was not yet understood, it was an empire in itself and to it

France now renounced all claim. Newfoundland France also yielded, retaining, however, rights on its west shore which enabled her sailors to hold an important place in the fishing industry. France retained Canada but she now made a concession full of meaning by acknowledging that the Iroquois were subjects of Great Britain. The chief haggling was about Acadia which France was bent on retaining, as commanding the routes to both Canada and the English colonies. Already, however, Britain held Port Royal and she would not give it up, if only in fear of the wrath of New England. It was France's resolve to retain Acadia which made her so yielding in respect of Newfoundland and Hudson Bay, and in the end the two nations reached a compromise. France ceded to Britain the mainland, "Acadia according to its ancient boundaries," an indefinite phrase full of mischief for the future. The frontier on Canada was to be settled by a joint commission. France retained the two islands, Cape Breton and St. Jean (Prince Edward Island). The vital point in these concessions is that they made inevitable the ruin of New France fifty years later. Though France continued her extravagant claims to hold all the interior, fate had already pronounced her decree by so moulding forces that when the final testing should come there should be more than two million British in North America and barely a hundred thousand French spread over a vast territory from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to that of the Mississippi.

Magnificently Louis XIV had lived and magnificently on September 1, 1715, he faced his end as calmly as if he were merely going on a journey. When Madame de Maintenon wept, the king said "Why this affliction? Have I not lived long enough? Have you thought me immortal? No, no, I realize full well that I must leave everything." Death should not, he was resolved, find him other than regal; its approach should not even make him change his mode of life.

During his mortal illness he rose daily, walked, mounted his horse and presided at councils. "I have lived among those at my court," he said, "and among them I wish to die. They have followed the whole course of my life and it it right that they should see the end." While the courtiers were waiting in the salon near the bedside of the dying king, he ordered the curtains to be drawn aside and to the gathered company he said in his majestic manner: "I am content with your services. They have been faithful and you desired to please me." Then he begged them to serve as well his successor, of whom he already spoke as "the young king." "I go away, but always the state remains. . . . I hope that you will retain some remembrance of me." His successor, the child of five, was brought to him. Louis had him placed on his bed and said: "I have loved war too much; do not imitate me in this nor in my too great expenditures." Then he took the child in his arms and blessed him.

It is not unfair to say that even in the hour of death Louis XIV remained incorrigible. At Meudon he was still spending great sums, and at Marly he was making costly changes and increasing an already vast outlay on horses and packs of hounds. Also, as if to renew war, he was again defying England, by violating the Treaty of Utrecht. He had refused to carry out its terms and to expel the Stuart Pretender already making active preparations in France for the attack on England which came two years after the treaty. Moreover Louis had scarcely agreed to destroy and never to restore the harbour of Dunkirk when he set twelve thousand men to work to dig a deeper harbour at Mardyk, a few miles away.

The Grand Monarch had no real successor. Though his vast machine endured still, no longer was there a dominating personality and France was feeling her way to profound change. While in higher circles speculation and doubt were

in the air, there was also among the people acute poverty with the prospect of national bankruptcy. "It is inconceivable," wrote Lord Stairs, the British Ambassador in Paris at this time, "how the French loathe their present condition and how they envy us our political liberty." There was, however, no organ through which the nation could express its mind. Whatever the defects of the English Parliamentary system it furnished to discontent the means of expression. In France the loosely organized body, known as the States-General, had not met for a hundred years and men had almost forgotten it. It was at its last meeting in 1614 that Champlain had urged with some success the needs of New France.

Louis XIV was barely dead when what was in effect a revolution took place. The king's will provided for a Council of Regency to consist of four royal princes, four marshals of France, and the ministers of state at the time in office. Over this the king's cousin, the Duke of Orleans, was to preside, but no one person was to rule. At once, however, the Council brushed aside the will, and named the Duke of Orleans, an able but profligate man, as regent, with something like the authority of king. It created six separate councils, each to direct a department of the government. They had no unity. Each went its own way and the rival ambitions which had hampered France's efforts in America, jealousy among the leaders, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness, also brought her low in Europe. A despot might still have steered France into calm waters, though he would have required an alert intellect and an iron will. Such persons are rare and assuredly were not to be found among the few from whom the ruler of France must be chosen. During the next half century and more there was no resolute aim in French policy, while all this time across the Channel was a nation, hampered, it is true, by corruption and the rule of a privileged class, the land-

owners, but alert to its interests and directed in its crises by the genius of a Walpole and a Pitt. In both Europe and America the political influence of France steadily declined and not until revolution was near did she regain her great position.

Meanwhile much of what Louis XIV had thought vital was disregarded. Amid jeers rather than sorrow his body was hurried to the grave at St. Denis. From there, before the century ended, his ashes were to be scattered to the winds in mad hate of all for which he had stood, except the claim of France to lead the world. Even the new regent was soon turning from the policy of Louis and was talking of toleration to the exiled Huguenots and of inviting them to return to France. In this reaction the Jansenists, hot enemies of the Jesuits, became the popular party, and led in the attack which, before the end of the new reign, caused the ruin of the Society of Jesus. Louis XIV had kept great nobles from office, but now they ruled; he had denied to the clergy high secular places, but now a cardinal, Fleury, was to become the chief minister of state; he had himself ruled without a favourite, but in time his successor left the government of France in the control of his mistress. Men who planned for a great France overseas in India and in America had no continued support. Since people in the depth of misery have slight vitality for change, there was little emigration to carry French culture overseas. Such movements come either from the action of governments, or when some measure of liberty has brought its fruit of vigour and initiative to a depressed people.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE DRAMA OF HUDSON BAY

The English Hudson's Bay Company founded in 1670 to exploit the fur-trade of the north has proved to be the most virile survivor of the chartered companies of the seventeenth century. The East India Company, vaster in its day, is hardly a shadow of its old self, while this younger rival, still the greatest dealer in furs in the world, carries on from the Atlantic to the Pacific an enormous trade in general merchandise and remains the owner of many thousands of acres of land in Canada. While across the continent in wild regions are scattered dozens of its posts, its commerce is not merely to these remote places. In Montreal, in Winnipeg, in Vancouver and other centres the great stores of the Hudson's Bay Company are as ready to supply to urban populations delicate fabrics in silk as to equip a distant post with kettles and blankets for the swarthy natives who bring to it their furs.

English pioneers have led in discovery in Antarctic and Arctic regions. Drake was the first to sail into the remote Southern Sea and in our own century the lure of frozen antarctic coasts caused the heroic effort and the tragic death of Shackleton. As yet in the Antarctic nothing has led to permanent occupation, but in the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions of America wealth has been found in furs, in fisheries, and in metals. Near the end of the sixteenth century Frobisher believed that he had found gold in the arid spaces of the far north and our modern generation has been dazzled

by the riches of the Yukon in the Arctic north-west of Canada, while in its north-east not far from the shores of Hudson Bay are now being developed some of the richest gold fields in the world. After the failure of Frobisher's hopes, however, riches other than gold lured men to the North-west; not only was there the hope of wealth by finding a short route for commerce to Asia; there was the enduring profit each year from the fur-trade in a vast wild region.

For realising both hopes Hudson Bay became the chief centre. It stretches into a remote north where there was a prospect of finding some channel to the Pacific less difficult, perhaps, than the tortuous channel found by Magellan in the south. The great Bay extended, moreover, not only to the far north but also to the far west. The Atlantic waters of the western shore of the Bay are as near to Vancouver on the Pacific as to Halifax on the Atlantic. The way to the Bay is difficult. While to the three great inland seas of the world, the Baltic, the Mediterranean and Hudson Bay, lead navigable straits, that to Hudson Bay is peculiar for its length of some four hundred and fifty miles, and for the Arctic climate which blocks the channel with masses of ice during about three-quarters of the year. There is a possibility that in 1498 John Cabot sailed into the Hudson Straits, and in any case his planting of the English flag in the north gave Britain the title to the Bay, by right of discovery, which, on the grounds of conquest too, history has vindicated. The first known Englishman to explore the Bay was Henry Hudson, barbarously abandoned there by his crew in 1611, and from that time the furs and fisheries of the far north have attracted attention. In the year after the death of Hudson, the eldest son of James I, Prince Henry, touched perhaps by the explorer's fate, provided a royal charter and sent to the Bay an expedition under Sir Thomas Button who was to seek a north-

west passage to the Pacific. He wintered on the west coast at the mouth of the Nelson River to which he gave its name, that of one of his companions; he lost many of his men by scurvy; and in the autumn of 1613 he sailed for home convinced that the hope for a passage was futile, but leaving an inscription claiming the region for King James. Other early expeditions to the Bay are recorded. Bylot one

THE HUDSON BAY REGION

of Hudson's men went out to the Bay for the third time in 1613 with William Baffin, a capable seaman. The Dane, Jens Monk, was sent out by his king in 1619. Later, in 1631, the Englishmen Foxe and James further explored the Bay; but the English achieved little; and there is no certain record of any French ships reaching the Bay for nearly three-quarters of a century after Hudson.

It is a paradox that the English Hudson's Bay Company which plays so great a part in the history of the north-

west is due to the initiative of two Frenchmen. We have already seen Pierre Esprit Radisson of Three Rivers taking part in the Jesuit Mission to the Iroquois in 1657. After this adventure the restless youth, a Parisian by birth, made his way to the west with his brother-in-law Chouart des Groseilliers. We have seen them as they pushed on to the west of Lake Superior and traded with Sioux and other native tribes near and beyond the upper waters of the Mississippi. Already fire-arms and axes and cloth were in demand in regions where no European had yet been seen and we know how astounding to the tribes was the actual appearance among them of white men from whom came things so highly valued. They were welcomed almost as demi-gods; hundreds flocked to their lead, and in 1660 a horde numbering perhaps five hundred paddled with them over the long route to Montreal.

At that time New France was in its worst depths of misery. The fur-trade had been paralyzed by the Iroquois war and since the colony was bankrupt the two adventurers were forced to pay to the state more of their profits than they considered fair. When they asked leave to go back to the west they were told that they might do so only by paying to the government half their gains. There was rich promise in the trade and instead of agreeing to share profits with the state they took the risk of slipping away to the west with their Indian friends and of letting the future take care of itself. For some years they roamed the far west. It is not possible to tell exactly from Radisson's confused story to what regions they penetrated; but it is hardly doubtful that they achieved what had been the aim of the French since the time of Champlain, and reached overland the shores of Hudson Bay. These two intrepid Frenchmen shared the intimate details of native life, its extremes of cold and heat, its incessant movement, its ills of famine and sickness, its gluttonous feasts with their noise,

lasciviousness and sordid dirt. How they managed to preserve control of their store of goods for trade remains a mystery, for always they were at the mercy of any treacherous Indian. They held their own and in the summer of 1663 they led to Montreal some three hundred natives and had for themselves a store of choicest furs.

That year saw the crisis in New France when Louis XIV dissolved the Company of New France, assumed the direct control of the colony, and created a new company which, like the old, was to have a monopoly of trade. Naturally Radisson and Chouart, who had gone without a license to the interior, were an easy mark for the governor Argenson. He fined them heavily for their defiance of the law and so taxed them further to aid the depleted revenues of the colony that very little was left for themselves from their years of toil and danger.

The later story of Radisson is a tangle of intrigue, treachery and, in the end, of poverty-stricken obscurity. He and Chouart left New France with a bitter sense of injustice, found their way to New England and then to England itself, ready and even eager to serve under the English flag. Radisson's value to the English consisted in his knowledge of the fur-trade. He knew the natives and the stores of furs to be gathered in the great untouched regions of the north-west. He knew, too, that the most direct access to this source of wealth was by sea to Hudson Bay and that this trade by water was vastly more profitable than trade by land. On Hudson Bay the trader need make no effort to take the difficult journey to the far interior. The natives themselves would bring their furs to the sea-coast, if only they might secure supplies from Europe which, as the years passed, became more and more necessary to the support or convenience of native life. Compared with this advantage, the handicap of Montreal and Quebec was great. Not only did the government lay heavy taxes on the Canadian traders

who ventured to the distant haunts of the native amid distressing dangers and hardships; the traders had also to meet the rivalry of the neighbouring English and Dutch and the enduring hostility of the Iroquois. Hudson Bay seemed indeed to offer the alluring prospect of trade, unhampered by rivals, with friendly natives who brought their furs to the ships at almost no cost to the trader; and we cannot wonder that during nearly half a century the French and the English warred for the mastery of that frigid region.

Now appears on the stage Prince Rupert, one of the picturesque figures of the seventeenth century. Though his ashes lie in Westminster Abbey among the great of England, he was more a foreigner than an Englishman. He was born in 1619 at Prague and it was because his mother Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia, was sister of Charles I that he lived in England in the troubled days before the civil war. When it broke out in 1642 Rupert, then only twenty-three years of age, soon became famous as the brilliant cavalry leader who rode into battle in a showy uniform of scarlet trimmed with fur and showed a dashing courage which paid little heed to calculated chances of success. After the defeat of the Royalists and the execution of Charles I, Rupert served in the French army. A little later he was in command of a fleet to support the royal cause in Ireland; and then he went on a cruise to the West Indies, during which he plundered and burned like any pirate. When in 1660 Charles II became king, Rupert followed him to England, received a pension and is found serving sometimes as general on land, sometimes as admiral at sea. His stirring adventures in many parts of the world gave him interest in remote regions. In 1663 he was one of the founders of the Royal African Company, and now he showed interest when two Frenchmen told him that there was in

the north a source of great wealth. To illustrate the story Radisson wrote out in his crude English an account of his adventures in New France, hoping that Charles II might read it. Whether Charles faced the task we do not know but in June, 1668, under Rupert's patronage, two ships sailed for Hudson Bay; in one, the *Eagle,* was Radisson, in the other, the *Nonsuch,* was Chouart. The *Eagle,* damaged in a storm, turned back; but the *Nonsuch* went on and in the autumn of that year on the shore of James Bay, the southern extension of Hudson Bay, a flimsy English fort was built and called Fort Charles and a river was named Rupert. Next year, 1669, the *Nonsuch* was back in England with a rich cargo of furs, the first, so far as we know, ever carried to England from Hudson Bay.

From all this it came that on May 2, 1670, Charles II granted to "Our dear entirely beloved Prince Rupert" and about a score of associates the charter creating "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay." The amiable king conceded high privileges to the valiant prince and his noble friends. They were to have an entire monopoly of trade in the vast region to be known as Rupert's Land beyond Hudson Straits and this meant the north-west as far as the Rocky Mountains. Not only was the Company to have the freehold: it was to rule over the inhabitants; it might make laws, build forts, declare peace or war, and use force against unauthorized English or foreign intruders in Hudson Bay. The company was to make discovery of a new passage by way of the North Sea to the South Sea. We find the survival of earlier hopes in the provision that all gold, silver and precious stones in the region were to be the property of the Company. As consideration for this great gift, the Company was to pay to the king the fanciful dues of "Two black

elcks and two black beavers" on each occasion of his entering the domain of the Company, something which, of course, never happened.

By this charter Charles II created a new state with his cousin Rupert and a group of gentlemen in London as its Sovereign Council. This state is the present Canadian north-west, the part of Canada which has been longest under English sovereignty, unless Drake's New Albion on the Pacific named nearly a century earlier be counted as a valid English title to British Columbia. When, in 1669 or 1670, Radisson went to Hudson Bay he found the English carrying on trade on its south shore. The west shore, however, with its rivers flowing out of the remote interior, offered better prospects of trade. It is possible that by one or other of the rivers Radisson had himself reached the Bay a few years earlier, when he went from Montreal so lawlessly to the west and north. At any rate he now built a fort at the point where the Nelson River pours into Hudson Bay waters from the heart of the Rocky Mountains fifteen hundred miles away. Separated from the mouth of the Nelson River by only a spit of land is the mouth of the Hayes River, which also flows into the Bay out of a region of lakes and forest and forms the best route from the interior. Clearly here was a favoured spot for trade; Fort Nelson was important from the first, and remains so to this day.

When news reached Quebec of the doings of the English on Hudson Bay there was burning indignation, not only that the English were claiming what of right belonged to France but that they had been led to do it by two Frenchmen, traitors to their country. Assuredly the French of those ambitious days of Louis XIV would not stand aside and see the English acquire this new empire. True, as far as we know, no French ship had as yet reached Hudson Bay. An enterprising Canadian engineer, Jean Bourdon,

had indeed tried in 1657 to sail from Canada to the Bay; but he had been forced back by the ice in the Straits. It is, however, likely that, more than once, French traders such as Radisson had reached the shores of the Bay overland. In any case France held the lands on the north side of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes and who was to draw a line and say that beyond it northward she should not go as far as she liked? Assuredly not a few Englishmen who sailed to the shores of Hudson Bay and simply waited for the natives to come to them for barter. The energetic Talon was intendant in Canada and this man, who was planning to occupy the whole of the great west, to drive out or buy out the English in New York, and to create a short overland route by which to menace New England, was not likely to neglect France's interests in the north. Accordingly there was prompt planning of a counter stroke. A Jesuit mission had long existed at Tadoussac from which, by way of the Saguenay, it was not so very far overland to Hudson Bay. For some time native converts of the Jesuits at Tadoussac had been in contact with other natives who lived on the Bay and whom the missionaries hoped to reach, and it would not be difficult for the French to reach the Bay overland. Hitherto the way had been blocked by the refusal of the tribes near the St. Lawrence to let the French go farther north.

The charter of the Hudson's Bay Company was issued on May 2, 1670, and when definite news of this vast claim by England reached Quebec in the course of that summer, Talon, already warned by the events of the two previous years, was prepared to act and selected an officer, Saint-Simon, to head an expedition. At Tadoussac was a Jesuit missionary, Father Charles Albanel, who had spent many years among the tribes of the Upper Saguenay; he knew their habits and their language and was thus well-fitted to join the mission to Hudson Bay. He was English by origin

and probably spoke English. By natural taste he was more the explorer than the missionary. When he had been in Canada for fifteen years, Father Jerome Lalemant reported of him in 1664 that, though a keen observer of nature and eloquent in speech with the natives, he lacked religious zeal. By 1668, however, Albanel had seen a new light and a little later, in 1670, he won the trust of the natives in a time of suffering by his devotion during a scourge of small-pox. Talon found him just the man for his purpose; the Jesuits now had confidence in his spiritual fervour; and thus it happened that in October, 1670, Saint-Simon and Albanel were on their way up the Saguenay with two Frenchmen and two natives to make the overland journey to Hudson Bay. The party was to take possession of the region for France and to try to bring the natives to trade at Quebec, but there was as well the missionary aim.

Starting so late in the season, the French intended to winter on the way and Albanel's zeal despised hardship. During the winter he visited many sordid wigwams to preach to the natives and his experiences were like those of Father Le Jeune half a century earlier among wandering Montagnais. The cold was intense, sometimes food was scarce, and he had to spend comfortless days and nights round the fire of a hut crowded with men, women, children and dogs, amidst filth, smoke, malignant sneers and jests, and indecent words and acts. When the savages puffed in his face the smoke of tobacco secured from the English, he urged them to turn from these godless traders to the French who would save them body and soul. He overcame their resistance to his pushing on to James Bay and even induced a number of them to go with him. On June 28 his outward journey ended when he reached the poor little English Fort Charles just built near the mouth of the little Rupert River at the south-west corner of the great inland sea.

During that summer of 1671 Radisson was on Hudson Bay with an English party under the governor, Bayly. When Saint-Simon arrived at the fort its English occupants had gone out to trade and the place seemed deserted. He took possession and used the occasion to gather there as many of the natives as he could and to picture to them the glories of the king of France whom he now formally declared to be the sovereign of that region. We may imagine the surprise of Governor Bayly when he and Radisson returned to the fort and found themselves dispossessed in this manner. Explanations followed. Saint-Simon could claim that his king, Louis XIV, and Bayly's king, Charles II, were good friends and cousins, and he could show a proper French passport. It did not aid Radisson's standing with the English that Albanel brought to him and to Chouart (Mr. Gooseberry as the English delighted to call him by translating his secondary name Groseilliers) letters from friends in Quebec. No doubt Radisson talked freely with his countrymen and by so doing aroused Bayly's suspicions. He soon dismissed the French for the toilsome return journey to Quebec and then his anger blazed out against Radisson with a charge of treason to the English, probably at that time unjust. But the crisis had come. England and France had met on Hudson Bay; each claimed that the other was an intruder and this acute rivalry was to involve many scenes of bloodshed on the waste shores of the lonely northern sea.

The ambition to secure Hudson Bay was well worth while. The supply of furs promised to be enduring for there were not likely to be any settlers in the northern wilderness to drive away the fur-bearing animals. Moreover markets seemed assured. Charles I of England had gone so far as to prohibit the manufacture of hats from anything but beaver and much fur was used in the male and female costumes of the time. In days of prosperity the Hudson's Bay Company

earned in a single year two hundred per cent on its capital. It carried on its business in a stately manner. Its higher officers, led by Prince Rupert, moved in the great world and their meetings were held sometimes in the royal palace of Whitehall or in the White Tower in London. The greatest in the land attended its annual auction sale of furs and after it the Company gave an elaborate feast to the buyers. From the first the Company conducted its affairs with an air of mystery and required from the shareholders an oath to be faithful to its interests and to guard its secrets. Its ships had an elaborate code of signals to be used as precautions for safety when they came in view of the stations on the Bay. Not only by France were the Company's rights challenged; since piracy still flourished and reports spread that it had rich stores at its posts, an adventure on Hudson Bay was not too remote for an enterprising outlaw.

At the posts, the governors, or chief factors, as they came to be called, kept up a strict rule. Subordinates took an oath to give unquestioning obedience and servants might not speak unless first spoken to. The Company ruled the country, its officials had powers of life and death, and their discipline was that of the barracks or the quarter-deck. Woe to the man who went to the woods without leave, or was found with furs in his possession, or refused to obey orders. Flogging was not infrequent and this severity gave the Company so bad a reputation that many, perhaps most, of the men whom it secured were of a rough class and could not read or write. In the next century, when many of the Company's servants came from the Scottish Isles and had had their wits sharpened by the struggle with grudging nature for the means to live, they were apt to show initiative, but this was rarely the case in the earlier days. Thus it happened that the Company's men, apart from those at or near the top, were usually not equal in

enterprise to the French *coureurs-de-bois* who often traded on their own account and nearly always were thrown on their own resources in their daily activities.

These *coureurs-de-bois* had an intimate knowledge of the natives but the Company's servants were so carefully guarded from mingling with them as to be rebuked if they tried to learn the language. When the canoes arrived at a post for trade the natives would make their camp outside the palisade and await a ceremonious call of welcome from the governor. With what state he could command he passed out through the gates, wearing perhaps a scarlet coat trimmed with gold lace, a cocked hat, and a sword at his side. Preceded by a bugler who announced his coming and followed by an array of servants, he exchanged compliments and presents with the native leaders, smoked with them the pipe of peace, and thus opened the door for trade. Only three or four natives were allowed in the fort at a time. They went to a wicket opening into one of the storehouses and there carried on the offers and compromises of bargaining. The Company was chary in supplying liquor to the natives; it discouraged trade in the gaudy but useless trinkets which pleased native taste, and preferred to supply really useful articles, a practise good for both sides, since the more sober the natives and the better they were equipped with arms and implements the more furs would they secure to augment the Company's trade. In time it fixed fair standards of prices and with, perhaps, occasional lapses dealt with the natives so fairly as to earn a reputation for integrity which proved of increasing value as the years passed. The native was a keen bargainer and since to him time and even labour in the slack days of summer had little value he would paddle great distances from post to post in the hope of getting a musket, an axe or some powder for fewer beaver skins than a nearer trader was willing to accept. The Company was always the friend

to peace among the natives, if only because war kept the trapper from securing furs for exchange.

The disciplined life at the posts on Hudson Bay was inevitably wearisome and had few softening influences. A surgeon came out with each ship but for more than a century never a clergyman. The men, for the most part ignorant and dull, did their routine work, ate, slept, and when they could, drank. They rarely left the fort and thus did not acquire hardiness or the love of the forest life common among the French. To go to the interior seemed indeed so full of dangers that the English at the posts willingly left such experiences to the French. It rarely happened that wives came from England so that when the workmen could they intrigued with native women. Often, perhaps usually, the governor at a post had a native concubine. Sometimes when a man returned to England he would take with him this partner but more usually she remained with her people and received through the Company a small pension. The children at the posts were the result of such left-handed marriages. Another of a goodly number of evils which came to the natives through contact with the whites was the lessening of self-reliance. Once supplied with the weapons of Europe they tended to forget the use of the bow and arrow and thus became the more dependent upon the trader for the means to live, and sank into misery when he failed them.

Since the rivers were the highways by which the natives reached the Bay the Hudson's Bay Company planned to build a fort at the mouth of every important river. The most south-easterly fort and that nearest to Quebec was the one which Albanel reached near the mouth of the Rupert River. At the other English post, Fort Moose, at the south-west corner of James Bay, would arrive by the Moose River any party setting out from Montreal by way of the Ottawa River. A little farther north on James Bay was Fort

Albany, at the mouth of the river of that name, flowing out of the region which would be traversed by any one coming overland from Lake Superior. While these trading posts were important, the one with the richest promise was, as we have seen, Fort Nelson farther north at the point where reaches Hudson Bay the mighty flood of the Saskatchewan, draining a region stretching to the distant mountains of the far west. It had a great drawback, for the shore slopes so gradually that the receding tide leaves a wide stretch of land and approach by ships is difficult.

In time the Company built up the most costly of its posts at the only naturally good port on the Bay. It lay farther north than Nelson, at the mouth of the Churchill River which flows for a thousand miles across the most northerly part of the continent, a region abounding in lakes and rivers, in some places park-like, in others with great barren stretches where roamed the musk-ox, the caribou, and, until our own time, the buffalo. The Company must have regarded the trade of the Churchill as promising for at the mouth it built in time Prince of Wales Fort, now one of the most interesting military ruins in America. This was done in the days after France had renounced any claim to Hudson Bay, but when she was still the dangerous enemy. We may picture the heavy labour involved in erecting in that desolate region a fort more than three hundred feet square, with walls in places forty-two feet thick and faced on the outside with dressed stone. The Company began it in 1733 in the early days of George II and the later history of the fort justified the fear of French attack. During the dark days for Britain near the close of the American Revolution the famous French Admiral, La Perouse, sailed to Hudson Bay, found the fort almost defenceless, seized and plundered it, and carried off as prisoner the governor, Samuel Hearne, the author of a striking book dealing with the far north. La Perouse burned what he could and the

fort stands to-day impressive in decay, with its forty guns still in its forty embrasures. The days of its revival may come, for the modern railway creeping overland will supply to Europe by way of Churchill the grain of the prairie country in addition to what is still its rich harvest of furs.

When in 1674 Radisson was again in England he gave so good an account of himself that the Company voted him a yearly pension of one hundred pounds. It had cause to be generous for the annual profits were now ranging from fifty to a hundred per cent of the capital and it was the two Frenchmen who had led to the opening of this source of wealth. If, as seems likely, Radisson was a rascal, he was a winning rascal. His manners appear to have been sufficiently polished for entrance to court circles. He met and talked with Charles II, sat in the royal box at the theatre, was entertained by Prince Rupert at his house, and lived in a quarter of London then fashionable, near the Tower and with Pepys the diarist as a neighbour. It was Pepys who in some way secured the account which Radisson wrote of his adventures and preserved it for posterity. A mop of black hair, a cheek with a huge scar, a laced coat combined sometimes with leather breeches, must have given Radisson a unique appearance. In 1672 he married the daughter of a prominent man, Sir John Kirke, who held a share in the Hudson's Bay Company; Kirke was a relation of the Kirkes who had taken Quebec in 1629 and in that connection had a claim of some forty thousand pounds against France.

Radisson did not remain long in England. Just at this time Colbert was busy with his great plan for the expansion of France and when in some way Radisson was brought to his notice the great minister proved ready to employ the adventurer. He went to France and had an interview with Colbert who wished to secure his services but told him that so long as he had an English wife who would not live

in France he would be suspected there. Half English by this tie of marriage, French in blood and national feeling, Radisson had an outlook so divided that each nation in turn came to regard him as a traitor. Some bargain took place between him and Colbert and in 1676, to our surprise, we find Radisson serving in the French navy, and offered the command of a man-of-war. A little later, in 1681, he is at Quebec, taking part in the creation of the French Company of the North (*Compagnie du Nord*), which aimed to capture the trade going to the Hudson's Bay Company. We may imagine with what envy the Company heard of the large dividends paid to the Hudson's Bay shareholders. It had not much in the way of resources and in the summer of 1682, while it was only talking about its plans, a private trader, La Chesnaye, managed to send Radisson and his nephew, Jean Baptiste Chouart des Groseilliers, with two rather crazy ships and about thirty men, to Hudson Bay. The volatile Radisson is now trying to hunt the English from the Bay as, ten years earlier, he had aided to hunt the French, and is repeating the well-worn ceremony of taking possession of the country in the name of France. He spent an active winter trading with the natives, urging them to cling to the French, intriguing against and fighting old and New Englanders on the Bay, burning Fort Nelson and building on its ruins Fort Bourbon, seizing Bridgar, the governor for the Hudson's Bay Company, and holding him and some score of other English as his prisoners.

By the spring of 1683, however, Radisson was anxious to get away before the ships of the Hudson's Bay Company should arrive from England in strength and put an end to his treacherous activities. He turned adrift some of his English prisoners in a rickety ship on which they managed to reach New England. He left young Chouart with eight men at Fort Bourbon and by the autumn was himself at Quebec, with Bridgar as his prisoner, telling his own tale

of Radisson's violence and pillage of the men of a friendly nation on Hudson Bay. Radisson's reception at Quebec was chilling. The monarchs of France and England were for the moment working together in plans to bring England back to the Roman Catholic faith, and the governor, La Barre, wished to avoid any indiscreet action which might incur the censure of Louis XIV. Accordingly he sent away to New England Bridgar and the other English brought by Radisson, and made things so uncomfortable for him that he managed to get away to France on a returning French frigate.

We can imagine the wrath of the Hudson's Bay Company with Radisson whom Bridgar described as "a cheat, a swindler, and a black-hearted, infamous scoundrel"; but again came a rapid change, when, in the next year, 1684, no doubt to disarm suspicion of the plot with Charles II to make England Catholic, the French sent Radisson to Hudson Bay, to make amends and undo if he could the mischief to the English and to restore their property, especially Fort Nelson. He showed no scruple in this new service. He had himself left his nephew Chouart in possession at Fort Nelson, and the French party had had a profitable winter's trade and secured valuable furs. After sailing up to the fort under the French flag, Radisson seized his unsuspecting nephew and his companions, with their furs, and in spite of outraged protests held the booty and put the English in possession. His instructions may have justified this step but Quebec raged with fury at the seeming treachery. When Radisson returned to France Colbert was dead and since with him the spring of Radisson's activities was gone he managed to slip away to England. After this nothing about him surprises us. In 1685 we find him in London taking the oath of allegiance and becoming an English subject. He was, of course, denounced in France as a traitor with a reward for his seizure, and at Quebec he was burnt in effigy.

His day was over. He drew a small pension from the Hudson's Bay Company for twenty-five years until his death, apparently in 1710, and spent in decent poverty a calm evening of life after his stormy days. His fate does not seem to recommend treason as a path to fortune.

The deeds of Radisson naturally influenced opinion in Canada and friendly relations between the crowns of England and France did not prevent war on Hudson Bay in a time of nominal peace. The English Company was an enduring fact and to rival it the French must have an organisation equally imposing. The result was that in 1685, the year in which a Roman Catholic king ascended the English throne with aims in close alliance with those of Louis XIV, Colbert's successor Seignelay, urged from Canada, secured a charter for a French Hudson's Bay Company. We find that Louis XIV was more restrained than Charles II had been when he made the gift to Prince Rupert of half a continent with a stroke of the pen. Louis granted the Canadian Hudson's Bay Company—*La Compagnie Canadienne de la baie d'Hudson*—a monopoly of trade on the Bay for twenty years. It might build and own forts and, above all, it was to have and hold Fort Nelson and the adjoining territory then in possession of the English.

In the summer of 1685 two expeditions set out for the Bay from New France; one went overland from Lake Superior and consisted of only three Frenchmen, the leader a famous *coureur-de-bois*, Jean Péré; the other went to the Bay by sea and consisted of two ships well armed and well laden with goods for trade and in command of a certain La Martinière. The ships were the first to reach the Bay. They met with little success in trade, for the natives, warned perhaps at the English posts to keep out of sight of the French, were not to be found on the shores of the Bay. La Martinière knew that about midsummer the Company's ships bringing supplies would arrive and he lay in

wait for them. When three appeared, he made a sudden attack; two escaped, but during a sharp fight he boarded the third, the *Merchant Perpetuana,* killed in the fight about a dozen of the English crew, threw their bodies overboard, seized the captain and the rest of the crew and then sailed away to Quebec with his prisoners; and all this in time of peace.

While these things were happening the *coureur-de-bois* Péré, was toiling overland from Lake Superior and in the early summer while Sargeant, the governor at Fort Albany, was watching for the fleet of native canoes coming down the Albany River for trade, to his surprise a canoe appeared with three Frenchmen who landed on the strand before the fort. It was Péré's party. At Sergeant's urgent questions as to his right to be there Péré produced a proper passport from the French king and added that he was merely on a hunting expedition for pleasure and had no thought of trade which he knew the English would not permit. It happened that while Péré still lingered at the fort an English ship anchored before it and told the lurid story of the fight for the *Merchant Perpetuana.* This settled Péré's fate for the time. He was held a prisoner and was sent to England by the ships returning in the autumn, while his two companions were given enough liberty to enable them to escape overland and to carry to Michilimackinac the news of his imprisonment.

In Europe meanwhile the two monarchs showed a strong desire to avoid war in America and they made in 1686 a Treaty of Neutrality under which they agreed that, even should war break out in Europe, it should not extend to the colonies in America. Neither monarch, could, however, control the hot suspicions and rivalries of their subjects across the sea, where each nation thought the other an interloper to be expelled. New England was planning to take and hold Quebec and Montreal, while New France

was resolved to have both New York and Boston. In 1686, Denonville, the French governor at Quebec, led an army against the Iroquois and invaded New York which the English claimed as a part of the dominions of James II; and he showed as little respect for the English claim to Hudson Bay.

The rich stores of furs, the treachery of Radisson, and the holding of Péré by the English as a prisoner were all good excuses for a French military expedition to the Bay, and now Seignelay sent from France orders to make secure, once for all, France's right to the Bay. Denonville was ardent for pressing the claim, and adventurous spirits in Canada were ready for the risks and hardships of a military venture. During the winter of 1685-1686 a leader was found in an old and tried officer of the Carignan-Salières regiment, the Chevalier de Troyes. Under him three sons of Charles le Moyne were ready to serve and better men could not be found. The most striking of them, whose later work in Louisiana has been mentioned, was Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville, a young man of twenty-five, refined in appearance, huge, lithe, tough for any effort on land and, as Frontenac said of him, "hardened to the water like a fish." He was soldier, sailor, frontiersman, *coureur-de-bois*, anything and everything that a man vital in body and mind might choose to be in a society only yet half tamed. For such as he a long march in winter had no terrors. Troyes gathered a large force; thirty soldiers, some seventy Canadians, including sailors, carpenters and metal-workers, some Indians from the missions; and he selected also a Jesuit, Father Sylvie, to give the priestly service which the French regarded as vital to any community.

Denonville gave Troyes precise instructions to build and fortify posts at the points of vantage for trade on the Bay, to seize *coureurs-de-bois* who had ventured into the region and, above all, to capture Radisson—by this time, however,

safe in England—and to bring him back for judgment as a traitor. This was a sufficient defiance of the Hudson's Bay Company, and clearly Troyes was intended to be a new Champlain in the far north and to create a permanent French settlement. Like Champlain nearly seventy-five years earlier, he set out by way of the Ottawa River and early in April, 1686, was paddling up that turbulent stream, now dragging the canoes past rapids, in water to the waist and icy cold; now marching over portages in deep snow, or over thin ice, prodding it with the sword, to test its strength; often half-starved and glad to get deer's meat from the natives by plying them with brandy. Some men deserted, others broke out in murderous quarrels. They passed by Lake Temiskaming over the height of land to waters flowing into Hudson Bay. Following the example of Duluth, who had a fort on Lake Nepigon and in 1685 had boasted that within two years not a savage would go to the English on Hudson Bay for trade, Troyes paused to build on Lake Abitibi a fort which endured as a trading post. In this region the natives were trading with the English on Hudson Bay. When spring came the party advanced in a country of trackless forests, down swollen streams and over rock-strewn portages. Once a raging forest fire nearly destroyed them all. In a rapid Iberville's canoe was wrecked and he himself barely escaped while two of his men were drowned. The party reached the Moose River and on June 18, when near Moose Fort, they lay concealed waiting for darkness. The fort consisted of a block-house, surrounded by a palisade. In the dead of night, while Troyes waited outside, the agile Iberville, his brother St. Helène, and a score of followers, climbed the stockade and crept silently to open the gate. The one guard was sleeping, for the little English garrison, not thinking possible an attack by land, was only alert for the arrival of the spring fleet from England, the most dramatic event of the year. A wild

war-whoop awakened them, Iberville shot down the one man who offered resistance, and within a few minutes the fifteen or sixteen English were made his prisoners.

Bridgar, the governor at the fort who once already had been carried off by Radisson, had just left in a small sloop for Fort Rupert at the east side of the Bay and to this place the French followed instantly, so as to arrive in advance of the news of their attack. They were wholly successful. In the dead of night Iberville paddled silently with a dozen men in two canoes to Bridgar's ship, lying near the fort; he was up the side in an instant and killed with one fierce blow the sentinel on deck. When the crew rushed from below in their shirts he made them and Bridgar prisoners. Meanwhile Troyes had attacked Fort Rupert and Iberville hurried to his aid. That fort was soon taken, with casualties to the English of four or five, including a woman, and a few days later the French were pushing up the west side of the Bay to Fort Albany. Though surprise was no longer possible, they captured the fort. To justify such attacks in time of peace Troyes professed righteous anger at the seizure of Péré. With elaborate ceremony he took possession of the whole region for France and the cry of *"Vive le Roi"* echoed over the lone waters of the north. By August Troyes, with a part of the French force and some English prisoners, was making a rather disorderly journey overland back to Montreal. He had taken a booty of fifty thousand beaver skins and he forced his English prisoners to carry such heavy burdens that some of them died from hardship, while others were killed by natives. Iberville remained for the winter on the Bay where the French were now well entrenched. At the end of the season of 1687 he was able to sail for Quebec in a captured English ship laden with furs. During the next quarter of a century the French were really stronger than the English on the Bay.

When the two nations went definitely to war in 1689 and

Louis XIV took up the Stuart cause against the new Protestant sovereigns of England, the strife in America was furious. On land, as we have seen, Frontenac, governor of New France, raided the English frontiers with ruthless barbarity, while in 1690 New England sent Phips by sea to attack Quebec and master Canada. In this exploit the English failed, largely through bad leadership; with an Iberville in command they might have succeeded. By this time he was recognized as a remarkable captain on both land and sea and his fixed idea was to make France supreme in all of North America. He saw the importance not only of the half frozen north but also of the half tropical south, where he was to lay the foundations of Louisiana. All that had been achieved in America before him, not only by the French but by the English, was, he hoped, to be merged in a great French empire.

Though Iberville had challenged with success England's control of Hudson Bay, the work was only half done, for she still held the vital post, Fort Nelson, to which came hordes of natives from the mysterious regions of the west. Late in September, 1694, Iberville sailed to Nelson with three war-ships, landed artillery and prepared to bombard its wooden palisades. For a time the defenders did well in desultory fighting, but when, by October 14, the French guns had been mounted and were about to open fire, the fort surrendered without conditions; for the ignorant, bullied civilians whom the company kept half prisoners in its forts had no spirit to meet Iberville's men. Not only did the French take Nelson; they made themselves complete masters of the Bay. Soon indeed they suffered a temporary reverse when, in 1696, during the absence of Iberville, an English fleet of five ships arrived at Nelson, and La Forest, the French officer in command, surrendered.

Only, however, for a single year did the English hold Nelson. In the last days of Frontenac, in 1697, France sent

to America the great fleet which was to do so much and yet achieved so little. Though its leader Nesmond sailed back to France, as we have seen, without firing a gun, the section of his fleet sent to Hudson Bay under Iberville won a brilliant success. We have already seen him lying at anchor before Nelson in the *Pelican,* expecting his lagging three ships to arrive. When three came in sight, he signalled to them as French, but soon realised that they were two English ships of war and an armed merchantman. He was not dismayed: "When I saw that they were English I prepared for a fight," he said later. It seemed unequal, for he had but one ship with fifty guns and a hundred and fifty men, whilst the three English ships had one hundred and fourteen guns, and three hundred and fifty men. But skill and good fortune aided him; and the *Hampshire* went down with sails spread and flags flying and the loss of her hundred and fifty men; while the battered *Hudson Bay* surrendered and the *Dering* fled.

Though Iberville lost only one man, following the fight a terrific storm with intense cold brought danger to his ships and suffering to his men, but in the end his three other ships arrived and he laid siege to Fort Nelson. After a brave defence the garrison marched out with the honours of war, and Nelson was again French as Fort Bourbon. With the exception of Albany which the English had re-taken, France had mastered the whole Bay, and seemed at last to have won the north.

It was, however, in those September days of 1697 that the Treaty of Ryswick was signed, and, under it, the English were able to retain a hold on Hudson Bay, where, in contrast to what took place in other regions, each nation was to retain its conquests. This left to the English Fort Albany, while France had all the rest. Neither side was content, for each had claimed the whole. The Hudson's Bay Company, in high dudgeon, declared that the enemy

had plundered its posts to the extent of two hundred thousand pounds and demanded compensation. The French held the mouths of the great rivers that drained the interior, while the English had in their sphere only minor streams which flowed northward from the hinterland of the older New France.

Peace did not long endure; in 1702, after five years, England and France engaged in the struggle which lasted for eleven years and ended in the final cession of Hudson Bay to England. From 1697 to 1713 it was the French who carried on the trade at Nelson but, though the route to the interior was open, we know of no advance by them in the discovery of the prairie country. Trappers and traders are, of course, not an articulate class; some may have seen the prairie without putting on record their adventures; but it remains true that, before 1713 and for the next thirty years in which the French pushed westward, they did not go far enough to discover the source of the great flood which the Nelson River poured into Hudson Bay, and did not reach the rolling land of the buffalo with its swift and turbid rivers and their deep-cut banks.

Thus it happened that, little as the English favoured the going to the interior, they yet did better than the French in the days when both nations were entrenched on the Bay. A capable and adventurous youth named Henry Kelsey went out from London to the Bay in 1683 and during the next forty years took a busy part in its activities. He served the Company during the critical days when it seemed likely that Iberville's successes would give the Bay finally to France. To Kelsey the rigorous discipline of the posts was irksome; he managed to mingle freely with the natives who came to trade, and learned to like them and their mode of life. He picked up their language, joined in their dances, and sometimes went off with them to hunt. When this breach of discipline brought a flogging, the high-

spirited youth ran away to live with the natives. Some time later an Indian brought to Governor Geyer at Nelson a message from Kelsey, written on birch bark, offering, if pardoned, to return and to conduct an exploring party to the interior. The governor realized that a man of Kelsey's type might be useful and was ready to make terms. Meanwhile Kelsey had married an Indian wife and he had the successful audacity to insist that she should be received with him at the fort.

By going inland Kelsey might not only bring natives to the Bay; he might also learn the measure of truth in native statements that somewhere in the interior were great stores of copper in a pure state, and possibly also of precious metals. Kelsey was not an educated man but he was a keen observer who kept a journal and sometimes even told his tale in rhyme. He records that in 1690 the Company sent two Frenchmen, one of them Chouart, to go among the natives and draw them to the Bay, but that they turned back when they had gone not more than two hundred miles. Kelsey himself did better. On the twelfth of June in that year he set out with a party of Stone Indians:

> "Then up the river I with heavy heart
> Did take my way and from all English part."

On July 10 he "took possession" of the country for England, with perhaps some formal ceremony, in the very days when the English at Boston were seizing Acadia and sending Phips to seize Quebec.

We cannot now identify Kelsey's route in a vast region where the almost countless rivers and lakes were still un-named. It is not clear whether his advance to the west was in the basin in the far north of the Churchill River or farther south by the rivers and lakes which lead from Hudson Bay to the Saskatchewan. Kelsey met natives who had English fire-arms; but he went farther to others who

still had only the bow and arrow. He saw numbers of musk-ox, and at last the buffaloes, the first known white man to see them on the Canadian prairie and to describe the mode of hunting followed by the natives. After forming a circle round a group of the huge beasts, the hunters would gradually close in and shoot them down until the survivors broke through the cordon and got away. In 1692 Kelsey was back at the Bay after, as we may well believe, "enduring much hardship," but bringing with him a large party of natives and showing the comforting result that he had made a considerable increase in the business of the Company. Later he had many adventures. In 1693 he went to England but, returning to the Bay in 1694, he was captured by the French when Iberville took Fort Nelson the first time and was carried a prisoner to Europe. In 1696 he seemed to have his revenge when he was with the English force which retook the fort; but he was again made prisoner in 1697 after Iberville's great exploit in sinking the *Hampshire*. We find him later serving as mate on a British frigate; then becoming the chief trader at Fort Albany, and so on; always active, now in the south of the Bay, now in the far north in the Eskimo country, where he sought the precious copper so much talked of. At last, in 1722, he left the Company's service and in the closing years of his adventurous life found perhaps his chief interest in completing his journal.

Kelsey's effort, which had official sanction, freed the English from the reproach that they did nothing to explore the interior. In truth, however, they did little and in the end thought that they had no need to do more, since, after 1713, the French rival was gone and the natives seemed to have no choice but to come to the English on the Bay. The English had other absorbing interests than those of the fur-trade—the whale fishery in the north and the search for minerals, especially gold. Moreover voices in England were

urging that there was something further for the Company to do since one of the reasons for its charter had been to seek a northern route to Asia. In this direction it had made from the time of its founding varied efforts at considerable expense, but now, it was said, there was need for revived effort, since Peter the Great of Russia, an enterprising ruler, was trying to find a northern passage, and to secure its advantages for his own country.

Such criticism led to English action. In 1717 the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company was James Knight, an old man, nearly eighty, but with the energy and enterprise of youth. Natives who came to trade at Nelson showed Knight ornaments and weapons of copper, and talked of the banks of a distant river in the far north where copper could be picked up freely. This copper mine and the gold which might also be found became an obsession with Knight, who talked about it to every one and believed that before such riches those of the fur-trade would pale. After many enquiries from natives, Knight declared that he knew the way to the mine as well as he did that to his own bedside; it was near a large river which, as he concluded, must flow into some far northern part of Hudson Bay and could be reached by sea. Knight went to England, the Company yielded to his urging, and on the 4th of June, 1717, gave him written instructions to set out as soon as weather permitted and "by God's permission to find out the Straits of Anian [supposed to be like the Straits of Magellan at the south] in order to discover gold and other valuable commodities to the Northward." Later in the summer he sailed away with two ships—the frigate *Albany* and the sloop the *Discovery*—over which he had full authority except as to navigation. The sincerity of Knight's belief in finding gold was to be seen in some large iron-bound chests carried on board in which he intended to store his treasure. He took with him workmen for the possible mining; the frame of a

house which might be of use in the bleak timberless north; a great stock of provisions; and a varied assortment of goods for trade. The journey was thought to be so easy that he expected to return successful in the same autumn. There was some concern when Knight did not return that year, but this led to a cheerful hope that, like Drake in the south, a century and a half earlier, he had sailed through the straits to the Pacific and was on his way round the world on a voyage which might last for two years.

Shipwreck on a desert island has often been made the basis in literature for tragedy and it may be doubted whether any age reveals a more sorrowful tale than that of Knight and his men. Marble Island lies some sixteen miles from the mainland off the entrance to Chesterfield Inlet on the north-west shore of Hudson Bay. The island is a bleak treeless stretch of white quartz twenty miles long and five wide. Ships in the whale fishery sometimes visited it but apparently knew only the western end. On the east side, the most remote from the mainland, lies a small harbour at that time known to the natives but not to the English. Probably in some driving storm Knight's ships saw the entrance and headed to it for safety. In the narrow passage to the harbour the larger of the two ships was badly damaged; but most, if not all, of the company reached the shore and there, to meet the harsh cold of the far north where they must winter, they erected the house brought with them. Some Eskimos, at home in that desolate scene, saw them but kept the knowledge to themselves and the English in the Hudson Bay posts learned nothing of what had happened. Searching parties went along the shore of the mainland and found a few articles from Knight's ships but not enough to indicate a total wreck. Not for nearly half a century were revealed, in the summer of 1767, the traces of a harrowing story, when boats from some whaling ships discovered the little harbour. Scattered on the bank

at its head were guns, anchors, cables, an anvil and other objects too heavy to be carried off by the Eskimos who dwelt not far away.

Two years later, in 1768, the English found a party of Eskimos at the harbour. Among them were one or two very old people and an Eskimo interpreter was able to gather from them the story of Knight's ships. When, soon after the shipwreck, the Eskimos visited the unfortunate English their number was about fifty. In the next year the Eskimos found these reduced to twenty. No doubt with a view to getting away the men were working busily at their long-boat, but they seemed ill. We may wonder that, in some way, a message was not sent by the Eskimos, who were apparently friendly, to the English post at Churchill. But it was hundreds of miles distant, the neighbouring mainland was desolate, and for any kind of travel by the English a large boat was probably necessary. A party of Eskimos remained for that winter on the side of the harbour opposite to the English house and they supplied the wrecked men with whale's blubber, seal's flesh and train oil; but in the spring they went away and when later they came back they found only five English alive. These were starving and they ate so greedily of raw whale's and seal's flesh that three died from this imprudence. One of the two survivors, probably a smith, made some implements for the Eskimos from the iron lying about. Frequently the two would go to the top of an adjacent rock and look out anxiously to the south and east as if for a relieving vessel; and sometimes when dissapointed they would sit down close together and weep. When one of them died, the other, in trying to scrape a grave in the sand, died too from exhaustion.

While during many years the English were having such hard experiences in the north, the French had not prospered there, either before the peace of 1713, or in their plans for recovery after it. The exhaustion during the last war

of Louis XIV had involved neglect for the distant post. The British had become so strong on the sea and the perils of the route were so great that in some seasons the French ships could not reach the Bay. Traffic with the natives was impossible and yet these had become dependent on the arms and implements from Europe. They had no agriculture, and they had so lost their skill with the bow and arrow that, when the guns and gunpowder of the traders failed them, many starved to death. Since the supplies from the British were the more certain, the natives turned their fury against the French, when, after bringing with heavy labour their bales of fur hundreds of miles to French posts, they could buy no supplies in exchange. In their anger they killed and sometimes ate *coureurs-de-bois* who ventured inland. Thus joy had come to remote wigwams when in 1713 the Treaty of Utrecht gave Hudson Bay to the British. Renewed control confirmed the British the more in their policy to make the natives bring their furs to the coast, and to spare themselves this labour. From the distant prairie of the present Manitoba, by routes well marked, parties of natives made yearly this long journey to Hudson Bay. There, with the French gone, the British seemed finally secure. After the peace they rebuilt some of the forts in the solid masonry which made Fort Prince of Wales as massive as one of the great castles of Europe. Trade flourished and the Company paid huge dividends, which aroused a double envy: that of rivals in England, jealous of its monopoly, and that of the French in Canada, not yet beaten, and planning to cut off the trade of the Bay at its source, by going ever further west beyond Lake Superior, and intercepting the natives on the way to the Bay. Such competition was always ruinous to the natives for it tended to make the rivals unscrupulous in dabauching them; and this gave some excuse to each side for its plea of monopoly.

Successful monopoly stirs envy. By 1740 the capital of the Hudson's Bay Company had grown from an original £10,500 to about £104,000. That it was doing well may be seen by its showing that in a single year, for goods which cost in England about £40,000, it brought back furs to the value of £120,000. It was not hard for envy to find weak joints in the armour of the Company. A certain Arthur Dobbs, a clever Irishman, became about 1740 the chief promoter of a rival Company and charged the Hudson's Bay Company with having gone to sleep on the shores of the Bay. Just when France was pressing into the remote prairie country, in the hope of finding a great river flowing into the Pacific, the British government was making renewed efforts to find a north-west passage. In 1741 the Admiralty sent two ships into the north and after this vain effort it offered a large reward of £20,000 to the discoverer of a passage. Dobbs took an active part in a further fruitless voyage to secure the reward, and he piled up a heavy indictment against the Company: it did nothing for discovery; it knew nothing about the vast interior which was its heritage and where Britain might have a great trade for her industries; it ill-treated its own servants, abused the natives and did nothing for the moral betterment of one or the other; for its own gain it was treacherously playing into the hands of the French who would in the end oust it; and so on. Accordingly Dobbs and others petitioned Parliament to grant a charter to a rival Company which would wake up the existing Company by competition and remedy the evils charged against it. There was a long enquiry by a Committee of Parliament; the Company made a vigorous defence and in 1749 an elaborate report in its favour ensured to it for more than a century still the ownership of a vast empire. This security was due to events elsewhere, now to be described, in which the Company had no part.

CHAPTER XXIV

NEW FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XV

I

UNDER a despotic monarchy a child king involves tragedy. The beautiful boy, who became king of France in 1715, had talents which, by wise and firm training, might have made him a good ruler. He had physical courage; later, in the battle of Fontenoy, with bullets flying about him, he was heedless of danger. He had foresight and intelligence and was probably as competent as his predecessor to direct the affairs of state. Discipline of character was, however, almost impossible to a lad of five, called amid universal deference to preside at the *Lit de Justice,* in which, amid ceremonious pomp, the testament of Louis XIV was set aside. The child learned readily enough to regard himself as a being apart and to require respect for the niceties of court etiquette, but his humours were not checked; he flew into tantrums of passion, and became the slave of his own impulses, indolent, licentious and sometimes cruel. He was reserved by nature, and had so little readiness of speech that he preferred the society of silent people. He shrank from new faces, and sometimes retained undeserving ministers, because he dreaded change.

Louis XV was keen enough to detect the shams in the life of the court and to feel contempt for flattery. Too indolent to work, too clever to be deceived by pomp and routine, he became cynical and *blasé.* Religion interested him; he had a horror of unbelief; daily he heard mass,

and repeated, with lips moving, the private offices. Sometimes he would read aloud to his mistress a striking sermon and he brooded over inevitable death. But he divorced religion from morals. He was a glutton at table; sometimes he took wine to excess; and no king of France has a record of more unbridled licentiousness. He wrote indecent *chansons,* and in manners was rather "a wild man of the woods," until Madame de Pompadour made some improvement. His *malaise* might have found relief in work, but he let the reins of power fall into other hands. In the end he allowed this mistress to rule France, and it was while her sway endured that New France was lost. Under him France sank into ever deeper misery; when he had been king for a quarter of a century, his minister, Argenson, declared that between 1738 and 1740 more Frenchmen died from poverty than had perished in all the wars of Louis XIV.

France presented that worst sign of disease in a nation's life—among its rulers luxury and extravagance, among its people starvation. The palace of many a noble almost rivalled Versailles. So vast was that of the Duc de Choiseul at Châteloup that a visitor occupied twenty minutes in going from his own door to the distant apartment of another guest. When the Duc de Belle-Isle went on a mission to a foreign country he moved with a pomp like that of a mighty sovereign. At formal dinners some thirty courses might be served. The rules for dress at the majestic ritual of the king's circle involved vast outlay by the courtiers. The scene was brilliant, nothing in England equalled it; and Englishmen who coveted the best manners went to Paris to learn them. But while life in the king's circle taught a stately and polished bearing it also taught servility.

It is not easy to realize what the king meant to that society. His pleasure was the fundamental law. The Parliament of Paris, an ancient body, not a parliament in the English sense but chiefly a high court of justice, had

the function of registering royal decrees to make them law, and it claimed the right to refuse to register a bad decree. Thus to be limited was intolerable to the king and in the end he banished all its members from Paris. His acts were regarded as those of a demi-god and no service was too menial for a great noble to perform for him. To have some share in dressing or undressing the king when he rose or went to bed was a privilege limited to a select circle. On Sunday crowds flocked to Versailles to see him dine in public and to be gazed at from a distance with perhaps wonder that a being so divine should eat as did other people. As court ladies went in to supper they curtsied when they passed the king's napkin lying on a perfumed cushion. No one might be presented to him at court whose nobility did not date as far back as to the year 1400. The king had many palaces and to ease a haunting *ennui* he moved with a great train restlessly from one to the other. The cost of each move would have put New France on its feet for a year. To be near the king at Versailles, a great noble would be content to live in dark and cramped rooms in the palace; yet this same man would scorn any social contact with rich merchants, or even with those who had recently secured noble rank.

To condemn any phase of society in absolute terms is rarely just, for there are usually redeeming elements. We may be sure that in the Imperial Rome, steeped in the vices satirised by Juvenal, there were some good people. The France of Louis XV had fine spirits, but they were repelled by the tone of a despotic and dissolute court. Outward decorum on state occasions before a monarch troubled about his soul concealed, in many, ribaldry and license; with such persons it took the form of perpetual raillery; and gambling, indecency, cruel practical jokes and drunkenness marked the relaxed hours. Only a *bourgeois*, it was said, loved his wife and was faithful to her. Deceit and

fraud were easy to courtiers, who must have means to keep up appearances. Parisian wit found solace for the nation's losses in biting satire on its leaders. At times, power lapsed into primitive barbarism. Thus, when in 1757, the assassin, Damiens, attacked the king, and made a slight wound, he was sentenced to be torn to pieces by horses in the *Place de Grève*. Before this he was tortured with red-hot pincers, and into his body, thus wounded, his executioners poured melting wax and lead and boiling oil. It was not enough to punish him alone; his father, wife and daughter were banished from France. We need hardly wonder that with such a scene in a world centre of culture the British thought that French leaders in the colonies were guilty of careless indifference at the brutalities of their Indian allies upon British captives; and the day came when a stern penalty was exacted by the British army.

None the less, in spite of such defects, the age of Louis XV marks an epoch in the intellectual life of France. Human nature rebounds from repression to the opposite license and the extent of the insistence of Louis XIV upon uniformity of opinion is seen in the strength of the inevitable reaction. Those who had come to hate the Church hated religion itself. The philosopher Holbach called himself the declared enemy of God. When the Scot, David Hume, said at Holbach's table in Paris that he did not believe an atheist existed, Holbach told him that the company contained a dozen. In Germany and in England the revolt against the Roman Church had aimed not to abolish but to reform religion; but reforming France was not content to imitate these neighbours. She went to extremes of doubt, agnosticism, and denials of all religious dogmas. The clergy became unpopular; often they were hooted in the streets and to speak up for them in society was looked upon as supporting the hated Inquisition. The Jesuits were chief objects of this hate, because they were thought to be the

authors of the repression which had created it. The order, long so potent in New France, had, in truth, outlived its era of power and already demands, destined in time to be successful, were heard that its members should be exiled from France. Soon after the death of Louis XIV, Archbishop Noailles of Paris forbade the Jesuits to preach, or to hear confessions, or to catechise, in his diocese. By the middle of the century the order whose heroic martyrs had played so notable a part in New France was in such disfavour nearly everywhere that Pope Benedict XIV described its members as disobedient and reprobate.

As a religious order the Jesuits had attempted too much. The earlier orders of monks had sought to save the world by flying from it to prayer and meditation, often in remote places, while the friars who followed the beautiful example of Francis of Assisi had gone out into the world as beggars to minister to the poor and the sick. Later the Jesuits, the most recent great order, had the wider aim of preserving spiritual austerity, while at the same time mingling with the world and shaping the policy even of kings to the glory of God. They became active at courts; but their mingling of religion with politics aroused suspicion. The order was the more dangerous because scandal hardly touched the private lives of its members. But, after its early days, it attracted few recruits of striking capacity, for its rigorous discipline of obedience repelled men of independent character. In the great movements it was on the losing side: it backed Philip II of Spain against Queen Elizabeth; it inspired Louis XIV to destroy religious liberty in France; and it supported the Stuart dynasty in its aim to make England again Roman Catholic.

Under Louis XV France had two schools of thought, each of them powerful. It was the age of Newton, the age of scientific observation of Nature's rigorous system. Newton was able to prove that the whole physical universe obeyed

the majestic law of gravitation which he stated in the exact terms of mathematics. Men of letters made scientific experiments; Voltaire would hardly take time for food from this absorbing pursuit, and turned the salon of his hostess, the Marquise de Châtelet, into something like a laboratory. To learn to doubt was to this school the beginning of wisdom; the dictates of reason must be supreme and because uncertainty was universal so also must be toleration, since no conclusion was so secure as to justify repression of those opposing it. Other forces were, however, so strong that Voltaire, who had a consuming hate for the persecution of opinion in France, was obliged to live in exile in Switzerland. Despotic governments, used to coercion, often continue in that path by their own momentum. In spite of the rise of liberal opinion, the laws against the Protestants were not repealed. The king, himself fearful about the hereafter, was on the side of repression and what he called "my château the Bastille" often closed its doors on the defiant. Even historical enquiry must guard its utterances; one writer, Fréret, was sent to the Bastille because he claimed to prove that the French were not the descendants of the ancient Gauls, but another race.

The philosopher Grimm said of the French at this period that they had so poor an opinion of the people of other countries as to believe that these walked on four feet and lived on hay. To fail to conform to French standards of politeness in society was to be barbaric. On the other hand, when the young Voltaire was exiled to England by a supposed offensive retort to a remark of the Chevalier de Rohan-Chabot, he was astonished at the freedom of English manners. The Englishman, he said, dared to be himself and was not bound by exacting rules of social demeanour. It amazed Voltaire that the brother of a peer was a tradesman in the city and that a merchant might be sent as ambassador to a foreign court. To have made money by

trade was not a cause of shame in England, while in France those who had gained riches in this way tried to forget the origin of their wealth by buying titles of nobility, and were proud to become powdered lackeys at a court where to know the hour of the king's rising or going to bed was counted important. Voltaire thought that the greater freedom in England brought moderation. There were divisions in religion but the skeptics did not revile the Christian faith, and the Englishman seemed free to choose his own way to heaven. Men of letters were held in honour; the portrait of Pope was to be seen more often than that of the prime minister. Compared with the French peasant the English peasant seemed well-to-do. He did not ruin his feet by wearing the wooden shoes of France; he was well clothed and ate not black but white bread. All classes were taxed alike. While in France the farmer strove to appear poor, knowing that any sign of well-being would attract the eye of the tax-gatherer, in England a man was not afraid to increase his cattle or to improve his house.

By praising England Voltaire was really trying to show defects in France and in this was surpassed by the famous author of *L'Esprit des Lois,* Montesquieu. He lived in England during a year and a half and thought its political system ideal:—the king surrounded and checked by an upper class; Parliament with the privileged House of Lords balanced by the power of the people in the Commons; the king's ministers responsible for their advice to him, and not shielded by him if they gave evil advice. Under the reign of law a man might have enemies as many as the hairs on his head but even the king might not molest him without process of law. Some Englishmen of the day, familiar with the greed and corruption in their own politics, found amusing this ideal picture of their country. But the fact remained: an Englishman might go where he liked and say what he liked. This was not the case in France. A Protes-

tant might not settle in any French colony and the colonists who once went might not return to France without special leave. Montesquieu dared not even print in France his *Lettres Persanes* which satirized follies in high life, and issued the book as from Cologne. Some of Voltaire's books were publicly burned.

Conditions at home profoundly affected the colonial policy of Britain and France. In truth Britain had no colonial policy. Her sons went where they liked and foreigners settled in her colonies without control under any system. In New France, on the other hand, the lines of enterprise led back to aid from France. If a church or a hospital was to be built at Quebec, the king was asked to provide most of the money. If Quebec was to be fortified, the king was expected to pay the cost. If a curé was poor the king was asked to supplement his income; if he had a dispute with his people, both he and they were likely to lay their case before the king. The English colonist knew for his part that he must look after himself. If there was to be any giving of money it was rather from him to the state than from the state to him, since a commercially-minded mother-country insisted on controlling for her own benefit colonial sea-going trade and manufactures. By the Navigation Acts, began just after Charles I was executed, an elaborate control of colonial trade was planned. No foreign ships might trade to colonial ports and foreign merchandize going to the colonies must first be landed in England and then be carried overseas in English ships. In addition, restrictions were imposed on the colonial manufacture of hats and of steel products. Yet in social and political matters the colonist did as he liked. He had to learn to soften a natural intolerance by living in peace with neighbours of varying opinions and by contact with fellow colonists of foreign origin, who became, in the end, British citizens like himself.

Some of the best thought of England found its way across the sea. Philosophers such as Bishop Berkeley, evangelists like Wesley and Whitfield, carried to America the messages which had made them famous in England, but no Frenchman of note in Europe went out to teach in New France. When the day of testing came, England, almost to her surprise, found that her colonies had produced a philosopher of world-wide repute in Franklin; a creditable painter in Copley; a man of science of the first rank in Thompson, who became Count Rumford; and a group of statesmen, such as Alexander Hamilton, Madison and Jefferson, who had brooded on the nature of the state and had political insight which qualified them to create a nation. Not so with New France. The biting wit of Paris never crossed the sea; in Quebec even the mild speculations of Jansenism were repressed. While in the English colonies there were alert and critical newspapers, in New France no printing press scattered ideas, and freedom of thought found no home. There was no persecution for no one asserted opinions not in harmony with those in authority. It seems a paradox that during the days of most complete dominance of ultramontane opinion in New France no one was executed for religion's sake, while in the English colonies many were hounded to death for their acts or opinions.

France might have governed well her colonies. Her bureaucracy was highly organized and some ministers were competent. The reports from Canada were given in France a minute and courteous consideration which sometimes their petty details did not deserve, and they were answered by advice or commands often wise and tactful. A defect in France was lack of unity. There was no real governing council to control the policy of the departments. Each went its own way, sometimes to be halted by an arbitrary decision of the king, due to intrigue perhaps with Madame de Pompadour. In the end no one was certain of retaining

office over-night. The witty Duchess of Orleans, secure perhaps in her high rank, told the gentleman who carried her congratulations to a newly appointed minister to enquire first of the porter at his door whether he was still in office. On every side of French life we find the rivalry which ruined combined efficiency. Generals in the field made a jest of misfortunes to rivals and sometimes baulked each other because one feared that the other would win the greater glory. Jealous ministers opposed wise plans likely to bring credit to a rival. In literary circles Voltaire hated and abused Montesquieu. In the colonies was the same spirit. Governor and intendant were often at war. The Church was torn by rivalries. Even the religious orders opposed each other and carried their complaints to the court.

In Europe the age of Louis XV was one of rivalry among rulers rather than among nations. The chief causes of war were the right of succession to thrones—the Spanish succession in 1702, the Polish succession in 1733, the Austrian succession in 1740. Britain was not exempt from a disputed succession; the claim of the Stuart Pretender was a card played by her enemies and caused civil war in 1715 and in 1745. But, in respect of wars on the continent, Britain was free to choose sides with the single view to her commercial interests. The Bourbon king at Madrid and the Hapsburg at Vienna were each eager to seize what he could of the other's territory. In giving the dull and obstinate Bourbon, Philip V, to Spain, France had had ill luck. He insisted that, in spite of the pledges at Utrecht, he was next in succession to the throne of France after the child, Louis XV, and he engaged in endless intrigues against the Regent Orleans who might make the same claim. The most amazing career of the age was that of the Italian Alberoni, son of a gardener at Piacenza. He became a cardinal and as agent in Spain of Parma he brought about

the marriage of Philip V to Elizabeth Farnese of Parma. She was a masterful woman and when, in 1715, her influence made Alberoni prime minister of Spain these two ardent Italians were bent on checking Austria by driving the Hapsburgs from Italy. As if it were not enough for Spain to threaten both France and Austria by ambitious designs, Alberoni included in his far-reaching plans alliances in Europe which should destroy Britain as a Protestant realm and place the Stuart Pretender on the throne as James III.

To baulk these fantastic schemes of a decaying power it was necessary for Britain and France to work together. At Utrecht Britain had aided France by restraining allies who would have required France's deeper humiliation. Holland gained little from the treaty; Austria would not accept it; France herself wished to evade some of its demands, the pledge, for instance, to banish the Stuart Pretender and to demolish the fortifications of Dunkirk. Yet skilful diplomacy brought all these nations into an alliance to maintain the treaty. It was the Abbé Dubois, later a cardinal, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who achieved the master-stroke in diplomacy of an agreement with Britain. His contemporary, Saint-Simon, describes him as a small, wizened, pot-bellied little man, an adept in all the vices, including falsehood, avarice and debauchery. In 1718 he visited London and was eagerly received. Though half an invalid he spared himself no labour to achieve his purpose. He hunted with English squires and attended interminable balls, concerts and banquets. By his tact he secured terms which made Britain and France allies and in 1718 Holland and the Emperor joined them in a Quadruple Alliance which resulted in war on Spain and the prompt ending of Alberoni's spectacular career.

While there is no need to question the sincerity of France and Britain in desiring peace, yet each was pursuing a

policy which involved ultimate war. Britain realized that her commercial interests required power on the sea. By this she held Gibraltar and commanded the Mediterranean; by this she carried on an expanding trade in the ports of Europe, America, and the far east. Her old rival Holland was now in a secondary place and France remained the one dangerous rival in trade. In Europe this need not have involved war, for in Europe there was perpetual compromise between hostile interests; but in America and the far east each nation was determined to drive out the other.

On the British side New England would not be content while the French who had yielded Nova Scotia still remained in Cape Breton and commanded the approaches by sea to Boston; New York wished to deprive the French of any share in the fur trade; Pennsylvania and Virginia intended to occupy their hinterland towards the Ohio and the Mississippi. Not less exacting was French opinion on the other side. Between 1720 and 1723, at a time when Britain and France were allies, a certain Father Bobé, a priest in Canada, submitted to the French court an outline of France's claims. To her, through right of first discovery by Verrazano, belonged, he said, the whole of North America. In a weak moment France had signed the Treaty of Utrecht which yielded to Britain Hudson Bay, Newfoundland and Acadia, but by this treaty alone, a treaty which must not endure, had she ever conceded to the English any rights in a continent where they had always been usurpers. France had discovered North America and had given to it a name, New France; and from time immemorial the king of France had made there grants of land in assertion of his right. The very name of the English colony, Carolina, was witness to France's claim for it was derived from a king of France, Charles IX.

Now, said Bobé, France is ready to make England an offer. Quite clearly, in the past England had accepted

France's sovereignty in the north, for she had placed Boston to mark the extreme limit of her own claim. If now the English would abandon every other claim in North America, France, always generous, would agree to let them remain unmolested on the Atlantic coast, from Boston to Carolina, with a definite line drawn about fifty miles from the coast. Beyond this the English must never go westward, and everything yielded at Utrecht must go back to France. It would be to England's interest to accept this offer, for otherwise, at a favourable moment, France could drive her from even this territory. Though England was powerful, justice, Bobé urged, was more powerful and was against her claim to hold anything in North Amrica. Usurper as she was, she ought to accept promptly the offer of France which would give her standing. The king of France, he added, has for England too much regard to ask anything unreasonable and these proposals show the moderation of the French nation. Let England remember that those who grasp at too much sometimes lose all; France could easily hand over her rights to the powerful Company of the Indies which had just been formed to control the whole of France's maritime commerce; she would never yield her just claims and a heavy hand would fall on those defying her. The author added that he should be glad to hear any reasons to support opposing claims and to show that they had no force, if the English cared for good faith, justice and peace.

It may seem that such extreme views could come only from a dreamer. They were, however, written at a time when France was reaching out for world-wide commerce and world-power. She had pushed aside Spain and she had made Paris what it is still, a world capital, the leader of continental Europe in thought and fashion. In the French view the dominance of France in every sphere could be only for the world's good. Britain might seem to be powerful but France had nearly three times as many people and any

seeming need to yield to Britain could be only a vanishing phase in politics. The view of Father Bobé expressed the real mind of France; thirty years later, on the eve of the Seven Years' War, François Bigot, Intendant of Canada, had the manuscript copied and sent to France as a statement of her rights.

English pretensions were not less extreme. When, in 1711, Admiral Walker sailed to the St. Lawrence to attack Quebec, his proclamation to the Canadians declared that all of North America belonged to Great Britain by "just and indisputable right and title," that though France had held a part of the continent she was a usurper, and that now all these countries "according to the laws of nature and the nation, of right revert to the Crown of Great Britain whence they originally came." Each side made the impossible claim to hold an entire continent. To-day North America is divided among three nations. Though a power foreign to the United States holds the former Acadia, commanding the approaches to Boston, something which the English colonies regarded as an intolerable menace to their trade, this now causes no unrest, for the modern world has learned compromise better than the nations had learned it in the eighteenth century.

The temper of England and France in regard to America led to half a century of acute rivalry after the Treaty of Utrecht. France was soon taking action to recover what she had lost by the treaty. Near the south-eastern corner of the Island of Cape Breton, on a spacious harbour with a narrow entrance, may be seen to-day a few heaps of stone and brick, all that remains of Louisbourg, once the strongest fortress in North America. Its situation is bleak; ceaselessly on that rocky shore beats the unquiet sea and fogs rise suddenly. Some two hundred miles to the west of Louisbourg lies the fortress of Halifax on a basin capacious enough to hold the fleets of the world. Louisbourg and

Halifax are the symbols of a mighty struggle. After the Treaty of Utrecht France reared Louisbourg that she might hold North America; in time Britain reared Halifax to meet this menace; and to-day one is a desolate ruin while the other remains a stronghold of British sea-power in the North Atlantic.

This fortress of Louisbourg was one of the first fruits of the elusive peace. There was keen discussion as to the spot in Cape Breton where the fortress should be built. While some favoured Spanish Bay (*Baie des Espagnols*) where now stands the important industrial centre of Sydney, it seemed wiser to select a harbour on the south coast, open all the year round and free from the masses of floating ice which endangered the approaches to Spanish Bay. What more fitting than that it should be called Louisbourg after the Grand Monarch, so near his end at the time of its founding? Since Acadia and Newfoundland had gone to Britain the French intended to remove their French populations to Cape Breton where as yet there was only one French family together with about a hundred Indians. Though the Acadians held back, the French in Newfoundland were ready to move. They consisted of a few fishermen and a few soldiers, dwelling at Placentia, the one French settlement in Newfoundland. In the summer of 1713 these exiles landed on the wooded shores of the bay at Louisbourg. Among them, and best suited to pioneer work, were hardy Canadians, with a natural leader in one of their own *noblesse,* a member of the family of Rouville, prominent in Canadian wars. Soon was heard the ring of axes hewing down the adjacent forest and before winter closed in Louisbourg was well begun.

By these rough efforts was founded a fortress destined, as the French hoped, to dominate the North Atlantic. The passage to the Gulf of St. Lawrence by the Straits of Belle Isle was then little used and the sea-going trade of Canada

must pass Louisbourg. It commanded too the routes from old to New England and its founders hoped that it would be a halting place for vessels on long voyages to the West Indies, to Spanish America, and even to the East Indies. Since these would require food and repairs, Louisbourg would become an important seaport. It had also the best situation from which to control the Atlantic fisheries, and it might be the centre of a sedentary fishery for salting and drying cargoes of cod. Near by was timber for ship-building, already a great industry in New England, and since the timber of America was lighter than that of France it would make swifter and, by so much, better ships. There was coal which could be sold for less than the current price in France, though experience was to show that its heating power for forging was inferior. Louisbourg was a child of the government in France, likely to be supported while the passions related to the recent war remained active, but also to be neglected when these had softened.

Population did not grow quickly. The Acadians who numbered about two thousand four hundred would not come. They were descended from barely a few hundred original settlers, the first of whom went out in the early days described by Lescarbot when Port Royal was founded; and during the better part of a century they and their ancestors had developed excellent farms. While the Canadians carried on the demoralizing fur-trade and needed markets in remote countries, the Acadians tilled the soil, and could supply their own wants without much contact with the outside world. They had become a pastoral people, remote and ignorant, and with no leaders such as the seigneurs who played so great a part in the life of Canada. The Acadians were chiefly small farmers and the natural leaders in the parishes were the priests who proved able to make their people ardent for the Roman Catholic faith. The farmers had no wish to remove to Isle Royale (Cape Breton), a sav-

age region where hard beginnings were inevitable: true to their French blood they were attached to the land, to the farms made by their own labour. Under the Treaty of Utrecht they were free during a year to leave Nova Scotia, and the French were so certain of their wish to go that in July, 1714, Le Ronde Denys, a French officer at Louisbourg, went with two ships to Annapolis in order to carry the Acadians to Cape Breton. Colonel Nicholson, who had succeeded Vetch as governor, received him with every courtesy and summoned the French settlers to meet him. At Annapolis one hundred and forty-six heads of families signed, usually with a cross, for few of them could write, an agreement to move to Isle Royale (Cape Breton); at Minas one hundred and thirty-nine signed; at Cobequid seventeen. Perhaps Denys expected to carry them away at once, but while a few who were not farmers—carpenters, longshoremen, boat-builders and restless spirits with no zeal for work—were ready to go, most of the Acadians were not. Nicholson put in the way of their going what obstacles he could for he wished to retain them, since if they went they would make Louisbourg the stronger; also he depended on these farmers for needed supplies. But if they remained he expected them to become British subjects; and this had the germs of tragedy for the years to come. At the same time he was without the means to use force. Some of their priests who kept up suspicions of English designs against the religion of the Acadians urged them to be true to "notre bon roy de France" and made them so unwilling to aid with their labour that by 1723 one-third of the ramparts of Annapolis were level with the ground.

Meanwhile Louisbourg grew. By 1715 it had seven hundred and twenty people and in 1719 France struck a medal to mark the creation of the fortress. To Louisbourg she sent soldiers and her ships carried across the sea stone and bricks which still remain in the desolate ruins. Trans-

planted to the remote spot was some of the charm of the architecture of France. Two graceful towers rose over the town, one on the hospital, the other on the official Château of St. Louis, a fine stone residence. The Port Dauphine was a massive gate leading from the open country to a broad promenade fronting on the harbour. In time appeared bastions and batteries on the best models of the period. Louisbourg cost the French court about thirty million livres.

The inspiring purpose of early French colonization had been to win the natives to the Roman Catholic faith. Louisbourg, however, was purely military and commercial, with war and fishing as its industries. The little town reeked with the smell of fish, with pigs as the scavengers in its streets. The fishing prospered and, during the long peace after 1713, trade with the English colonies became active. Some ships bound for remote regions called at Louisbourg. Those rocky unlighted coasts were, however, so dangerous that in August, 1725, a French vessel, the *Chameau,* with three hundred and ten persons on board, was wrecked near Louisbourg and all perished. Among the victims was Chazel, on his way to become intendant of Canada. Since pirates infested those seas Louisbourg became a basis for the privateers to hunt them down or, not infrequently, to adopt their methods. By 1745 the civil population of the town numbered about four thousand. The number of soldiers varied, but was never more than about fourteen hundred.

Louisbourg, like Quebec, had a Superior Council and a governor who coveted the honours held so dear at Quebec. The rivalry in France for posts in the gift of the king made successful claimants count themselves fortunate and, an office once secured, they had little prospect of change. Most of the officers sent to Louisbourg remained there permanently and sometimes their sons and even their grandsons succeeded them, for a commission was a family asset. The

little society had sharp dissensions. The military engineers complained that the governor put obstacles in their path. The clergy quarrelled; Récollets from Brittany would not work with those from Paris, so that in the end these were recalled to France; the few secular clergy wished to drive out the religious orders. Charges were made that the Récollet friars were drunken, ignorant and lazy and that their neglected work was done by the nuns.

Louisbourg was in the diocese of Quebec and the bishop declared that every one of the clergy wrote to him complaining of the others. Garrison towns, in which life is half routine, half idleness, have special temptations. To a devout missionary, the Abbé Maillard, Louisbourg, as it neared its last crisis, was a den of infamy. Most of the French, he said, flouted Christian standards, impiety was counted a sign of mental vigour, and outward conformity to religious customs did not check manners more vicious than vice itself. The young went astray because no one set them a good example. Canteens maintained by the officers were schools of Satan where the Church was derided and the talk was indecent and blasphemous.

Clerical denunciations of manners are not to be taken too literally and no doubt Louisbourg had austerity as well as license. It aped the manners of Paris and fashion displayed itself on the parade by the sea. Soldiers were allowed to marry and, since few women came from France, officers and men alike found Canadian or Acadian wives. The married soldier had the right to keep a tavern. Some even of the officers made money by selling wine and brandy brought in the ships from France and were able to keep up substantial houses and to be attended by negro servants. The great occasion in an officer's life was when he went on leave to France. During thirty years of peace discipline became slack. The soldiers, who received their pay only twice in each year, were allowed to take service with

civilians and there were men who, during a dozen years, had never once mounted guard. Recruiting in France was so difficult that some of the men enlisted were below the height required by the regulations. Even Protestant Swiss soldiers were sent out and when this happened there was religious strife. The soldiers were badly housed. We need, however, hardly wonder that at Louisbourg two men slept in a single bunk on verminous straw, changed but once a year, for even in hospitals in France at this time six patients were often crowded into a single bed with three pairs of feet and three heads at each end. At times provisions were so scarce that the garrison lived chiefly on shell-fish. Appeals from Louisbourg to the French court for men, for artillery, pistols and ammunition, for cutlery and even for food, were often disregarded. The English in Acadia did no better. The few score of troops at Annapolis were almost wholly neglected and no efforts were made to bring in English colonists. Florid claims to North America on each side led to no adequate preparations in time of peace. War was to prove both the stimulus and the solvent.

It may be said with some confidence that no nation can attain the highest power on both land and sea. In ambition France and Britain differed. France's aim was to be the chief nation of continental Europe, while Britain's position as an island and her sea-going trade made it inevitable that she should choose the sea as her sphere. The Britain of the eighteenth century had profound divisions. Whig hated Tory and the Tory hated the Whig with the greater intensity because, from the death of Anne in 1714 to the end of New France, the Whigs were in power and repeated efforts to dislodge them had always failed. But though Tories talked of loyalty to the exiled house of Stuart and though, in the first half of the century, some of them encouraged the efforts of that discredited line to regain the throne, events proved that divisions were not as deep as the strife

of party seemed to imply. When the young prince who claimed to be James III landed in Scotland in 1715, his support came from only a few rebellious Highland clans and he was lucky in escaping quickly to France. When, thirty years later, in 1745, his son, Charles Edward, made a similar effort, his handsome person and his frank and attractive manners again won for the Stuarts some Highland clans. He was able to make a raid into England; but the Tories held aloof and he too fled to France with a price of thirty thousand pounds on his head. Whatever her divisions, Britain would not support a Stuart to drive out her stolid German kings of the House of Hanover and to bring the disorder of revolution.

In truth, on things essential to her policy, Britain was united. She had enough of religious toleration to leave Roman Catholics unmolested and to permit Protestant nonconformists to hold public office. She was a commercial nation and Tories were as keen as Whigs to advance her commercial interests. The Treaty of Utrecht had given her commerce a new position and this aroused fantastic hopes. In 1720 Britain suffered from a mania of speculation which was based chiefly on the prospects of trade with America. The South Sea Company seemed certain to pay huge dividends and for a year the eager public was ready to risk its money in this and other wild schemes. The same fever affected France where, in 1719, the Scot, John Law, formed the *Compagnie des Indes*. He secured powers which astound us. For a pledge to free France from debt, he was allowed to collect her taxes, to regulate her currency, and to control her maritime trade. La Salle's failure seemed to be avenged and his foresight to be justified when the mind of France turned to the Mississippi region as offering boundless wealth. La Salle had talked of a vast trade with the native tribes in the north and with the Spanish in the south, and now it seemed as if these dreams might come

true. History knows Law's feverish plan as the Mississippi Bubble. The sinister feature of a monopoly of trade in negro slaves appears in the Company's rights and seemed a probable source of great profits. Its shares rose to a price of forty times their nominal value. Ingots of gold, said to be from Louisiana, and exposed in Parisian shop windows, stimulated the lust for gain. Frenchmen sold their lands to hurry to Paris to buy shares, and foreigners flocked to the capital. The madness was such that, as Law declared, would-be purchasers of shares forced his doors, climbed in at his windows, and even came down his capacious chimneys. But when in 1720 the Bubble burst he had to fly from France and, nine years later, forgotten and in poverty, he died at Venice. Out of the gigantic gamble came something which endured, for a good many settlers went to Louisiana. In 1722 nine ships carried out some four thousand two hundred, and France had grown more hospitable to aliens, for among them were Germans and Jews.

Clearly, during this period, expansion in trade in America was ardently desired by both Britain and France. When in each country the bursting of the Bubble caused terrible suffering to the ruined spectators, Britain found one compensation. The collapse of the South Sea Bubble brought into power a capable minister who avoided war and harvested the resources of the nation. During more than twenty years Sir Robert Walpole remained the ruler of England. The king, George I, dull, profigate and mean, had the wit, himself a German who could not speak English, to leave domestic affairs and appointments in Church and State in the hands of his ministers. George I was hardly more moral than Louis XV, but he gave no political power to his mistresses, and the policy of Britain was guided by Walpole, a thorough Englishman who knew the needs of his country.

Though France's interest in New France was spasmodic there were periods when she was stirred by hopes for its greatness. In the years after Utrecht, the era of the South Sea and Mississippi Bubbles, the commercial rivalry of France and Britain was world-wide. While the fever of speculation related chiefly to the south, in the north too rivalry was keen and there was the search for a new route to the Pacific in the interests of trade. French explorers still hoped that, west of the Mississippi, might be found a river flowing westward to the Pacific as the Mississippi flowed southward to the Gulf of Mexico. Accordingly, in 1720, when the Mississippi Bubble was near bursting, the Regent Orleans took action. Since he was anxious not to arouse extravagant hopes he decided to send out a priest who could profess that he was only enquiring into the state of missions among the natives.

At the College of Louis le Grand in Paris he found a Jesuit priest who had spent in Canada the four years from 1705 to 1709, and had already been consulted about the boundaries of Acadia so loosely defined at Utrecht. He was Pierre-François-Xavier de Charlevoix, a member of the lesser nobility of St. Quentin, in Northern France, where his father held the post of deputy-attorney-general. Charlevoix had received a good education which aided a natural taste for letters, and he had published in 1715 a history of Christian effort in Japan, a country closely linked with his namesake, St. François Xavier. Voltaire had been among his pupils.

In the autumn of 1720 Charlevoix was at Quebec after a monotonous voyage, and through the eyes of this intelligent observer we are able to see the New France of the early days of Louis XV. Charlevoix was calm, critical, fond of good society, and free from fanaticism. Though he was alert to the agreeable things of life and valued comfort, he was not

afraid of labour. In his earlier sojourn at Quebec he had been the friend of the governor, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, whom he found still in office. Since his narrative is in the form of letters to a French duchess, he dwells on matters likely to interest this great lady. To him Quebec was a pleasant place. It had only about seven thousand inhabitants, but he declares that this society which had a French marquis at its head lacked nothing to make it as polished as the best in Europe. In its pleasant variety were *noblesse,* soldiers, high civil officials, with the intendant at their head, clergy including the bishop and other ecclesiastics, and it had also cultivated women in its religious communities. In Canada, though not in France, a noble might engage in trade without losing rank, and in the highest circle moved some merchants who, if not rich, lived as if they were and helped to make the social assemblies brilliant. Charlevoix gives an elaborate description of Quebec with its squares and their handsome houses and public buildings. The Church of the Récollets might, he says, do honour to Versailles, and the bishop's palace, in course of erection, promised to be a magnificent edifice. The cathedral, however, seemed like an indifferent parish church and he thought that the college of his own order, the Jesuits, disfigured the city. He pictured to himself the day when, in this new empire of France, greater than that of Rome, there should be a vast population. Quebec would be a second Paris with superb edifices and at the magnificent quays should lie three or four hundred ships carrying on a world-wide commerce.

After enjoying the autumn of 1720 and part of the following winter at Quebec Charlevoix went on to Montreal. In March, he says, the city in its dismal white mantle of snow was not beautiful, but it had fine buildings and its chief church had much more the air of a cathedral than that at Quebec. During many years its brave and self-reliant

people had faced the perils from ruthless savages and had such confidence in their own courage as to declare that they had no need to bear the cost of building walls for protection. There were, however, signs of decay. Trade had declined. No longer came great flotillas of native canoes with their vast quantities of furs. In summer, traffic with Quebec was solely by canoe and not until 1734 was a wheeled vehicle able to go from one town to the other. Perhaps because the charms of society in Quebec had fully occupied the mind of Charlevoix while there, he saw more vividly at Montreal the evils into which the country had fallen. The glamour of earlier days was gone. The *coureurs-de-bois* were fewer in number and not less reckless, for they quickly wasted in dissipation the money gained at the cost of prodigious labours in securing furs. Owing to the scourge of drink, the natives who came to trade at Montreal were even more brutal than those who had come in their early savage state. Since an Indian would give all that he had for a glass of brandy, the traders preyed upon this taste to his ruin and there were shocking scenes in the streets of Montreal: "Husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, children, brothers and sisters, grasping each other by the throat, tearing each other's ears, and gnawing each other with their teeth, like so many enraged wolves. At night their shouts filled the air and were more dreadful than the howlings of frightened wild beasts in the forest." After a successful hunting-party the savages still kept up the disgusting "eat-all" feasts at which no morsel of food might be left over, not even the liquid fat which remained in the pot, and Charlevoix was told that at every feast some one was certain to eat himself to death. This was a hundred years after the French had begun their civilizing work among the Hurons.

The regent had ordered that Charlevoix should have at his disposal for his journey to the west two canoes and

eight men, and also stores to barter with the natives for the required food. The route by the Great Lakes to the Mississippi was menaced by warlike tribes who still practised the horrid torture of their prisoners. In one case, as Charlevoix notes, no doubt with a shiver, they had tortured for a whole week a French gentleman who had fallen into their hands. But Charlevoix enjoyed the wilderness. He travelled in what luxury a canoe could furnish. In fine weather all was serene and we feel the lure of the wild in his account of a day in June, 1721, on the shores of Lake Erie. In the balmy air, reclining in a canoe paddled by strong arms on water as clear as a pure fountain, he was delighted to go on during a long day, certain of finding at night a safe and agreeable spot for the camp; he seemed, he says, like the patriarchs of old, a dweller in tents with no fixed abode, master of all about him, and free from the care of many possessions. The great oaks reminded him of the Biblical Mamre and the waters seemed like the sparkling fountain of Jacob. Each day had its new scene. When he halted, a quarter of an hour sufficed for his skilled *voyageurs* to put up "a neat and spacious house" furnished with every necessity, carpeted with green turf and flowers and in a scene of natural beauty which no art could rival. He moralizes that since man is only a pilgrim on the earth, with few wants but with the right to enjoy its good things, this changing panorama is well fitted to draw him nearer to God. There were sombre hours when the caprice of the wind made the waters dangerous and forced the party to wait, perhaps for weeks, weather-bound on some desolate shore, protected from rain by only an overturned canoe or a flimsy tent, and afraid to enter the forest lest the tempest should bring destruction from falling trees. The emptiness of a country where one could paddle on day after day for hundreds of miles without seeing a human being or a habitation caused a not unpleasing melancholy.

Charlevoix did not like the Canadian winter and flouted the opinion that with settlement it was growing milder. As he noted, the hard winter made difficult the feeding of domestic animals, but the vivid spring, the summer heat, and the serene and glowing days of autumn surpassed, he thought, what was to be found in most of the provinces of France. He admired the spirit of Canada. It was freer than that of old France. The seigneur might not only trade in furs with the Indians; sometimes he worked in the fields side by side with the habitants who held their land from him though they would not admit that they were his vassals. They had many privileges. Some forty years after Charlevoix, Montcalm said that Canadian workmen lived as well as did French gentlemen. In France the noble alone had the right to hunt; sport was his monopoly. From the forest on the seigneur's estate might issue at night wolves, wild boars, deer, and other animals to injure the peasant's flocks or his crops but, though he might try to drive off the animals, he was not allowed firearms with which to frighten or kill them. He might not take any part in the chase. Mounted huntsmen with their hounds might ride across his fields and half ruin his crop, but he had no redress; the seigneur was merely exercising his rights. In Canada, on the other hand, the farmer was not troubled by such checks and nothing surprised French observers more than to learn that the peasant enjoyed the gentleman's pursuits and that everyone might hunt or fish. The farmers shot bears and deer in the forest; for food they killed great numbers of the wild pigeons, who were an easy prey; and they fished for salmon and trout as they liked. The Canadian was more robust in physique than his brother in France. Hocquart, intendant at this period and a keen man of affairs, praised the habitants as good hunters and fishermen. They enjoyed usually a rude plenty of meat and fish and wheaten bread.

They had learned to supply their own needs and while the men, adroit with the axe, cleared the land and built the houses, the women clothed the family with their spinning and weaving. The nuns took good care of the sick.

Charlevoix found the Canadian alert and even witty, but thought that he had quite too good an opinion of himself. Compared with many French peasants he was spaciously housed, and he bore nothing comparable with the crushing taxation of France. In what is no doubt too gloomy a picture, La Bruyère describes the French peasant in Normandy, from which Canada was chiefly peopled, as living like animals in desolate hovels, as degraded in physique to a level hardly human, and as almost the slaves of their masters. The vice of the Canadian, on the other hand, was a lawless sense of freedom. He was masterful, impetuous, and without any training in obedience; too proud to be a servant, too self-centred, Charlevoix thought, to be a good son to his parents. Life in the thinly populated country kept the Canadians stagnant. They liked flattery and resented criticism. Even in church they were not docile and often paid little heed to the curé's complaints of loud quarrels and needless crowding and smoking at the entrance. Hocquart thought that the long, hard winter encouraged idleness, drunkenness and gambling. Few of the people had any education; even the children of officers could barely read and write, and they knew nothing of the outside world or of history. Perhaps because of the teaching in the convents for girls, the women were often superior to the men and, like so many women in France, looked so shrewdly after the business affairs of the family that their husbands did nothing of consequence without their advice. The Swedish traveller Kalm, who visited Canada in 1749, notes the passion for display which made life in the towns a hectic imitation of France. The merchants,

he says, gave sumptuous repasts; and the women dressed and had their hair powdered at all hours as if about to attend a reception at court.

Charlevoix condemns French policy in Canada. The fisheries, which might have been a more enduring source of wealth than the mines of Peru and Mexico, had been neglected. Little had been done to make use of the forests, perhaps the greatest in the world, with tall straight cedars, noble fir and pine trees, and a great variety of other woods. Much of the land was fertile, but the settlers had preferred the roving life of the hunter, and some had so neglected their farms that even cleared land was going out of cultivation. Many, and especially the young, were leaving the country, and carrying back to France reports which made it more than ever difficult to attract settlers.

Contrary to the former policy of his fellow Jesuits, Charlevoix admits the wisdom of creating populous centres in the interior where should grow up rivals in trade to Quebec and Montreal. At Niagara, at Detroit, at Michilimackinac, and in the distant region of the Mississippi, the French were creating such posts. Charlevoix visited them and he saw that the malady of Quebec and Montreal affected them too. The fur-trade had lost its vigour. It had never really recovered from the dark days of the time of Frontenac when the route to Montreal from the west was blocked by the ferocious Iroquois. The English in New York were now the more aggressive traders and, with cheaper goods, could give the natives a more profitable barter. While it was difficult to secure furs it was also difficult to sell them. Before the coming of the European the natives, as Charlevoix notes, had molested the beaver but little. They did not like his flesh for food and other skins they valued above his. Because the French had found easy the trapping of the beaver they had slaughtered him so ruthlessly that they had not only cut off the nearer sources of supply but had over-

stocked the French market and the hunters had been obliged to go to Albany to get rid of their furs. Fashion, too, was now turning against the trade, for beaver was little used except for hats.

Thus Canada, whose trade was almost wholly in furs, was in decline. The fur-trade, so eagerly pursued that its hardships were forgotten in the lure of its adventures, was bringing riches to no one. It had fostered reckless habits and a distressing feature of New France was the large number of very old people, penniless after a life of toil. Away from the chief centres, many, unable to secure clothing, went about, as Charlevoix declares, stark naked. Goods from France were extremely dear and such imports were made all the more difficult by a debased currency. The paper money issued by the governor was nearly worthless. The population was almost stagnant for, though Canadian mothers were fruitful, too many children died in infancy. Officials and officers were poorly paid and their gaiety did not conceal their real distress. A resident of Canada confirms the depressing opinion of Charlevoix. In 1730 Sister Duplessis, head of the Hôtel-Dieu at Quebec, where, during a century, the sick had been cared for, drew a dark picture. Everyone, she said, was complaining and no one found a remedy. There was wretched poverty and, in this unhappy society, shut in to its own misery, strife, bad faith and malignant gossip poisoned relations. There was, of course, another side. Writing a little later, Kalm found the country the finest he had seen in America; the people were devout in demeanour and had pleasant manners and they were stronger and healthier than those of France, though, as he adds, they were less industrious. So many men died from the hardships of the fur-trade that the women greatly outnumbered them. The cultivated class took an interest in natural history and in literature, which he had found lacking in the English colonies, where everyone's sole care

was to make his fortune and the sciences were held in contempt.

During half a century after Frontenac there were but three governors of Canada, all drawn from high ranks of French society. Frontenac's immediate successor, Callière, belonged to the nobility of Normandy. After his death in 1703 the Marquis de Vaudreuil held the office until 1725, nearly a quarter of a century, while his successor, the Marquis de Beauharnois, was governor for twenty years from 1726 to 1746. The succession of intendants was not of a character as high as that of governors. Michel Bégon, intendant from 1712 to 1726, was a capable man who, after leaving Canada, received the important post of intendant of Normandy. He was in office during the revival after the Treaty of Utrecht when France was building Louisbourg and was bent on recovering what she had yielded by the treaty. Bégon was energetic and in order to people Canada was ready to bring in negroes as settlers, but he was so greedy for gain that he is said to have built up a monopoly in beef and pork which were sold at his own private butcher-shop. No scandal ever touched the intendant Giles Hocquart who was in Canada from 1729 to 1748 and worked in harmony with the governor Beauharnois, but his successor, François Bigot, the last of the intendants, though capable and with attractive qualities, so plundered New France as to make this an important factor in its fall. Governors and intendants alike usually remained long in office. A post once secured, its holder had to cling to it, since a hundred others were eager to fill any new vacancy which might occur. For a French marquis, with the entrée to high court circles, life during most of his days at remote Quebec on a wretched salary gave no brilliant outlook, but if he was poor he was eager to secure such a place. He was at least the head of a cultivated society and could live like

a gentleman. During the last half century of New France there was little strife between Church and State. Laval, rather to Colbert's displeasure, had attended the governing Council regularly and was insistent on the place of honour next the governor; but now so aloof was the bishop from interference in politics that he did not attend the meetings. We are amused at the Church's change of front in respect of the brandy trade as recorded in a letter to the court by the intendant Bégon in 1725: "I have taken counsel," he wrote, "with the bishop and with several curés, and they agree with me that in each parish there should be [not merely one but] two cabarets for the convenience of both habitants and *voyageurs*. If there were only one it might happen that [in the absence of opposition in trade] prices would be raised and that the liquor would be of bad quality." This policy does not on its face include the selling of brandy to the natives but the practise became general.

The ascetic and autocratic Bishop Laval lived to a great age and died only in 1708, twenty years after he had resigned the see. His body-servant—one Hubert Houssard —described the bishop's austerities. He slept on a simple mattress, laid on hard boards, and his poor woollen blankets swarmed with fleas. At two in the morning he rose and even during inclement cold in winter dressed and prayed in his room in the seminary without a fire. At four he went, lantern in hand, to open the door of the church and to ring the bell for mass, said at that early hour to suit the convenience of workmen. In the withering cold of the unheated church he remained in prayer until seven. He mortified his body by refusing to eat meat until it was far gone in decay. He gave away even his own silver plate. Meeting one day in the street a shivering child, he took him in, washed and kissed his feet, and sent him on his way

warmly clothed. He had learned this type of service in his early years in the Hermitage at Caen, where he and his companions went about begging, so as to be one with the poor. It is Francis of Assisi in a different age. Laval's death crowned the austerity of his life. During Holy Week, in 1708, he remained so long in the church, absorbed in prayer, that one of his feet was frozen and from this he died at the age of eighty-six.

Like Laval, his successor, Sainte-Vallier, had the graces of a polished society, while he was arbitrary and lacked any sense of compromise. He grieved Laval by planning a vast palace on the eastern edge of the high cliff at Quebec, where he might have the training of priests under his own control and not in the neighbouring seminary founded by Laval. Saint-Vallier had defeated even Louis XIV's desire to force his withdrawal from Canada and he lived to extreme old age, always a centre of strife, but at the same time commanding respect by his austere and fiery zeal. In 1713 when, after a long captivity in England, during the war, and an absence of thirteen years from Canada, he was about to return, he asked for a coadjutor. To this the king readily assented, in the hope that it might involve the early return to France of the bellicose prelate. Mornay, member of a noble Breton family, with influence at court, was named. But the plan to get rid of Saint-Vallier failed. At the age of sixty he returned and he ruled his diocese during still fourteen years. He begged the coadjutor, who had the right of succession, to follow him to Canada and intended to send him to Louisiana, then in the diocese of Quebec. But though duly consecrated with the title of Bishop of Euménie in Phrygia, near Laodicea, Mornay was wary. When the old king, Louis XIV, urged him to go to Canada at once, he made excuses and had not set out when Louis died in 1715. The king had given him a pension of three thousand livres a year to support his episcopal rank and,

having income and dignity alike assured, he continued to enjoy life at Paris with only an occasional glance at affairs across the sea. After dallying with his office for nearly fifteen years, he began to say that he was too old at sixty to go to Canada, and he had made up his mind to resign when, early in 1728, came the news of the death at Quebec of Saint-Vallier and of his own succession to the see.

Events at the funeral of Saint-Vallier read like a chapter from a mediaeval chronicle. He died just after midnight on December 21, 1727, in the fine General Hospital, a house for the poor which he had built on the banks of the St. Charles. He had prepared a tomb in the neighbouring parish church of Nôtre Dame des Anges and his reputation for saintliness made it seem likely to the faithful that there miracles would occur. Perhaps with this in view the canons of the Quebec cathedral took promp action. They planned that the emaciated body of the prelate should be carried in succession to each of the Quebec churches and then to the cathedral for elaborate funeral rites, and the suspicion spread that the canons intended to keep it there in what might become a wonder-working shrine. In making their plans the canons claimed authority in the diocese until instructions should come from Monseigneur de Mornay, the new bishop. But he was in France; he might, indeed, be dead; it was mid-winter and months must elapse before word could come from him, and so the cathedral chapter must rule meanwhile. The rights claimed by the canons were promptly disputed. The Archdeacon Lothbinière insisted that he was acting head of the Church and proceeded to carry out the bishop's plan for his own burial.

At this stage the state intervened in the person of the Intendant Dupuy. He had arrived in 1725 with the new governor, the Marquis de Beauharnois, and had been so quick to verify the long tradition of strife between governor

and intendant that Beauharnois wrote to the court: "If ever there was an impossible man he [Dupuy] is one. If I say white he is sure to say black. He thinks himself general, bishop and intendant all in one." So assertive was he of his dignity that he required two soldiers with muskets at the shoulder to accompany him to his seat in church. Now he took up warmly the side of the archdeacon and ordered the canons to appear before the Superior Council on January 2. When they failed to obey he went to the General Hospital and gave orders that the burial should take place at once. The archdeacon and other clergy present hastily put on their surplices, the nuns were summoned and, as night fell, the body was carried to the church with what pomp was possible in such haste, and was buried in the prepared grave.

The news went quickly to Quebec and there created a sensation. That evening the tocsin sounded; rumours spread that the Hospital was on fire; and the canons hurried thither followed by a crowd. They found at the door of the church an armed guard which tried but failed to prevent their entrance. There was a threat of exhuming the body already placed under a heavy stone. Though wiser counsels prevailed, during the following months the Superior Council fumed against the canons and they retorted in kind. At last the governor intervened and rebuked both sides; orders came from the new bishop in France denying the claims of the canons; and the king recalled the intendant because of his unwise handling of the matter.

Though the third bishop of Quebec, Monseigneur de Mornay, never saw Canada, during five years he tried to rule his diocese from Paris. He secured and sent out a coadjutor bishop, Monseigneur Dosquet, a native of Lille, who had served in Canada for about four years under Saint-Vallier. Inevitably Dosquet found the situation in Canada distressing. The great palace begun by Saint-Vallier stood

unfinished like a monumental ruin. Of the hundred parishes only twenty had resident priests, some of them half starved, and the other parishes were served in the rare visits of travelling missionaries. When Dosquet left his post and returned to France in 1732, the powerful minister, Maurepas, told him that he should go back quickly to Canada or resign, but he would do neither; he was "very difficult," says the baffled official. Maurepas urged Mornay himself to go to New France, but the bishop would not budge and Canada had in Paris two non-resident prelates. When, at last, in 1733, Mornay resigned, Dosquet became fourth bishop of Quebec. "You should sail in May," Maurepas told him early in 1733, but he did not go until the following year and then he remained in Canada for only a year. When he was back in France, the minister continued to rebuke him for his neglect of duty, told him, almost savagely, either to resign or to go back, and on December 8, 1738, wrote: "You must return to Quebec in the spring or the king will take needed measures of compulsion." But Dosquet would not return and he held out for an adequate income before he would resign. Not until 1740 did he make way for his successor.

This successor was a model young prelate, only twenty-eight years old, who, since the Jesuits were no longer in favour, was appointed by the influence of the Sulpicians in Paris. Lauberivière's social rank maintained the valued aristocratic traditions of the see of Quebec. He sailed from La Rochelle on June 10, 1740, in the old and pestilence-haunted ship, the *Rubis*. The plague broke out and from this cause the bishop died soon after his arrival at Quebec. The last French prelate of the French régime, Pontbriand, also of noble birth and of devout character, was destined to see stormy days and to die in 1760 at the time of the fall of New France.

The slow growth of Canada had helped at least one thing

which its rulers desired; the European population was wholly French, without alien elements in race and with complete religious uniformity. Occasionally, indeed, among the clerks coming from France, might be found a Protestant; in 1741, there were nine and their presence caused grave concern to Bishop Pontbriand. He wrote in 1747 to the minister: "I am convinced that for the spiritual good of my diocese, no Protestants should be received in this colony. This would be also for the good of the state. If delay in carrying this out is made, the number will increase and the remedy will be difficult." A few foreigners reached Canada, deserters or prisoners captured in the frontier wars. Some Irish Catholics came but then, as now, unity in religion hardly softened racial differences and the last governor sent the Irish to France where they were incorporated into an Irish regiment. If uniformity in race and religion could make a great colony, the path to shining success lay before New France.

In Europe during this period the rivalry of dynasties was a more obvious source of strife than that of nations. Acute nationalism is not, however, merely a later growth, and long before the final fall of New France the nationalism of Canada was asserting itself against even the mother-land. When Charlevoix visited Canada in 1720 there were families whose great-grandfathers had settled in the country and this land-owning peasantry was certain to develop a strong local patriotism. The Canadian habitant did not read; he knew nothing of distant regions; his immediate surroundings were his world; of France he knew that she had taught her colony to be dependent and then had almost deserted it. It was a grievance that during the long War of the Spanish Succession Louis XIV cut off his grant to aid the pay of priests in Canada and thus left many, among a people devoutly Catholic, without the services which they thought vital to religion. A native clergy had

developed in Canada and it was jealous and resentful at the appointment to parishes of priests born in France. Since, for a long time, the bishop was absent in France, we need hardly wonder that the Canadian clergy showed an independent and even rebellious spirit. Already Canada had its own places for devout pilgrimages. One was at St. Anne de Beaupré, near Quebec, and we are told by its curé during the years from 1734 to 1740 that the rural churches in France were not to be compared with those in Canada. His own great church had many fine paintings and other ornaments, and the numbers confessing and taking the communion were probably more numerous than those of any country church in France. Since resident priests were few, we need hardly wonder if in many parishes the religious observance of Sundays and Saints' Days was neglected. To enforce Sunday rest the intendant Raudot issued an order that the inhabitants must not work their horses on those days.

So national was the spirit of French Canada that, long before the fall of New France, there was an urgent demand that a Canadian should be appointed governor, something which, two centuries later, a vaster British Canada has not required. New France secured in the end what it desired, a Canadian governor. The venerable Marquis de Vaudreuil, governor from 1703 until his death at the age of eighty-two in 1725, had reared his family in Canada. His wife was the daughter of a Canadian officer, Pierre de Joybert, and had spent her childhood at the obscure military post of Gensec on the river St. John. It was a far cry from this frontier life to the French court, yet in 1708 Madame de Maintenon, wife of Louis XIV, chose Madame de Vaudreuil to be a governess of the royal children. She remained in France from 1709 to 1724 and is described as having the air of one so potent in the court circle that nothing could be refused to her. Chiefly, no doubt, through her

influence, her eldest son was, unlike most Canadian officers, rapidly advanced in the army, and Canadian nationalism won a victory when, in 1755, thirty years after his father's death, this other Marquis de Vaudreuil became governor. He was kindly and devoted to Canada; but he was also vain, weak and timid and became the easy prey of a corrupt circle which surrounded him.

In their national spirit the Canadians were only proving themselves true sons of France, the most nationalistic state in the modern world. In relation to England New England developed a similar sense of national life; but the contrast between old and New France was more acute. While New England governed itself, New France had upon it always the hand of old France and, though it was often a helping hand, this helpfulness taught the Canadians to look across the sea for support, only sometimes to find cold unconcern. No doubt the English cared as little for their colonies; the difference was that these had rarely looked to the mother country for aid. From the society of Paris with its enquiring spirit, its interest in antiquity, its lightness and simplicity in art, its witty debate on all things in heaven and earth, the cry was far to New France. In the past, two motives had inspired zeal for the colonies; one from religion, the other from a passion to build up a great French empire. Now, however, the first had weakened, and the second stirred hardly an echo in the court circle, weary, as the event proved, of the burden of the colony.

CHAPTER XXV

THE THIRD WAR WITH THE ENGLISH COLONIES

The Treaty of Utrecht had the two provisions relating to Nova Scotia that the Acadians who did not become British subjects should leave Acadia within a year and that the boundary of Acadia should be fixed by an International Commission. The Commission never reached a decision and since, in any case, it would have involved a long delay, the Acadians, who wished to stay but also to remain French, evolved the ingenious plea that they could not be expected to move beyond a frontier until that frontier was defined; in consequence, as Port Royal alone had been definitely ceded under the treaty, only there, it was claimed, might the English require from them the oath of allegiance within the prescribed year; meanwhile the English must certainly not push into the disputed territory beyond the isthmus, for this land must inevitably go to France. Nor were the English to feel secure in the peninsula itself. Since France and England were at peace, the French took no direct hostile action, but they incited the native tribes to vindicate the French claim. They told the Micmacs on the Acadian peninsula and the Abenakis on the mainland that they must either fight the English or be enslaved to them, lose their lands, and in time their faith. Count Maurepas, who was in charge of the colonies, wrote repeated instructions to Louisbourg to do everything possible to foment war between the English and the natives, and in 1734 the young king himself ordered the governor of Canada to push on

the Abenakis to harass the English settlements. Sometimes, however, the court restrained the zeal of officials on the spot. After long delay, in 1730, Governor Phillips of Nova Scotia required the oath of allegiance from Acadians in British territory and the French President of the Navy Board commended his demand since those who refused it would go to Cape Breton to recruit its French population. The leaders of the Acadians on the spot insisted, however, that Phillips, while requiring the usual oath, gave a verbal promise never to require the Acadians to fight against France. The promise was not confirmed in writing and Phillips reported to England that the Acadians had taken the oath.

The Jesuit Father, Sebastian Râle (or Racle), born in Franche Comté in 1657, had spent his life since 1689 chiefly with the Abenakis. Stationed in the missionary village of Norridgewock, on the Kennebec River, Râle showed consuming zeal in both religion and politics. When, after the cession of Acadia in 1713, some English settlers moved northward beyond the Kennebec, Râle told the Indians that the intruders were corrupt land-grabbers who would rob them alike of their property and their faith. The Abenakis hesitated to fight the English whose goods were cheaper than French goods; but Râle so stiffened their backs as to cause murderous frontier outrages, and in this he was true to the avowed French policy of urging the natives to war on the English. He accompanied the natives on their hunting expeditions, carrying with him a set of the sacred vessels, holding daily mass, and always teaching that the English were the enemies of God who despised the natives as mere animals without souls. The Abenakis declared that they would have no English settlers in their lands; and at last in 1721 they ordered all the English to leave the country. Massachusetts met this demand by a declaration of war on the Abenakis. Five years of further strife followed

and are to this day remembered in New England as heroic phases of its early history.[1]

Râle's presence at the native councils and his denunciation of English greed and heresy were long effective, but in time the natives began to doubt the wisdom of war on the English. To support his work Râle had six thousand livres a year from the French government and he was so active that the English came to regard him as a bloodthirsty enemy. Their own methods were harsh. They paid a high price for the scalps of natives who had become to them vermin to be destroyed. As early as in 1694 Massachusetts was paying a reward of £50 for every Indian, old or young, captured or killed. In 1729 a youth who brought in two scalps received a reward of £200. Later, in 1746, Connecticut paid £150 for scalps of Indians as old as thirteen years and half as much for younger ones; later these sums were increased to £350 and £176. At the height of Râle's activities Massachusetts sent an expedition against Norridgewock in the summer of 1724, and Râle was killed during the fighting at the capture of the village. The English took nearly thirty scalps, among them that of Râle. There was great outcry at this killing of a priest, but the English pointed out that he was killed when in arms and taking the chances of war, but that his allies killed and scalped Willard, the minister of Rutland, and sent his scalp to Quebec, though he never took up arms. The incident embittered the issue. To the French Râle was a martyr in a holy cause, slain by cruel heretic enemies, while to the English he was a traitorous priest using religion as a cloak to political aims. In 1726 the English made peace with the Abenakis, and after that they gradually occupied what is now Maine. It is pleasant to know that a century later Catholics

[1] Francis Parkman, in *A Half Century of Conflict*, describes in great detail "Lovewell's Fight," the story of a forest ambuscade near Frysburg, in the White Mountains. In the annals of New England it has, as he says, a place similar to that of Chevy Chase on the Scottish Border.

and Protestants united to place a monument on Râle's grave.

While far across the sea, in Paris and in London, the remote outposts, symbols of vast and rival claims, were well-nigh forgotten, passions were surging in the American scene. There it was religion which made the French the more aggressive. The Acadians were conceded the right to the free exercise of their religion. Since inevitably it was French priests who ministered to them, Acadia remained under the Bishop of Quebec. Though the British disliked this jurisdiction of a foreign and hostile prelate, the officer in command at Annapolis was not exigent. He did not wish the Acadians to leave, for beyond the walls of his fort there were few English in Acadia and an Acadian rising might bring ruin to the weak garrison. Although New England had been so insistent on the conquest of Acadia, no settlers went there from New England; to go to live among its French population would have been, indeed, a dangerous venture. The French acted on the unshakable conviction that Acadia was theirs and must be returned to them. The court aided the plan with money and in 1728 it actually ordered a census of the Acadians, and sent a priest from house to house in the parishes. On this occasion he reported that there were about four thousand five hundred people; and when, twenty-five years later, the census was repeated, the number was six thousand three hundred and eighteen. Forty years after the cession to Britain of Acadia, the Abbé de l'Ile-Dieu, the Commissary in France of the Bishop of Quebec, declared that the sovereign to whom the Acadians owed fidelity was the king of France and urged the priests in Acadia to persist in strengthening this loyalty. There were then hardly a dozen English families in the colony.

On the Acadian peninsula the Micmac Indians showed relentless hostility to the British. "They destroy all the

English upon whom they can lay hands," says an inhabitant of Louisbourg whose narrative has been preserved, ". . . and vow that they will kill every Englishman who ventures into the forest." This was the outcome of the teaching that the British would enslave the native tribes and bring perdition to their souls by the Protestant heresy. Even after the British had in 1749 founded the strong fortress of Halifax, the Micmacs prowled in the neighbourhood, killed stragglers, and drove off British fishermen landing to dry their fish. The savages even captured British trading vessels on the coasts of Nova Scotia, and forced the captured sailors to work the ships on piratical expeditions among the fishing vessels on the Banks. These strange pirates spread terror among the New England fishermen, who retaliated with such effect that at times the severed heads of Micmac Indians decorated the palisades of the fort at Canso.

From the first, the English colonies had resented the founding of Louisbourg. Had they then taken Annapolis only now to be confronted by danger from a stronger place facing more directly their lines of trade? It was irritating that the French soldiers in Louisbourg should jeer at the cowards in Boston who would not dare to go to live in Acadia, who let even Indians capture their vessels and drive from the shores of Acadia their fishermen. The tradition of an invincible France created by Louis XIV survived, and the boasters at Louisbourg still spoke of taking and destroying Boston itself. The two communities surveyed each other across an impassable gulf created by race, tradition and rival interests. To the French the English were brutal materialists without vital religion and inspired by a pagan hate for the true faith. To the English the French were the enemies of liberty who clung to a degrading superstition, and aimed to make Louisbourg a home for pirates and privateers preying on British commerce.

This rivalry in America was, of course, only the last outcome of an enmity between the two nations, which stretched far back into the centuries. In America the issue was simple for each intended to drive the other from the continent and, as the event proved, neither was content to rest until its aim should be achieved. In Europe, however, the problems were more complex and there, as against the sudden flaming up of Spanish ambitions under Alberoni, Britain and France were allies. But this was an irrelevant incident. France had supplanted Spain as the leader in Europe of Catholic interests, and though Bourbon France and Hapsburg Austria had long fought each other, slow but potent forces were tending to bring together these two Catholic powers. In the north a Protestant Prussia was creating a great army to challenge Austria; and across the English Channel a Protestant Britain was building up power not on land but on the sea, in order to be free to carry to all the world the products of her industry. A mighty drama was, in reality, unfolding its secret; but the actors were hardly conscious of its meaning as a whole. Thus France and Prussia are sometimes found on the same side confronting Britain and Austria as allies. But we, who know the later acts, see the working of relentless forces out of which came in the end a mighty Germany under a Protestant ruler and a North America dominated by the genius of Britain.

Renewed war in America was due in the first instance to the relations between Britain and Spain. The treaty exacted from Spain in 1713 by which Britain could trade with the Spanish colonies had led to inevitable disagreements for, while Spain disliked these concessions, Britain was bent on pushing them to the utmost. One large British ship might take a cargo yearly to Spanish colonial ports. What more natural in a commercial world, resolved to trade where trade was possible, than that the ship, having sold much of its

cargo at one Spanish port, should set sail for another and on the way fill its hold with a renewed cargo taken from a British ship conveniently waiting at some agreed point? By such means the cargo might be renewed for each port. It was not difficult too for a bold British mariner to sail his unlicensed ship from a harbour in Jamaica to an out-of-the-way Spanish port and sell his cargo to colonists as keen to buy cheap goods as he was to sell. Of course the Spanish tried to stop such abuses and British mariners complained of unreasonable harshness from Spanish coast-guards.

No doubt the truculent temper of some Spanish officials gave just cause of offence to the British. A Spanish privateer might easily pretend to be a coast-guard and act the pirate in the seizure and plunder of an English ship, on the plea that as a smuggler its offences warranted confiscation; Spanish governors, too, were sometimes ready to condone practices, the spoils of which they shared. In turn the British gave abundant cause of offence. Men seized on Spanish ships were sometimes sold as slaves in the English colonies. Ever since the days of Drake, when Protestant Englishmen were executed in Spanish ports simply because they were Protestant, it had been easy to stir English passions by tales of Spanish cruelty. Nor was this less true of Spain in relation to England. While one side believed that thousands of Englishmen were being slowly done to death in Spanish prisons, the other accepted the tale that a British sea-captain had cut off the nose of a captive Spanish noble and forced him to eat it. Interests in both nations magnified things in themselves irritating. Since high duties protected trade in Britain from foreign intrusion, Spanish merchants naturally believed that a similar policy, which should exclude the aggressive British from their colonial markets, would aid their own trade. Moreover, in the last war Britain had secured Gibraltar; her continued holding of it was like a spear in the living side

of Spain; and to recover it she was prepared to risk renewed war. The British, for their part, believed that stout blows would shatter Spain's colonial power. So small a country as Scotland had defied her by founding a colony at Darien, and though Spain and the climate had united to destroy the colony, it was not less clear that Spain was decaying. The spirit which had led Drake to attack her was still alive in England and needed only a valid excuse to assert itself.

Meanwhile the policy of Sir Robert Walpole was for peace. The long war ended by the Treaty of Utrecht had exhausted both sides and for a score of years Walpole had avoided war and built up the nation's resources. The party spirit of that time knew few bounds of decency; and it was easy for Walpole's opponents to say that his desire for peace was due rather to some base cowardice than to zeal for the national interest. Thus it happened that the story of Jenkins's ear became an important factor in causing war. This English sea-captain reported that a Spanish coast-guard had boarded his ship and, in addition to other violence, had cut off his ear and thrown it in his face with an insulting message to his king. When Jenkins was summoned to state his case at the bar of the House of Commons, he produced the severed ear neatly packed in wool. Resolutions involving war were supported by passionate speeches and Pitt declared that both national trade and national honour were at stake. There was in truth something shameless in the violent agitation and, long afterwards, Burke declared that after Jenkins's death both ears were found intact. In the end Walpole could not resist the clamour of a warlike nation, while Spain was the more defiant because secretly assured of the support of France, and war broke out in 1739.

It could not be foreseen at the time that, during the next quarter of a century, Europe was to have two long wars culminating always in a struggle between Britain and

France for colonial power. In 1740 the young Hohenzollern king, Frederick II, succeeded to the throne of Prussia with tireless ambition to make a great reputation and to increase the power of the Prussian state and displace Austria as the leader in Germany. When, a few months later, died that Emperor Charles VI, who had made so long a struggle against the Bourbon succession in Spain, Frederick found his excuse. Since the emperor had no son, during many years the chief aim of his policy had been to ensure that his daughter Maria Teresa should succeed him. Though most of Europe agreed to what was called the Pragmatic Sanction, it was not easy in the Europe of the time to secure a throne to a female ruler. Frederick had some claim to be the male heir to the province of Silesia, and he quickly occupied it. France, the ancient enemy of Austria, joined Prussia in the war against the Hapsburg and, in defiance of the distrust in Europe of a Bourbon Family Compact, Bourbon France made an alliance with the Bourbon King of Spain, who claimed to be the male heir to all the realms of the Hapsburgs, and that Maria Teresa was a usurper. Since Spain was at war with Britain, inevitably, by 1744, Britain and France were also at war; and again was renewed in America a struggle which endured for twenty years and secured for Britain all that both France and Spain held in North America between the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi River.

It shows the failure of the government in London to realise the situation in the colonies that no pains were taken to inform them of the outbreak of war. The French at Louisbourg were, on the other hand, told promptly; and on May 6, 1744, the day after the news arrived, feverish preparations began to attack the nearest British post, the fishing station at Canso, on a barren island some fifty miles to the west in Nova Scotia. It was a poor little place with only some wooden buildings, but it was important for the New

England fishery. A querulous inhabitant of Louisbourg declares that the French were in no condition to begin aggressive war. The governor, Du Quesnel, was unpopular, changeable, and in his cups brutally violent, while the garrison was short of ammunition, small-arms, and even food, and its spirit was mutinous. Canso was, however, an easy mark and within a few days the little garrison had to surrender to a French force which burned the buildings and seized all the inhabitants, including some women, and carried them off to Louisbourg, with the promise to send them to Annapolis or Boston, after holding them for a year as prisoners. So short of food, however, was Louisbourg that long before a year had elapsed the French were glad to send their prisoners to Boston, where they were able to tell tales of all that they had seen in the French fortress—its divisions, its poor equipment for war and its real weakness.

Better than Boston knew do we know how vulnerable it was. In October Du Quesnel died suddenly, "unregretted as he deserved to be," says his malignant critic, and Du Chambon, an officer with no experience of war, succeeded him. Two months later, on the second day after Christmas, mutiny broke out. In the grey dawn of a winter morning, the Swiss troops marched without their officers to the parade grounds with drums beating and bayonets fixed and soon the French troops joined them. The mutiny was due to France's neglect of the place and centred in a question of wood and clothing for warmth, of butter and bacon for food. For the time the demands were conceded without penalty to the mutineers, but long afterwards three of them were hanged at the instance of the French court. One result of the mutiny was so serious a distrust of the Swiss soldiers that later, during the siege by the English, Du Chambon feared to make a sortie lest they should desert.

The capture of Canso by the French brought acute alarm to New England and confirmed the view that Louisbourg

had become important and menacing. It threatened the New England fishery. In reports, probably exaggerated, it was stated that twenty thousand men were engaged in the trade of Louisbourg and that a thousand vessels of from two hundred to four hundred tons visited the place yearly, and carried five million quintals of fish to France, Spain and other markets. On the military and naval side, it seemed formidable. The one British military post, Annapolis, the former Port Royal, neglected, lonely, and with only a few hundred defenders in a Nova Scotia peopled by French inhabitants, was in constant danger. Yet Nova Scotia was New England's chief outpost of defence against the ravage and burning of its coast towns by a French fleet. In the summer of 1744, there were at Louisbourg a score of French armed ships, including four privateers and three men-of-war, and Boston lived in daily dread of a descent which should fulfil the French threats of half a century to destroy the city. For defence each colony had only a few small ships which could, indeed, watch the coasts and scent danger, even though they could not meet it. Louisbourg was less formidable in winter than in summer for in the late autumn the merchant ships sailed for Europe with a strong naval escort, and Louisbourg was defended only by its weak garrison. Inevitably the summer of 1744 was one of anxiety in Boston and when in November no fewer than fifty-four vessels sailed for France, the news spread that they took with them pilots to guide to America a great fleet which should come in the following summer.

New England was fortunate in having an efficient and resourceful governor, William Shirley. He was an Englishman of good family who in 1731 had gone out, a penniless barrister, to seek his fortune. He had as patron that Duke of Newcastle who was prominent in English public life during half a century and became the jest for bustling incompetence of the hostile writers of the time. Whatever his

faults, Newcastle, unlike many leaders of the time, lived a decent life, befriended promising young men, and at times did the right thing with effective energy. By his support, Shirley became governor of Massachusetts in 1741. He was of a robust type, far-seeing and tactful. To him Nova Scotia was the decisive frontier to British power in North America. Should France prove strong enough to recover it, she could do her will in North America, for she would hold in Quebec the key to the interior and in Louisbourg that to the mastery of the Atlantic coast. The danger had, of course, long haunted the English colonies and even when the two nations were at peace they had urged an attack on Louisbourg. In 1743 Kilby, the agent in London of Massachusetts, had outlined exact plans for doing this, and when war broke out he pressed the project anew on the British government. France was the eternal enemy and Louisbourg was reputed to be rich, and fear and greed were united in the appeal to England for aid. The taking of Canso had quickly confirmed the fears, and when, a little later in the summer, a force directed from Louisbourg attacked Annapolis, the danger came nearer home to Boston. Whatever policy for colonies Britain had at the time related less to efforts to aid them than to plans to control them and to benefit by their trade. Nova Scotia had been utterly neglected. Philipps held the office of governor from 1719 to 1749, though he put no foot in Acadia after 1731. Besides his pay as colonel he drew £1,000 a year as governor and other sums as perquisites. At the same time his deputy at Annapolis was left without money even for postage and was sometimes without news from England for months at a time. When a better day came in 1749, the new governor Cornwallis called Philipps's conduct scandalous and shameful; but it was in line with other abuses of the time. In 1744 Shirley sent aid to Annapolis and in so doing made himself the chief defender of Nova Scotia.

Soon he wrote to Newcastle that the hour had come to take Louisbourg and end the peril. Fifteen hundred to two thousand troops would suffice; half a dozen war-ships could force the entrance to the harbour and the rest would be easy.

We need hardly wonder that the British government hesitated for it had already been facing Spain and Prussia as enemies in Europe and now to them was added France. Moreover, it was known that France was contemplating an invasion of England. As early as in February, 1744, before war broke out, a French fleet was preparing to carry an army under France's great soldier, Marshal Saxe, who was instructed to land at the Thames and to occupy London. The plan had been only postponed. France was supporting the Stuart Pretender who, as the event of the next year proved, was sure of a welcome in Scotland. It was a drawback that France's navy was so weak that a British onlooker seeing pleasure-boats pass under the bridges of the Seine could say scornfully: "There goes the French fleet"; but her ally Spain had a formidable navy. The need for caution in England was further evident in 1745 when Marshal Saxe defeated the British at Fontenoy, overran Flanders and even captured Ostend, Britain's base for her continental armies. So it happened, in 1744, that the British government preferred to mark time in America, while it faced its perils in Europe.

Meanwhile the indomitable Shirley kept up his urging. His plans were the daily talk of Boston, and many were outlining projects to carry out the great adventure after the Louisbourg fleet should have sailed away to France in the autumn. With the fleet gone, Boston pictured to itself Louisbourg as a defenceless fortress, and this led it to ask why New England could not take the place without other aid. The colonies could muster ten sea-going vessels to one of the French and also ten times as many fighting men.

Wintry seas had so few terrors for hardy men that a Maine merchant, William Vaughan, proposed that an expedition should sail in mid-winter, surprise the fortress, which would feel secure at that season, make a rapid landing, and by clambering over the snow-drifts about the walls, compel the starving and mutinous garrison to surrender. Captain John Bradstreet, a competent officer, who had been a prisoner in Louisbourg and who later earned praise from Wolfe before Quebec, backed the plan with adequate knowledge of conditions in and about the fortress.

The cautious Shirley was sympathetic and continued tireless in writing to the governors of the other colonies and to ministers in England. At last, on January 9, 1745, after pledging the members of his General Court to secrecy, he laid before them a proposal to raise an adequate force and attack Louisbourg not in mid-winter but in the early spring and before a fleet could arrive from France. Two thousand men, he said, could land before the town, devastate the surrounding country, and then batter the place to ruins. Keen debate followed but the majority thought that, rather than rely upon their own efforts, they should appeal to His Majesty's "compassionate regards," for aid from England.

Though Shirley continued to make appeals to these emotions he worked hard nearer home. When one day he met in the street a merchant who had approved of his plan and regretted the delay, he told him to get two hundred other citizens to sign a petition in its support. This was done; a hundred citizens of Marblehead signed a similar document; and Vaughan and others went about insisting that Louisbourg could be taken by surprise. In consequence the General Court again debated the matter, and on January 25, by the narrow majority of one, it reversed its former decision and gave Shirley authority to go on with his project, to raise three thousand volunteers, and to select the needed officers. Shirley listened to the plans, foolish

and wise, which are always forthcoming at such a time. He too hoped to surprise the fortress as Canso had been surprised and quickly put an embargo for thirty days on all shipping and at the same time sent out ships to clear the seas near Louisbourg of French vessels. He chose as Commander-in-Chief William Pepperell, a merchant of Kittery, in Maine, rich and highly respected, a colonel of militia, who had had the responsibility of defending the north-eastern frontier of Maine from French and natives alike. He was a member of the Council of Massachusetts and, though an amateur in war, he had patience, good sense, firmness and tact and was perhaps the best man in the colony for the job. Rhode Island held aloof until the crisis passed, but New Hampshire and Connecticut raised at once about a thousand men and New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, whose governor and whose sage citizen, Benjamin Franklin, thought Shirley's plans "rather wild," aided with money, much needed, for Massachusetts was nearly bankrupt. Of the three thousand men recruited by her, more than a thousand came from the sea-coasts and the forest villages of Maine, then a part of Massachusetts.

Perhaps the idleness of winter in that harsh climate aided recruiting. Agents, who were paid half a crown for every man enlisted, went through the villages to the beat of drum, and along the rough winter roads men hurried to enlist, carrying their own muskets and wearing the clothes of every day. The pay was to be twenty-five shillings a month and recruits were supplied by the government with blankets. For the rest they equipped themselves; but they were promised their share of the spoils of Louisbourg and this seemed to offer a rich prize as the place was reputed to be vastly rich. The enthusiasm had another side. The English preacher George Whitefield was leading a great religious revival in America and he helped to add spiritual to martial zeal; since the cause was holy, a crusade against Romish

idolatry, Whitefield suggested as a motto for the army *Nil desperandum Christo duce*—no despair while Christ leads. It was the motto of General Oglethorpe which no doubt Whitefield had heard repeated during his work in Georgia.

No time was to be lost if the blockade of Louisbourg was to be achieved before the spring fleet should come from France. This, in the end, the British did and then were able to capture the French ships as they arrived. New England energy was so effective that on March 24 nearly a hundred ships were ready and set sail for Canso. The men of New Hampshire, the first to arrive, landed there on April 4, and were followed quickly by the men of Massachusetts and by those of Connecticut three weeks later. They were too early, for almost to the end of the month the shores near Louisbourg were still blocked by ice, and there was a long chill waiting during two or three weeks. Meanwhile naval aid was on the way, and on April 22 a British man-of-war, the *Eltham* from Nova Scotia, arrived. She was to escort to England the spring merchant fleet, but had now been ordered to aid Shirley's expedition. Not only so; she brought word that the fleet under Commodore Warren, in command on the West Indian station, was coming. When Shirley's letter of February 1, announcing the expedition, reached England on March 16, the Board of Admiralty had been called instantly to a midnight meeting and had taken this prompt action.

Shirley had planned to take Louisbourg by surprise and had even named the exact hour in the darkness of night when troops should land for the capture. By February, however, he had realised that surprise was impossible, and he was prepared, should a sudden attack fail, to keep up a blockade until by June war-ships might arrive from England. He did not expect them sooner for an early appeal for aid to Warren in the West Indies had then received the discouraging reply that he could act only on instructions

from England. But, just after sending his refusal, Warren received instructions, arising from the midnight meeting of the Admiralty, which left him free to sail for Boston and now he was at hand with the war-ships, *Superb, Launceston* and *Mermaid.* Warren had a special interest in this colonial venture for he had married Miss de Lancey, sister of the lieutenant-governor of New York; he owned there extensive lands, and he hoped to be made governor. He was now forty-one, and as keen as Shirley to smite the French. Newcastle astonishes us by his successful urgency. From England came eight more war-ships, and they arrived in time to join in the blockade. The weather was good and in every way fortune seemed to smile.

From all this came the fall of France's boasted but neglected fortress. Warren blockaded it from the sea, and on April 20 some of the New Englanders landed west of the town on the rocky coast of Gabarus Bay. There were still hummocks of ice on the shore and the men had to wade through the cold surf, dragging their few cannon. Once on shore they spent cold and comfortless nights for they had few tents. One of the points most urged by Shirley was the taking of the powerful Royal Battery which lay outside the walls on the north shore of the harbour, in order to command its entrance, and thus to be able to batter intruding ships. The colonial force had brought balls for heavy guns, and had counted on seizing from the French the cannon which they lacked, and this they actually did. On May 1, Colonel Vaughan led off four hundred men through the forest to approach the battery from the rear. It was under repair, and when he came upon and set fire to a store of tar, turpentine and other stores a little distance from the battery, the explosions, smoke and flames caused a panic among its defenders, and they fled after hastily spiking the thirty heavy guns. When the New Englanders occupied it on May 3, they managed to bore out the spikes, and soon

were using the French guns for a bombardment which in time reduced to ruin a good part of the town. On the western side a hill commanded it and from this point, as Shirley had urged, the attack was as keen. With incredible labour the colonial troops dragged cannon from the shores of Gabarus Bay for three or four miles up hill, through tangled jungle and over rocks and across marshes, to within two hundred and fifty yards of the walls. Sometimes as many as two hundred men were required to drag a single gun, through water and slime to their waists, and it was necessary to work at night since the route to the advanced batteries was under fire from Louisbourg.

With the cannon once in position the fire of the amateur gunners proved accurate. The one serious British disaster came when Pepperell attempted what, it should seem, was rather a task for the fleet, and put his men in boats and tried to carry the well-defended Island Battery which blocked the entrance to the harbour. They had nearly two hundred casualties, but they soon found compensation by going round to the east, seizing the lighthouse, and pouring from there a destructive fire on the battery which had baffled them. Meanwhile the blockade by the fleet was effective. First it took four French merchant ships bringing stores to Louisbourg. Then, on May 20, it made a great stroke. When the huge French man-of-war, the *Vigilant,* with sixty-four guns and five hundred and sixty men, arrived off Louisbourg she sailed into disaster. During a fight in sight of the town, she was completely disabled; and after sixty of her men had been killed or wounded she surrendered. Fog was the great handicap to the fleet. During three days, as Warren wrote to Pepperell, it lay so heavily that he could not see the length of his own ship. This fog on a dangerous coast made the fleet anxious to bring on the crisis and accordingly, early in the siege, Warren proposed to take on board most of Pepperell's men,

to force entrance to the harbour, and to attack from that side while the land batteries protected an assault from the landward side. When Pepperell hesitated, Warren, in his impatience, wrote: "For God's sake let us do something and not waste our time in indolence." The troops on land were by no means indolent and had many difficulties to face. At one time some fifteen hundred men were down with fever. Pepperell's stragglers were cut off by prowling Indians who sometimes tortured them to death and he knew that the capable guerilla leader, Marin, was bringing from Canada a force to attack his rear.

In reality, however, there was no escape for Louisbourg. So hot was the bombardment that the suffering civilians had to live underground. Though the French troops, in all about two thousand, two-thirds of them militia, fought well, they were without hope. Accordingly, when the seige had lasted for two months and, on June 26, a combined attack by sea and land was imminent, Du Chambon proposed terms. An agreement followed and on the 28th at two in the afternoon the triumphant fleet making, we are told, "a beautiful appearance," sailed into the harbour, while at four the army marched in by the south gate. They found the French troops drawn up on the parade in good order. After formal courtesies, the French marched out carrying their arms and with drums beating and colours flying—the full honours of war. They were to be taken to France and were not to serve against the British for a year. A quaint feature of the terms was that any captured soldier or civilian who did not wish to be seen might leave the town masked. Private property was to be protected, a hard saying for the colonial troops who had been promised the booty of a wealthy and luxurious town. After the surrender there was some disorder from drunkenness, for more than a thousand hogsheads of rum were found in Louisbourg. A certain Parson Moody, related to Pepperell, is said to have gone

to the parish church and to have hewn down what he thought the symbols of idolatry with an axe brought from home for this express purpose.

The navy fared better than the army for by prizes taken at sea fortunes were possible to sailors. After the surrender the French flag was kept floating over the fortress, so that, through this lure, French and Spanish ships to the value, it is said, of a million pounds were taken. Don Antonio d'Ulloa, a high Spanish official, captured with the Spanish ship the *Deliberanza,* reported in furious indignation that British officers with their own hands so searched his officers that not the smallest coin could be concealed. Their wardrobes were plundered, and the seamen were stripped stark naked in "the insatiable thirst for gold." Half of such booty went to the officers and men of the fleet while Pepperell, the leader of the army, had to spend ten thousand pounds of his own fortune. During the siege, each side had lost by death only about a hundred men for good weather had softened the rigours of exposure. Afterwards, in bad weather, the ruined town provided only poor housing, and there was much illness. While the colonial troops continued to garrison Louisbourg during the next winter, pestilence broke out and about nine hundred men died. By the spring British regiments from Gibraltar had arrived and the militia went home.

In the end Britain repaid the outlay of the colonies in the venture. Their real loss was marked by the hundreds of graves on the shore at Louisbourg. Sometimes still, in a storm, the waves wash down to the beach from the neglected graveyard of the ruined fortress the bones of the long forgotten dead, who had left their homes in New England to humble the power of France. They had fought a good fight by proving what the professional soldiers is reluctant to admit, that amateur officers and men, led tactfully, can compete with regulars in efficiency. Wolfe showed no great

insight when, at the time in 1758 of his own seige of Louisbourg with a regular army, he spoke of the colonial soldiers as "the dirtiest, most contemptible cowardly dogs that you can conceive," who deserted by battalions, and were really an encumbrance. Like the modern French soldier they cared little for appearances and resented tactless orders and mere parade. They were at their best with a hard task before them which they felt they must achieve. Then officers and men worked together. During the siege of Louisbourg not a case of punishment is recorded; the indiscipline came in the later idle days; and it was these amateur soldiers who won the first great military success in the long fight with France for North America.

While in Britain the capture of Louisbourg made welcome news in the anxious summer which saw the defeat of her army at Fontenoy and the invasion of her own shores by the Stuart Pretender, in the colonies it spurred the resolve to end forever the French menace by conquering Canada. After a visit to Louisbourg to see for himself the cherished conquest, Shirley planned a mightier effort. He raised the cry, *Canada delenda est.* Calculations showed that the English colonies had more than three hundred thousand men of fighting age to perhaps one-twentieth of that number in Canada. We have again the appeal to each separate colony to do its utmost in the general rally. The varying answers ranged from the aloof pacifism of Quaker Pennsylvania to restricted promises of Maryland and Virginia and ardent zeal in New York and Massachusetts. There was the old plan, to go by land to Montreal and by sea to Quebec, with Louisbourg now as the rallying point for the fleet. Newcastle sent from England instructions as to what the colonies should attempt and promised eight battalions and a fleet. The colonial forces gathered and in Britain war-ships and transports were in readiness at Portsmouth. There was a costly waiting but it all came to nothing. The fleet was

devoted to a descent on Brittany and the colonial forces faded away, we can imagine with what mutterings over the fiasco.

France, victorious in Europe and served by Saxe, the greatest general of the age, was stung sharply by the fall of Louisbourg. Her navy, allied with Spain's, was formidable and she now equipped a fleet for America. In command was the Duc d'Anville, a member of the ancient house of La Rochefoucauld. He had some ten great men-of-war, three frigates and a host of other sail, making in all nearly a hundred, and carrying about six thousand sailors and three thousand five hundred soldiers. Nearly half the French navy was in that great array, and its purpose was not only to retake Louisbourg and Annapolis but to ravage the coasts of that pestilent New England which had dared to defy the might of France. Never before had France made such an effort in America and rarely did a great fleet have such a record of misfortune. It started late from the Isle d'Aix—on June 20, 1746—in great secrecy, only the leaders knowing its destination. Contrary winds delayed the fleet; in a storm two ships were struck by lightning with loss of life; then pestilence broke out and some fifty bodies were buried daily in the sea; while the long voyage of three months caused such famine on some of the ships that only a few biscuits could be supplied daily even for the sick. Near Nova Scotia in a great storm one ship went down with all on board; others were dismasted; the rest were scattered and some were driven back to France.

Near Sable Island the French captured a pilot on an English merchant ship, and forced him, under penalty of being thrown overboard with a cannon ball tied to each foot, to guide Anville's remaining ships into the spacious harbour of Chebucts (the later Halifax), which was the rendezvous where the West Indian fleet under Constant was to meet Anville. He had, however, come, waited, and then sailed

away. On the deserted, forest-clad shores the sick were landed from the pestilence-stricken ships and cared for in huts made of old sails. Hundreds died and Anville himself died on September 26, not without some suspicion of suicide. Four days later his successor, Estournel, tried to commit suicide and the command fell to La Jonquière who was later governor of Canada. In fear of the pestilence the Micmac Indians kept away from the French; and the British Admiral Knowles, who was watching the coast, got word of the disaster and wrote home jauntily that "Monsieur le Duc, with all his force, shan't have Louisbourg this year." Only on October 20 could La Jonquière put again to sea. He was a skilful sailor but winter was near, and after a vain attempt to attack Annapolis, he sailed for France. On the way the British captured some of his ships; the others suffered from pestilence and famine; one, the *Borée,* grounded at the entrance of Port St. Louis in France, and a hundred and sixty of her helpless sick were drowned.

It was rash for France with her depleted fleet to try again, but her pride was stirred, especially at the loss of Louisbourg to untrained militia. Moreover, New France was in urgent need of supplies. Accordingly a merchant fleet was made ready and early in March, 1747, the king gave peremptory orders that what warships were available should go as escort under La Jonquière. By an early start it was hoped to avoid the British fleet. Not, however, until May 10 could he set out in what he hoped was great secrecy. Meanwhile Admiral Anson had long been cruising off Cape Finisterre and on May 14 he sighted the French squadron. La Jonquière fought a hopeless battle; but he engaged quickly his heavy ships to give the convoys time to get away. This succeeded and they reached Quebec in safety with supplies much needed. He fought for five hours his own ship *Le Serieux* and before the surrender she had ten feet of water in her hold and did not obey the helm. The

British captured six men-of-war and this sequel was known when, on May 28, wounded and a prisoner at Portsmouth, La Jonquière reported to the king his melancholy story. France had certainly made a great effort for Anson captured specie to the value of three hundred thousand pounds and it was carried in triumph through the streets of London. From that time during many years France was nearly helpless on the sea; as Voltaire had urged, to build up a navy is a long task. The consequences were disastrous in the colonial field; in the end communication became nearly impossible with New France. British sea-power was indeed moving rapidly to its goal of winning North America.

Meanwhile, in America itself, war was carried on by methods which involved enduring hate. After taking Louisbourg the British deported to France not only the inhabitants of the island of Cape Breton but also those of Isle St. Jean, the present Prince Edward Island. The way was to be cleared for planting in those regions a population purely British at no matter what cost of suffering to the French colonists. Louisbourg saw pathetic sights when hundreds of these people were crowded on ships to face a future of poverty and hardship in new surroundings for the rest of their lives—a forecast indeed of the sufferings of the Acadians deported ten years later. Meanwhile on land the French more than held their own. A force of Canadians under the Chevalier de Ramesay settled at Chignecto on the narrow isthmus connecting Nova Scotia with the mainland. Over and over again they invaded the British province; three times they laid siege to Annapolis, aided always by the Indians whose savage fury against the English endured; and sometimes by Acadians who were told by the English that they were subjects of George II and by the French that they were subjects of Louis XV. They themselves, wishing to be left alone, were harshly treated by both sides.

Shirley preached eloquently his view that there was not room on the continent for both nations and the British government left him to defend his opinion. In Europe events were shaping themselves for an indecisive peace, since France, though beaten on the sea, was menacing Britain with invasion and, besides her own brilliant Saxe, had as an ally on land the military genius of Frederick II of Prussia. At Annapolis, Major Mascarene kept the flag flying, but the neglected place received no help from England and its defence fell to Shirley. In mid-December, 1746, he sent Colonel Noble with about four hundred men to march through snow-drifts to drive the French from Grand Pré at the head of Minas Basin, one of the two northerly arms of the Bay of Fundy. The French soldiers had gone when Noble arrived and occupied the place; but a few weeks later, when he was off his guard, they came back on a day of driving sleet and intense cold and re-took the village, killing him and two or three score of his men. Their leader bore a name linked in another way with a greater one; he was Coulon de Villiers who ten years later defeated on the Ohio the British leader, George Washington. In these same months, on the frontier of Massachusetts and New York the French were raiding the remoter villages with the savage accompaniments of their ignoble warfare.

Then in April, 1748, the principals in Europe signed the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Neither side was making marked headway and the treaty expressed this truth. Each nation was to restore its conquests in the war. France had taken Madras in India; Britain had taken Louisbourg; and to hand back both seemed a fair exchange. But the English colonies had hardly heard of Madras. Shirley and others had told them that with Louisbourg in French hands they could not have security; they had acted on this belief at the cost of heavy sacrifice; but now, for reasons remote from their interests, the peril was renewed. Louisbourg now

went back to France, and this made certain one more long uncompromising struggle for a continent. The peace had few friends; French wits coined a phrase *"bête comme la paix"* to reveal their mind, and British opinion was shocked by the giving up of Louisbourg—"the people's darling conquest." The First Lord of the Admiralty, the Duke of Bedford, had said that he would hang the man who proposed giving it up. Austria had played her rôle in history of being fatal to her allies, and, with renewed war certain, the British soon began to look to Austria's enemy, Prussia, led by Frederick II, as their future friend. They left to blind leaders in France, to a jaded king and his intriguing mistress, the coquetting with Austria which ended in an alliance fatal to France. Voices warned France that England was her one real enemy, and urged that safety lay in building a fleet to meet this danger; she should send troops to Canada and settlers to Louisiana; a British America would be an enduring peril, since at some future day America would be so rich as to dictate to Europe. We know now that time has given meaning to the prophecy.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE FRENCH IN THE PRAIRIE COUNTRY

It was perhaps inevitable that France, a great power in continental Europe, should be so absorbed in the problems of that troubled scene as never to show more than a fitful interest in New France across the sea. England too had never any colonial policy pondered deeply by her statesmen. Her colonies grew and they did what they liked, while, on the other hand, an indifferent France yet aimed to rule as completely in Quebec as in Paris. It was Frenchmen, not in France but in America, who never wavered in planning a great French Empire. To check the English France already held the two great river systems of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. But there was a further problem. On Hudson Bay, England and France had fought for control of the fur-trade in a great western region, dimly known, but the most populous with native tribes of all the northern continent, and France had yielded that region. Yet in it might be found the northern route to the Pacific which had inspired hopes during two centuries that it would lead to a vast commerce with Asia.

The imaginative French mind, long occupied with the problem, had come to believe that a great river in the west poured its flood into the Pacific as the St. Lawrence flowed into the Atlantic. The mighty ranges of mountains which bar the way were still unknown, as also were the two great rivers, the Mackenzie and the Saskatchewan, flowing not to the west, but one to the Arctic Ocean, the other to Hud-

son Bay. The Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, which involved a check to France in America, acted also as a spur to the recovery of lost ground and reinforced efforts to win a crowning triumph by the discovery of this imagined river and the effective occupation of the intervening territory. One result would be the undoing of the evil of yielding Hudson Bay to the English, for the French could hold the rivers by which the natives went to the Bay and cut off the English trade at its source. Thus it happened that French explorers were employed in a new great project during the last half century before the fall of New France.

The west beyond Lake Superior was only vaguely imagined. There, at least some of the tribes which had warred on each other during centuries had now secured firearms from either English or French or Spanish traders and had become by so much the more formidable. But they could not make for themselves the weapons so necessary in the struggle for existence and, as we have seen, had become dependent on supplies from Europe. The wiser spirits among the tribes wished to give no offence to the European traders, but these had to act cautiously. Suspicion and revenge were easy passions among the natives and danger lurked on the path of the intruder who by selling supplies to one tribe might arouse the jealous anger of its enemies. The English who waited on the sea-coast avoided this danger; but the more adventurous French courted it by going to live among the natives. They had their reward. They knew native ways and native thought and were better liked than the more aloof English. In time the French pushed far west into regions where, with the possible exception of Kelsey, no Englishman had ever been. In time they so intermarried with the natives that in later years *Métis,* or half-breeds, played a conspicuous part in the history of the prairie country. The map of the Canadian West is still dotted with French names. *Chansons* which had

crossed the sea from old France were heard on the prairie, and the natives learned to admire if they did not imitate the gaiety, the good humour, and the endurance of the hardy *voyageurs* who came among them.

It was thus certain that from time to time adventurous traders should push on towards the prairie. We know that as early as in 1688 one Noyon had reached the Lake of the Woods, lying west of Lake Superior, and it is not surprising that in 1716, when the sting of recent defeat was acute, Vaudreuil, the governor of New France, and Bégon, the intendant, laid before the French court a definite plan for finding a route overland to the Western Sea. The plan included a chain of forts without which neither the French trader nor his goods might have a moment's security in face of the fitful temper of the natives; and such posts involved an expense always to be considered in any advance into new regions. The appeal to the court bore fruit in the next year when the governor sent M. de la Noué to the west. Though he built Fort Kaministiquia at the mouth of that river, the site of the modern Fort William, and tried to attract the natives, nothing much came from this effort. In France the hope was less for trade than for the political effect of a new route to the Western Sea. It was this which had led the regent to send Charlevoix on his voyage of observation. He wrote an elaborate account of New France, but it did not lead to action. No financial support came from the France which had just tried to relieve its distress by the elusive magic of John Law and the Mississippi Bubble.

It was from Three Rivers that the needed leader came. That outpost, so dangerous in the early days of New France, lay at the mouth of the St. Maurice River which, flowing out of the far north, had given the northern tribes a safer route for the fur-trade than that by the Ottawa, farther west and nearer the country of the ferocious Iroquois. From

the time of Champlain, the French had a fort at Three Rivers and the Jesuits a mission. To the Iroquois the existence of Three Rivers was a defiance. It guarded the route from the interior to Quebec and, though its palisades always defied the savages, year after year they lurked in its outskirts and were a haunting terror. The little place, ranking next only to Quebec and Montreal, was so impor-

THE ROUTES OF LA VÉRENDRYE AND HENDRY

tant as to have a governor and in 1652 this post was held by Pierre Boucher, whom we have seen going to France in 1661 and telling Louis XIV to his face what were the needs of the distressed colony. The king ennobled him and in 1662, with a number of settlers, Boucher returned to Canada full of hope. The king sent out the fine Carignan-Salières regiment. Among its officers was a certain Réné Gaultier and when those who should choose to remain in Canada were offered land he was one who accepted the proposal. Boucher himself retired from his military post

at Three Rivers to become the seigneur of Boucherville, on the south side of the river near Montreal, while Réné Gaultier secured two adjoining seigneurys, Varennes and Tremblay. But he was above all a soldier. No doubt he did something with his forest-clad land, but, in 1668, he secured the post of his father-in-law and became governor of Three Rivers where he remained during twenty-two years, until his death in 1689. In 1667 he had married Boucher's daughter, at the time not yet thirteen years old; she bore him a large family and in 1685 was born a son, named Pierre, after his grandfather Boucher, and destined to rival the fame of La Salle as an explorer.

With the soldier in his blood young Pierre joined the army in Canada and he was among the Canadian *noblesse* who under Hertel de Rouville ravaged the frontiers of New England in 1704. He was also in the French force that overran Newfoundland in 1705. Then he went to France to join the army of Louis XIV during his final and most disastrous war. By this time he, like his elder brother Louis, was called La Vérendrye, perhaps from some estate of the family. In 1709 he fought at Malplaquet, the sternest and last of the great battles of the long struggle. There, near the fortress of Mons, whose fine cathedral then, as two centuries later in the Great War, witnessed harrowing scenes of human strife, Marlborough and Prince Eugène won a "very murdering battle," as Marlborough said, which cost even the victors twenty thousand men. Among the French left for dead on the field was young La Vérendrye. He had nine wounds and so marked had been his valour that he was mentioned in the order of the day. Though he remained a prisoner during more than a year, he was promoted by the king to the rank of lieutenant. Those were the darkest days of the Grand Monarch and in an exhausted France the brave youth could get no military employment. With difficulty the wife of the governor of Canada, the

Marquise de Vaudreuil, a Canadian lady who was in charge of the royal children, secured him the reduced rank of an ensign in New France and he returned to Canada. There he soon married and when peace came in 1713 he had to find a new career. His training and spirit unfitted him for humdrum tasks on the land; agriculture was going back rather than forward in Canada; and one field alone offered fortune and achievement—the fur-trade linked with exploration of regions still unknown to Europe.

La Vérendrye had had a taste of the fur-trade before going to Europe, for Vaudreuil had given him leave to open a trading post called La Gabelle, on the Saint Maurice, near Three Rivers. There he picked up the native tongue, learned native ways, and soon was well equipped for a greater task. What lay beyond Superior, the last of the Great Lakes? Was there really a river down which one could float to the Pacific? Reports flew about of great cities in the far west, of people with white skins, of mounted warriors in armour, of fortresses and cannon and great ships. No doubt such reports had their real origin in things seen among the English on Hudson Bay or among the French in Louisiana or the Spanish in Mexico. Rough maps drawn by savages on birch bark were really vague, and the stories, told usually in a language but half understood, were loose and exaggerated, though none the less did they afford glimpses of an alluring unknown.

North of Lake Superior lies the considerable but lesser Lake Nepigon where Duluth had founded a post. From Hudson Bay, not far away, the English might well have ventured inland, but the French had this interior to themselves. In 1726, we find La Vérendrye promoted to the charge of one of several recently founded trading posts on Lake Nepigon. He made copious notes of the tales of visiting natives and soon began to write urgent requests to the governor for some means to seek the route to the Western

Sea. But though to find it would bring glory to France, to spend money in finding it was not at all to the mind of the French court. La Vérendrye told the new governor, the Marquis de Beauharnois, that with a hundred men adequately equipped he might secure a new empire, but Beauharnois was helpless to do more than repeat the hope to his superior in France.

Here we confront the glaring defect of the French system. Great office tended to be hereditary until the capricious days of Madame de Pompadour. During nearly a century two régimes of father and son directed colonial affairs. Colbert had been succeeded by his son, Seignelay; and after this Pontchartrain, who took Seignelay's office, was succeeded by his son, the Comte de Maurepas. While still only fourteen years of age, this youth was given his father's post. Maurepas was not only Minister of the Marine, which included the colonies, but was also the Secretary of the King's Cabinet, and this made him responsible for the government of Paris. He had ability and made efforts to improve the fleet, for which he could get only fitful support, but his frivolous humour tended to turn everything into ridicule. To him as responsible for Paris came stories of crime and scandal, and he spent much time in collecting these so as to be able to repeat them to the king for his amusement. Thus his life was crowded with more immediate affairs than those of Canada. Yet the small details of affairs in Canada were regulated from his office. We may be sure that it was not Maurepas but some superior clerk who gave orders that a certain farmer was not to be allowed to engage in trade, or made enquiries as to the conduct of the wife of a merchant in Montreal, or tried to reconcile two factions in a convent, or decided what honours were to be conceded to women in church ceremonies. So minute was the oversight that when the death of a donkey was reported to France, the sending of another was accompanied by a

memorandum on the food and the use to be made of a donkey, and a warning that the animals were becoming scarce and dear. Little escaped this supervision. From a minister ill-informed, the man on the spot across the sea, well-informed, must get directions and meanwhile could do nothing. Such an effort as that proposed by La Vérendrye should, said the minister, be paid for by profits from the fur-trade. The French court had an exaggerated sense of the value of the licenses to engage in this trade, and would sometimes give a quarter or a half interest in a *congé* to pension soldiers' widows or aid a charity. The minister now insisted that a monopoly of trade in the region to be explored was more than enough to meet the cost of finding the Western Sea. In the end La Vérendrye could secure no more than leave to go at his own cost; and he must carry out the instructions of the minister and report to him.

Probably he had secured some capital by his trading operations, and he had also some share in the two seigneurys, Varennes and Tremblay, left by his father. But his real asset was his character. The governor Beauharnois described him as "mild and firm," qualities which included tact in dealing with the natives. He had none of the repelling moodiness of La Salle. Since colonial circles were hotbeds of controversy, he was always dogged by jealous calumny, while he himself disliked strife. "I have a horror of lawsuits," he said, when one was forced upon him. Venomous reports reached Maurepas that La Vérendrye's one aim was to make money. In truth he was a man of one idea—to reach the Western Sea and in doing so to occupy a great region for France. "I am not understood," he wrote later of himself, "money has never inspired my aims. It is for the service of the king and for the good of the colony that I have sacrificed myself and my sons. Let the future reveal what the benefits may be."

The merchants of Montreal were not rich men and we

need not wonder that they should examine carefully proposals to supply to La Vérendrye stores for his posts in the far west and to pay for the large number of men required in the service. It would be two or three years before returns could be expected. Moreover the enterprise involved many dangers. Treacherous natives might rob the trader. His men might desert and leave him helpless. He might himself be killed and the furs which he had gathered might be scattered. All these things had happened to La Salle whose creditors had become nervous and resentful and so, as time passed, did those of La Vérendrye.

On June 8, 1731, he set out from Montreal with about fifty men, among them blacksmiths and carpenters for building his forts. Like earlier pioneer work this was not to be divorced from missionary enterprise. At Michilimackinac the Jesuit father Mesaiger was waiting to join the party. They pushed up the St. Mary River which links Lake Huron with the vast Lake Superior. On rough days it was necessary to stay in camp while huge waves crashed on those desolate shores. The French knew this region for they had already a trading post at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River, the point from which in earlier days had begun the long succession of portages leading by lakes and streams to the west. La Vérendrye had, however, decided on another route. He went beyond the post to the mouth of the little Pigeon River some forty miles farther to the south-west. Here was to be the last jumping-off place into a region with the vague terror of the unknown. There were some nine miles of rapids near the mouth of the Pigeon River and the first labour was to carry the bales of goods past these rapids by the Grand Portage. After this nearly forty other portages must be crossed before coming to a lake which discharged its waters westward. It was known as Lac La Pluie, Rainy Lake, a name perhaps due to sombre experience of *voyageurs* in a region of cold

and rain. Now, before the hard prospect offered at the Grand Portage, La Vérendrye's men baulked. Winter was not far off; a long journey overland with days of crushing toil was too much for their spirits at that season; and he was forced to halt for the winter at the neighbouring French fort. The time would not be wholly lost. The natives, anxious to secure the muskets and implements of the Europeans, would come with furs to trade, while the men themselves could be hardened and disciplined under their tactful leader. La Vérendrye must have made his influence real for never again do we hear of mutiny in any of his parties.

He was risking in the enterprise his own blood. He had married young and, though now only forty-six years old, he had with him three grown sons.[1] He had, too, his sister's son, La Jemmeraye, a youth only twenty-two years old, but alert and forceful. Him La Vérendrye now sent forward with some volunteers to build a fort on Rainy Lake during the winter. Near the discharge of the lake into Rainy River flowing to the west the youth built Fort St. Pierre, named after his uncle, and began trading. There in the next summer La Vérendrye joined him but made only a brief halt for his mind was on a farther goal, and he advanced down Rainy River, intent on building before winter his second post. With him now went fifty native canoes and near the west end of the Lake of the Woods he built a fort and called it St. Charles, the Christian name of the governor, Beauharnois, and of the Jesuit, Mesaiger. His men must have worked hard and when the fort was built the natives thought it wonderful. It was a hundred feet square. Within a palisade twelve to fifteen feet high were a tiny church, a house for the commandant, another for the mis-

[1] Some confusion exists as to the identity of La Vérendrye's sons. The following is probably though not certainly a correct list: Jean Baptiste (1713-36); Pierre (1714-55); François, known as the Chevalier (1715-94); Louis Joseph (1717-61).

sionary, lodgings for the men and a magazine. Though it was too late to expect a crop, La Vérendrye cleared some ground and sowed wheat, and thus was the pioneer in the vast grain growing of the north-west. During the winter, natives, chiefly Crees, came to see the new wonder and to trade for the muskets, axes, knives, awls and needles, now necessities, and for tobacco, a coveted luxury.

For trade a constant renewing of stores was necessary and the base of supplies was a thousand miles away at Montreal. Thither in the spring of 1733 La Vérendrye sent La Jemmeraye, and with him the priest Mesaiger, whose health had broken down. The journey involved absence for a year and meanwhile La Vérendrye lacked even the supplies with which to buy food for his large company. While the leader himself did some prospecting work and planned for his third fort, others hunted and fished. Out of the Lake of the Woods to the west, through an almost trackless country, flowed the stream which we know as the Winnipeg River. Of what lay beyond its banks the explorer knew really nothing but all the more easily could he treasure hopes that this might be the river of desire down which he could go on the way to the Western Sea. The winter of 1733-34 saw plans completed for the third fort. It was to be near the mouth of the Winnipeg River which was found to flow into a great shallow lake. The fort was called Fort Maurepas.

La Vérendrye was not himself present at its building. So serious had become the obstacles at Montreal that in the summer of 1734 he was obliged to return and to spend more than a year in arranging his difficult affairs. To secure the needed goods he had to agree to hard terms. "He is facing his many difficulties alone," wrote the kindly governor, Beauharnois: "he has failed to secure any associate who, like himself, prefers the glory of success to gain in money." La Vérendrye was the victim of a double distrust; while the traders feared that he would neglect trade to search for the

sea, far away in France the impatient minister was sending him sharp orders to go forward in his exploring, and was accusing him of neglecting for trade what France expected of him, the finding of a route to the Pacific Ocean.

Again in June, 1735, La Vérendrye was able to set out for the west and now he gave to fortune an added hostage by taking with him his fourth son, a youth of eighteen. The Jesuits had not abandoned the work. Father Aulneau went with the party and was to add one more to the long list of Jesuit martyrs. During the winter of 1735-36 La Vérendrye remained at Fort St. Charles while two of his sons went with La Jemmeraye to trade with the natives at Fort Maurepas and to go far afield among the natives, often on snow-shoes. As spring came on La Jemmeraye fell ill, exhausted by the privations of the hard life. He died; and a cross reared by his two cousins over a lonely grave on the prairie marked the resting place of the capable and high-spirited young man. The loss was great and La Vérendrye's plan to push on from Fort Maurepas into the farther west was delayed.

To the native tribes the French leader assumed the tone of spokesman for the great father, the king of France. They were his children and should obey his orders and be at peace among themselves. It would be confusing even to name the many tribes in the west with whom the French came into contact. Beyond Lake Superior they had met the prairie Sioux, implacable enemies of the Crees, neighbours of the French on the Lake of the Woods, and from this enmity comes a dark story. From time to time, La Vérendrye had to send to the east the furs collected. On June 8, 1736, a party of twenty-one Frenchmen paddled away from Fort St. Charles to go to Michilimackinac and to bring back supplies. Heading the party was Jean-Baptiste, the eldest son of La Vérendrye, and with him went the Jesuit, Aulneau. To his sorrow he had seemed to achieve little among

the wandering tribes. Owing to the hard life his health had failed, and now he was going back to take counsel with his superiors about future plans. That day the party paddled eastward on the Lake of the Woods about twenty miles; they halted for the night on a small island; and their friends saw no one of them again alive. No doubt their camp fire revealed their presence to watching enemies and when, a fortnight later, on June 20, some Frenchmen and Cree Indians landed on the island they found a terrible scene. The Sioux had spared no one; and the members of La Vérendrye's party lay dead in a circle as if attack had come while they were taking counsel together. In their midst was the kneeling form of the Jesuit father, with a hand raised as if in absolution and a side pierced. The body of young La Vérendrye lay with the exposed back cleft by a knife, while severed heads, some of them scalped, lay scattered on beaver skins. The excuse of the Sioux for the massacre was that the French had aided their Cree enemies. These had urged La Vérendrye to allow this son to join a war party. When he hesitated the wisest men at his post advised him that the eager youth might go but that he should take no part in any fighting. The distinction was too fine for savage diplomacy. By this act, to the Sioux mind, the French had become the allies of the enemy and the massacre followed.

The next winter, of 1736-37, was troubled. At an earlier time the French had pushed into the Sioux country west of Lake Superior, the modern Minnesota, but now in face of Sioux hostility they were forced to abandon this Fort Bourbon. Since the tribes near La Vérendrye's forts were restlessly planning war on the Sioux he summoned them to meet him at Fort Maurepas. To reach this place he set out from Fort St. Charles on February 4. We can picture the little company as they made their way on snow-shoes, now in the beds of streams, now along forest paths deep in snow

and ghostly in winter stillness, with bright sunshine during the day, but intense cold at night. Though an advance party had cleared the route La Vérendrye's march took eighteen days. To meet him a horde of savages had come to the fort. When he tried to assemble them in the open air the cold forced him to crowd the leaders into his small apartment in the fort. He came as a peacemaker but the savages told him that he must avenge the loss of his son for whom their tears still flowed. They made him presents of meat and beaver skins and in return he gave them axes and ammunition, and told them that the king of France was their mainstay, and that he was always victorious. They must beware of the English, who, he assured them, had brought to the tribes the deadly malady of smallpox, which was at that time making great ravages.

In the next spring La Vérendrye was again forced to go to the east to secure supplies for the next great venture into farther regions. He set out in June, 1737, and made a rapid journey to Quebec. There his recent sorrow did not win him a sympathetic welcome. The governor, Beauharnois, told him that there was acute annoyance in France at his having achieved so little; and that while he might return to the west, this should be his last chance. He gave new pledges and the governor reported to France the explorer's promise to press into the far west and to send back a report by September, 1739. "I told him," added the governor, "that if he did not keep his word I should recall him."

It was in this atmosphere that a harassed leader made preparations for his supreme effort. One of his creditors, the Sieur de la Marque, was to follow with a party to see for himself. Since haste was needed if anything was to be done by winter, La Vérendrye hurried to Michilimackinac and from there on July 20, with twenty-two men in six canoes and equipped for speed, he pressed westward, hardly

pausing at the trading posts already established. He had reached the open prairie when, on September 24, he was camping at the junction of the Red and the Assiniboine Rivers, on the site of the present great city of Winnipeg. From there his party paddled up the Assiniboine River; but it was soon so shallow that, while those whom he calls the useless people went in the canoes with the stores, the rest advanced on foot. He is the first Frenchman to tell us of the sights of the Canadian prairie—buffaloes and deer; river banks lined with trees among which was abundant game; vast open plains stretching away to the horizon. Many Assiniboines, the tribe of that region, joined his party, but he would not pause for any conference.

At last, on October 2, the canoes could go no further. La Vérendrye had reached the spot which we still know as Portage La Prairie and here he decided to construct a fort. Again the men must have worked hard for within two weeks was built Fort La Reine, named after the neglected Polish queen of Louis XV. There was joy in the camp when the trader La Marque arrived with his brother, Nolant, and eight men. Though the season was already late for setting out across the wind-swept prairie for an unknown goal, La Vérendrye had to obey the court's insistence and was in haste to go farther and find a great river of which the natives talked. At a formal ceremony he received the Assiniboines as children of France, promised them protection, and gave them presents in the governor's name. He had brought with him an old Indian who had seen French settlements in the east and now described their wonders in such terms that the Assiniboines shed tears of thanksgiving at their new privileges. On October 16, by beat of drum, La Vérendrye summoned before him in review the whole company and selected a score of Frenchmen, including two of his sons and La Marque and his party, for the advance across the prairie. He chose also a score of Assiniboines to

go as guides. On the 18th fifty-two persons set out on foot in good military order on a march, as their leader hoped, to the long-desired goal of the river flowing to the Western Sea. The people whom he expected first to visit were the Mandans, of whom he had heard reports so glowing that he hoped to see a civilized people living in rich cities.

La Vérendrye soon found how wayward was the savage mind. With winter near and the great need of haste, his guides would spend glorious autumn days loafing in the camp. At other times they would lead the party aside from the direct route to visit some out-of-the-way savage village. "All that I could urge," says the harassed leader, "was to no purpose." Assiniboines joined them and expressed joy that the French were now to be established in their land. For a month, with the nights now very cold, the company advanced across the prairie and excitement grew as they neared the first of the Mandan villages. On November 20, when a whole Assiniboine village joined him, La Vérendrye admired the excellent order of his native escort. They advanced in three columns. A vanguard and a rearguard kept watch and the old and the lame marched in the middle. For safety the few French kept together. If scouts discovered buffaloes, a cry passed from the front to the rear and the most active men joined in the hunt, of course on foot for these people had no horses. The baggage was loaded on the backs of women and dogs; so scarce was wood for cooking that the dogs carried a store of it on their backs. Wheeled vehicles were of course unknown.

Word came that a welcoming delegation of Mandans would meet the party on November 29. The Assiniboines still insisted that La Vérendrye was about to see people like the French themselves and he confesses that he had high hopes. On the morning of the appointed day a Mandan chief was observed on a hilltop watching the encamped host. It was the beginning of disillusion. The chief was

only a savage. He brought as gifts some Indian corn and some poor tobacco. "They are," La Vérendrye wrote, "just like the Assiniboines; they are naked; a buffalo robe may be thrown carelessly about them but they have not even a breech cloth. From that moment I resolved that we must discount all that we had heard."

The Mandans had, however, permanent villages and were thus superior to the wandering Assiniboines and Sioux. La Vérendrye now advanced with about six hundred men, and with the best walkers among the women carrying the luggage. Hitherto his bag with his personal effects had been entrusted to a slave, but now he found that, on pretence of giving relief by carrying the load, an Assiniboine had taken it and then run off. With so heavy a package the thief could not move rapidly. Two young braves went back and caught him but were afraid to return alone across the prairie and remained with their village. Later La Vérendrye recovered the bag but meanwhile he was without needed things. December 2 was the last night on the open prairie and the start next day was at four in the morning so as to arrive early enough to make an impressive entry at the first Mandan fort. About noon the French reached the banks of a small river where were burning welcoming fires acceptable on a chill December day. A party of Mandans were waiting to act as escort to the fort and then followed the last stage of the long march. One of La Vérendrye's sons, relieved in turn by Nolant, carried in front a flag painted with the arms of France, and the other French followed the flag in military order. Much to La Vérendrye's discomfort, his hosts insisted on marking his distinction by carrying him on their shoulders. On a little hill close to the fort a great crowd awaited the visitors and after the florid speeches of welcome which followed, the French, and those of the Assiniboines who had muskets, formed in line, with the flag at the front, and fired three volleys in salute.

Then, at four o'clock, while a watching crowd lined the walls and the ditch before the fort, La Vérendrye marched in. We may imagine with what curiosity he looked about him. The place was interesting. There were streets and squares bordered by huts, all of the same type, clean and spacious, divided into compartments by thick planks and numbering as he found later a hundred and thirty. The fort, impregnable to native attack and built on rising ground, had a strong palisade fifteen feet high and was surrounded by a ditch some fifteen feet deep and fifteen or eighteen feet wide. It was without a drawbridge, but movable steps led to the bottom of the ditch and up again into the fort. Within it there were caves dug in the earth for storing supplies. Inevitably crowds surged about the spacious hut of the chief, where La Vérendrye was lodged; in the confusion a second bag, that containing his gifts and his money, was stolen. He was, in truth, in a thieving, savage community.

The Mandan men were tall, with fine features; the women were pleasing, especially some with blond hair and skins almost white. Except for a tiny apron the women, like the men, went about wearing only a buffalo robe, and often were completely naked even in winter. They slept naked in beds like coffins lined with skins. Both men and women were tattooed, but never more than on half the body. In the arts they showed skill beyond anything achieved by the wandering Assiniboines; they made neat wicker-work baskets, painted designs on buffalo and deer skins, did ornamental work in furs and feathers, and had pottery for cooking. They delighted in gluttonous feasts. When buffaloes abounded, a man would eat eight pounds of meat in a day, and find in such excess the greatest joy in life. Daily they served La Vérendrye with some twenty dishes of so-called wheat (*blé,* no doubt Indian corn), beans and pumpkins. There must, too, have been plenty of deer and buffalo meat.

These men practised agriculture and their hoes consisted of the shoulder blade of deer or of buffalo fitted to a handle. Scattered over the prairie were small forts for the protection of those working in the fields in summer for, of all native America, war was the perennial menace. The explorer, David Thompson, who reached the Mandans half a century later, noted "an almost complete want of chastity." Their licentious rites shocked him, and he grieved that no Christian missionaries had yet reached these people. By that time they had secured some horses; their persistent gambling then included horse-racing; and their houses, domed structures looking like huge bee-hives, had been so enlarged as to include horses and men under the same roof.

It happened, after a few days, that a disturbing rumour ran through the fort of an approaching band of Sioux. This agitated the Assiniboines, and early one morning all but five, who remained as guides, hurried away in panic to their own people. The wily Mandans admitted that they had circulated the rumour in order to get rid of hungry guests who lived in terror of their ferocious enemies. La Vérendrye was told that the next Mandan fort was on the banks of a great river and his son, the Chevalier, Nolant, six Frenchmen and a few Mandans, set out to reach it, for this might be the long-sought route to the sea. They found a fort twice as large as the first one, with clean streets and squares, and strong defences. The river itself was rapid, and had many shoals, and what seemed brackish water. The French understood by signs that it flowed to the south-west, perhaps to the sea; but it was, of course, the Missouri, which flows eastward and empties into the Mississippi.

The explorers had now to plan future action. The Mandans were friendly but it was friendship based on hope of favours to come. Since La Vérendrye dwelt on the greatness of the king of France, who would protect the natives as his children, the Mandans were hoping for French aid

in war. They were hemmed in by enemies on the south and west and the French could come to them freely from the north where the weak Assiniboines were not to be dreaded. La Vérendrye was really helpless. The theft of his stores took from him the power of buying services or making presents. He now realized well enough that he could get from the savages only what he could pay for; and he must pay in advance, for promises had little meaning among savages. What should he do? Should he remain and grow daily the more helpless for lack of resources, or go back, resolved soon to come again and to go farther? Either prospect was bleak; the first might mean destruction, the second involved a long journey across the prairie in the coldest season of the year. When, by January 4,[2] the party sent forward to the Missouri River had returned, the decision was made and it was to go back to Fort La Reine.

La Vérendrye had brought with him a Cree as interpreter; one of his sons spoke Cree; the Cree spoke Assiniboine, as did also some of the Mandans; and in this roundabout way communications between the French and the Mandans had depended on the Cree youth. La Vérendrye had paid him well and he had professed ardent devotion. But love intervened; and love on the prairie was like love elsewhere. Among the Assiniboines who had gone back in terror from the Mandan fort was a girl to whom the interpreter was attached and he ran away to follow her. After this the French could speak to the Mandans only by signs. If further advance was to be made the French must learn the native language, and now two brave men agreed to remain with the Mandans for this purpose, one in each of the two forts. They were La Vérendrye's personal servant, who had proved quick in learning languages, and one of the best of La Marque's men. They were really safe, for the

[2] The date in the report is December, but January must have been meant for he had arrived in the first days of December and had been in the country a month.

Mandans wished to have the French in their country. To show goodwill they offered for La Vérendrye's winter journey provisions so great that a hundred men would have been needed to carry them.

It was the practise of French explorers to take with them carefully prepared leaden plates inscribed with the arms of France and the names of the king, the governor of New France and the explorer. These symbols of taking possession they sometimes buried and sometimes nailed to a high cross. La Vérendrye saw that to expose or to bury a plate might only ensure that it should be stolen, so he tied ribbons to the four corners of a plate, placed it carefully in a box, and then assembled the chief Mandans to explain to them as well as he could by signs that he took possession of their lands in the name of the king of France. The box he then gave to the custody of the head chief, to be handed down from father to son.

La Vérendrye's last counsel to the two men left behind was to learn what they could about the supposed nation of white people, to enquire about metals and mines, and especially whether there was high land barring the way to the sea. Hardship was telling on him, for when, on January 8, his party was ready, so ill was he that the start was delayed until the thirteenth. In mid-winter the travellers were without fuel for a fire on the bare prairie, and the long nights must have brought keen suffering from cold. Though the leader's illness lasted during the whole of the march, he remained alert in regard to his aim. When, at the first Assiniboine village, he rated the natives for the lies which they had told him about the Mandans, they replied that it was not of the Mandans that they had spoken but of a people who lived beyond them. One Assiniboine declared that in the previous summer he had slain a man mounted on a horse and covered with iron; that he had first to kill the horse and when the man in armour was helpless

he had cut off his head. He added that he had himself been to a great river, so wide that he could not see across it; the water was salt; there were mountains with wide tracts of good land between them; there were big fat cattle and great fields of wheat; not women but men did the work in the fields. "I speak the truth," he said; "soon you will learn more about it," and such tales kept alive the lure of the Western Sea.

In the end La Vérendrye became so ill that some men went in advance to send back aid from Fort La Reine and when rescue came he was still thirty-five leagues from the fort. After he had reached it on March 10 he records of his suffering only this: "For wretchedness and fatigue the journey was beyond anything else which I have endured." He found his own people nearly starving for the natives were not bringing in the supplies needed by a company numbering forty-two. "I do not know how God preserves us," was his cry in his distress. A fortnight after his return he found himself, as he says, "a little restored," and was again busy with the tasks of discovery. Spring was coming on the prairie and some of the French went out for long distances, partly to explore, partly to urge the wandering tribes to bring in furs and food. In May La Vérendrye writes gleefully: "I discovered a few days ago a river flowing to the west." There was no river flowing to the west. Since the northern half of the continent, east of the Rocky Mountains, slopes northward and eastward, no great river can flow westward. No doubt what he had found was a westward bend of some stream which ultimately turned to the east. Near Fort La Reine was a trail which led northward for some fifty miles to the lake which we know as Manitoba. By this route the natives had been accustomed to make their way through intricate waters and over portages to the Saskatchewan River and to go from there to trade with the English on Hudson Bay. It was not long,

we may be sure, before the French went over the trail. The natives begged them to build a fort farther north than La Reine, and this they soon did, on one of the lakes which they called Dauphin, a memorial in that remote spot of their devotion to the royal line of France.

A month after his trying journey back to Fort La Reine, La Vérendrye sent, on April 16, 1739, his son, the Chevalier, to explore the rivers flowing into Lake Winnipeg, into which the river of that name discharged. The youth, with one dusky native as companion, paddled down the Assiniboine and the Red Rivers, and then began the circuit of the vast lake. He was really to find a great river, though it flowed not towards but out of the west. Near the northern end of the lake, La Vérendrye reached the turbid flood of the Saskatchewan, well fitted to terrify visitors. Its mouth is half concealed by swamps and marshes, but four or five miles upstream its resistless current pours through a narrow channel in the limestone rock. Above this it broadens into successive lakes. Once on the waters of the Saskatchewan the Chevalier was on his way to solve the great mystery. He explored the river to the point, the modern Le Pas, where, after long and widely separated courses from the slopes of remote mountains, its two great divisions unite. Hither in each spring came various Cree tribes, doubtful now, since the French had come into the country, whether, as of old, to trade with the English on Hudson Bay or to go to the nearer French posts. Young La Vérendrye asked endless questions. When the Crees told him that the river came from a far region of lofty mountains, and that on the other side of the mountains lay a great lake of which the water was undrinkable, the ardent enquirer was hearing at last the truth about the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, though not for half a century still was the full meaning to be laid bare. It was not long before, at the mouth of the Paskoya River, where it flows into the Saskatchewan,

the French built Fort Bourbon and began a trade which quickly promised to ruin the English traders by making needless the long journeying by canoe to Hudson Bay. This discovery of the Saskatchewan is really the great achievenent of La Vérendrye. The Chevalier is the first known white man to see the river which for a thousand miles carries to Hudson Bay the waters of the west.

For the moment this discovery mattered little for the eyes of La Vérendrye were still on the alluring will-of-the-wisp of reaching the sea by crossing to some fancied river the prairie farther south. From that Mandan country now came to him further news. By the end of September, 1739, the two Frenchmen left there had returned to Fort La Reine, and they brought back exciting tales. Early in June a great host of natives had come to the Mandan towns to trade. They had with them horses; and the Mandans believed that they came from a distant land of the setting sun where men lived in forts of brick and stone. This called for effort at once; but in the next summer, that of 1740, it was urgent for the elder La Vérendrye again to go to Montreal for supplies. He arranged that in his absence his son Pierre, who had not yet been to the Mandan country, should go there with four men and an interpreter. Thus, while La Vérendrye himself was spending the winter of 1740-41 in the hard task of getting farther aid from the merchants at Montreal, his son was among the Mandans, trying to solve the problem of a route to the Western Sea. No doubt he heard the same vague stories; and now with an interpreter he could secure knowledge more exact, but he achieved little, and by the end of the year 1741 had rejoined his father and his two brothers at Fort La Reine.

The drama of disillusion neared the last scene. Action was urgent for the court and the merchants were alike impatient to see the great end achieved. We may be sure that the leaders took serious counsel together and they

decided to make in the spring of 1742 a further effort. Probably the means were lacking for such a rally of half a hundred men as La Vérendrye himself had made on the first journey, since on April 29, 1742, a company of only four set out. It consisted of Francis and Louis Joseph de la Vérendrye who had made the earlier journey with their father, and of two other Frenchmen. They were absent from April, 1742, to July, 1743. La Vérendrye had told them to press on to other tribes beyond the Mandans; to the "*Gens des Chevaux*" who had that wonder of the prairie country, the horse, and came yearly galloping over the prairie to trade with the Mandans and could, he believed, or hoped, take them to the sea. For more than two months the Frenchmen waited with the Mandans for the horsemen to come, but in vain. Then, on July 23, they set out to go to them on foot.

During seven or eight weeks the four Frenchmen, with two Mandan guides, walked south-westward across the prairie. Though possibly they had with them dogs to carry their effects, they must have been well laden with their own supplies and their goods for trade and gifts. Not a human being did they meet. When they came to what was called "The Mountain of the Horse People," the name was so promising that they made a long halt, built a hut, and at night lighted fires to attract attention. On a high spot on the left side of a mountain they kept daily an anxious look-out and at last, on September 14, they saw in the distance a fire. One nervous Mandan guide had already turned back and this evidence of a strange tribe caused the other to do the same. The Frenchmen went on alone towards the fire and reached a tribe with the promising name of *Beaux Hommes* (Handsome Men), who welcomed them joyously. With these they advanced to the frontiers of the next tribe and so on, week after week, always trending westward.

By October 19, they had reached the long-hoped-for Horse

tribe only to find them in a panic, because they had suffered terribly from a recent raid of the Serpent tribe. By this time the explorers had, it seems, secured horses; how we know not. At the end of the year they were with the *Gens de l'Arc* (the Men of the Bow), who with some other natives were just setting out westward to attack the Serpent tribe. At last the brothers saw on January 1, 1743, what they had long desired—mountains, dim in the distance and very far away. Towards them the great war party of two thousand men and their families moved slowly and every night the camp echoed with shouts for war. The savages begged the French to join in the expected fighting; but the brothers declared that they had come to make peace, not strife. At last, on January 12, they were at the foot of a mountain well timbered and very high and were told that from its top they could behold the sea.

Then came the end of their hopes. As the natives neared the chief village of the enemy, the Serpent tribe, scouts came in with the news that these people had fled, clearly in haste. At first this might seem an encouragement to a war party advancing against them. But not so, thought these savages. They concluded that their enemy had seen them coming and had slipped away to get in behind the approaching warriors who moved in advance and to massacre their women and children in the rear. No words of the chief could check a panic; the whole array of war broke up in disorder and the Frenchmen had to join in the retreat eastward. Day after day in harsh winter weather the flight continued. In one storm two feet of snow fell. By the middle of March the explorers were with the *Gens de la Petite Cérise* (the Little Cherry Indians), who lived far south of the Mandan country on the banks of the Missouri. They stayed with them a fortnight. Since from here they intended to turn homeward, they went out one day secretly to an eminence near the fort and asserted the sovereignty

of France by placing under the turf a plate with the French arms and with an inscription scratched on the reverse side giving the date, and the names of the Frenchmen in the party. They told the natives nothing of this buried plate but built over it a pyramid of stones which, as they explained, was intended to be a memorial of their visit. Though they could not take the latitude of the place because their astrolabe was broken, we know exactly where they were on this 30th of March, 1743. A hundred and seventy years later, on February 16, 1913, the plate, excellently preserved, was found by a group of school children. The spot was at Pierre, on the Missouri River, in South Dakota; and the claim by France to that region had long been all but forgotten.

Through all the adventure the party had been able to carry with them some needed gifts and with these they now pleased the chiefs who gave them three youths as guides northward. It was spring. The horses were in good condition and, during six weeks, the party rode northward to the Mandan town which four years earlier the leader La Vérendrye had visited. They arrived on May 18, and intended to linger for a time, but when they learned that a party of Assiniboines was setting out for Fort La Reine they hurried on to join them. Hitherto they had not been molested by natives; but now a party of Sioux lay in ambush for the despised Assiniboines and there was a sharp skirmish on the prairie. In the further rapid advance the horses became so tired that the brothers lingered in an Assiniboine village from June 2 to June 20. A month later, on July 2, the journey ended. At Fort La Reine nothing had been heard of them since they had set out more than a year earlier, and their return brought relief and delight to an anxious father.

This was the last great effort of La Vérendrye and his sons to find the route to the Western Sea and we may ask

what they had achieved. They had come to high mountains and quite clearly not yet were they convinced that no river passed through these mountains to the sea. What range had they reached? We do not know. From the end of July, 1742, to mid-January, 1743, these resolute Frenchmen had passed from tribe to tribe. Elaborate but vain speculations have been made as to the distances which they covered and what they saw. We cannot identify all the tribes whom they met nor could we be sure that, when better known later, the tribes had remained in the territory where the first French visitors had found them. The brothers may have gone only as far as the Black Hills of South Dakota; or passing farther to the north they may have seen the Big Horn range of the Rocky Mountains. We are only sure that after long journeyings over the prairie they saw in the west lofty peaks. What matters the exact spot? The thing of interest is that France was leading in the search for the sea and that her sons with undying zeal and courage toiled during many years to give to her the glory of a great discovery and were the first to cross the prairie country to the mountains.[3]

After the return of his sons La Vérendrye set out from Fort La Reine to make the toilsome journey to Montreal and never again did he see the west. In France some malignant enemy must have been active. The minister, Maurepas, actually charged that La Vérendrye was making a fortune and that greed had led him to take the risks which had involved the murder of his son and of the Jesuit Aulneau. Though the oldest lieutenant in Canada he was refused promotion. In 1742, without consulting him, Maurepas had ordered that a certain Sieur de Muy, or some other person whom the governor might name, should be appointed to assist in the work of exploration. We might

[3] L. J. Burpee in the *Journals and Letters of . . . La Vérendrye*, pp. 17-23 (Toronto, Champlain Society, 1927) gives a summary of the views as to the route followed.

suppose that, in naming this officer, the minister would have undertaken to pay him. But this was not his way; it was La Vérendrye who must pay three thousand livres a year from profits which did not exist. The governor Beauharnois, in a mild defence of La Vérendrye, reported that the explorer was distressed at the attacks on his character; that his difficulties had been great; and that he had really achieved something in founding posts in the west and cutting off trade from the English on Hudson Bay. His life, said the governor, was without reproach; he had served the king for six years in France and for thirty-two in Canada; and the nine wounds on his body gave him a title to consideration and promotion. Tales of his wealth, he added, were untrue; after twelve years of labour his sole capital was four thousand livres. La Vérendrye himself made a manly appeal. He pleaded his long service, his wounds, his difficulties, and his efforts, without any cost to the king, to find the Western Sea.

It was in vain. Maurepas wrote that the king was impatient for results, and that the explorers had not chosen the right routes. When, despairing of aid, La Vérendrye asked to be relieved of the command of the posts, his request was promptly granted and at last in the next year, 1745, by way of final reward, he received the rank of captain, at a time when he had reached his sixtieth year. A certain M. de Noyelles, who succeeded La Vérendrye, was to be saved from some of his anxieties. Though he was not to receive anything from the king, he was to be paid three thousand livres a year by traders to whom and not to him was to be assigned the monopoly in fur-trading. While the king gave no aid, Maurepas warned the governor to keep an eye on this new man; he, like La Vérendrye, might think only of gain unless closely watched. The king would judge him by the success which he might achieve. Such was the method of the court. La Vérendrye, a brave and high-

minded officer, toils for years to achieve an end for which half a century more of effort was still necessary. A governor sees his merits and makes timid appeals in his support, only to have them brushed aside by the minister in France with sneers and condemnation for a deserving man.

At a later time, it seemed for a brief moment as if success might still come to La Vérendrye. His successor, Noyelles, face to face with the complex difficulties of the task, soon asked to be relieved; and in October, 1745, Beauharnois invited La Vérendrye to take up again the search for the sea. Before anything could be effected Beauharnois was recalled because the existing war with England had just resulted in France's loss of Louisbourg and some blame fell on him. He was an old man, now nearing his eightieth year, and he had spent a long life in faithful service; but Maurepas was merciless. The person named to succeed him was the Marquis de la Jonquière but, as we have seen, this capable naval officer was in 1747 captured at sea by the British and held a prisoner until the peace of 1748 and the Comte de la Galisonnière held meanwhile the post. Though small and deformed in body he was a man of intelligence and force and not afraid to reply vigorously to the insinuations of Maurepas against La Vérendrye. After only a few weeks in Canada, he addressed that minister in a decisive tone to which he was unaccustomed from subordinates. "My opinion," wrote La Galisonnière on October 23, 1747, "is that the stories are wholly false that you have been told about the Sieur de la Vérendrye preferring his own gain to the task of exploration. Any officer must give some attention to trade so long as the king does not supply the means of subsistence. The method is not ideal and it is a poor encouragement to those who take up such tasks to reproach them, as has been done in the case of the Sieur de la Vérendrye, with the small profits which they may make; and to defer promotion." Maurepas did not accept the

defence. La Vérendrye, he replied, had done that of which he was accused. For years he had thought not of discovery but of trade: "I form this opinion from his own journals."

This was the last implacable word from Maurepas, for upon himself a heavy hand now fell. Since he had held office for a quarter of a century, he had some right to think that the indolent and cynical king was his friend; but Louis XV no longer took the trouble to be the real master. France was now ruled by his mistress, Madame de Pompadour, a beautiful, vindictive and really unhappy woman. The author of some satiric verses against her and the king had not been pursued with the severity which she desired and her wrath fell upon Maurepas with whom action rested. On April 23, 1749, when he attended the royal levée, his sallies of wit amused the king and as he went away to attend a wedding Louis said: "Enjoy yourself; that is my command." The next morning, at the early hour of eight, the minister, Argenson, brought to Maurepas a note from the king. "I keep my promise to you," wrote Louis, "that I should tell you when I should no longer require your service; and I now order you to hand to M. d'Argenson your resignation and to leave Paris within a week. You will not go to [your estate of] Pontchartrain, which is too near Versailles, but to Bourges [much farther away]. There you will see only your family and you will make no reply to this letter." The exile lasted twenty-five years until the death of the king.

A few days after this summary action, on May 4, Rouillé, the incompetent successor of Maurepas, who must have been appointed instantly, wrote to the governor of New France that the king would allow La Vérendrye to go again to the west. But he must be watched closely to ensure that he should not repeat his fault of neglecting exploration for trade. The tone of the letter is exactly that of Maurepas and we can hardly doubt that the same hand wrote it. In

a satire of the next century, Charles Buller declared that the British colonial office gave the direction of the colonies to a clerk and that it was he who really governed. Buller called him Mr. Mother Country. Perhaps not Maurepas but some underling, possibly bribed, had been the real detractor of La Vérendrye. One change now came. Officers in Canada had been overlooked in the granting of honours which often went by favour to those who had influence. Galisonnière saw the injustice and his strong tone caused action. Louis XV was perpetually moving about and often during many days it was impossible for ministers to get him to transact business. But when, on May 14, 1749, the court was at Marly, that great palace, almost a second Versailles, reared by Louis XIV, and Rouillé was in attendance, he saw the king and secured leave to grant the coveted Cross of St. Louis to five Canadian officers. Among them was Pierre de la Vérendrye.

Fortune had given a passing smile to the explorer and from Quebec on September 17, 1749, he wrote to the minister a grateful letter, untouched by any sense of bitterness for the past. During some years, he said, nothing had been done either to found posts or to explore in the west; now he had new plans for discovery, and this time would try another route than that overland by way of the Mandan country. The earliest date when he could set out would be May of 1750. He should spend the following winter at Fort Bourbon and then go up the Saskatchewan and across the prairie to the mountains; along the route he intended to build a line of forts, and in this way to work out the problem of reaching the sea. Zeal and gratitude would, he added, compel him to do his very best; he should keep an exact journal and he would be happy if, in surmounting the toils and dangers which lay before him, he should prove that he and his sons were seeking not gain but the glory of their king and the welfare of New France.

In 1749 Quebec was a scene of gaiety for peace had just been concluded with Britain. The new governor, La Jonquière, long captive in England, arrived in mid-August, and was welcomed with elaborate festivity. He wrote that his modesty suffered from the compliments paid him: "I do not like so much incense." New France had a new intendant as well as a new governor. François Bigot, a protégé of Maurepas, had been intendant at Louisbourg, but in 1748 he was transferred to the wider field of Quebec to succeed Hocquart. He was capable, industrious, and insinuating; but at heart the type of unscrupulous rascal of whom there were a goodly number of models at Versailles. The governor dined the notables of Quebec, and the intendant gave many balls at which La Jonquière, who was past sixty, sometimes danced until two in the morning. With peace restored hope and confidence were in the air. France seemed about to make good her ambitions and La Jonquière wrote to the British officer Cornwallis, who in the same year founded Halifax, this startling claim: "Do not forget that the king of France is the first owner of all this continent" (*Faites attention que le Roy de France est le premier possesseur de tout ce continent*). In this scene of revived ambitions La Vérendrye began with zeal to prepare for his new effort. "He spared nothing," wrote his son, "which might bring success; he bought and prepared the needed goods; he inspired me and my brothers with his own enthusiasm." Then the blow fell. On December 6, 1749, he died at Montreal. On the 7th his body was carried through the darkness of a winter night and buried at about ten o'clock in the chapel of St. Anne in the Church of Nôtre Dame.

Sinister forces were working at Quebec. Freed from the expense of exploration and of building forts, some traders seem to have made profits which were magnified into large sums by incessant gossip. Reports reached the minister that the governor himself, La Jonquière, was the leader of a

corrupt ring and that his share of the gains amounted to three hundred thousand livres. He had been in Canada only a few weeks when he was studying the prospects of trade in the west. Perhaps, as in the case of Frontenac, some profit from trade was necessary to maintain his position, since, as he told the court, his expenses as governor went beyond his official pay. To him during nearly fifty years of service Britain had been the enemy. She had just held him in a long captivity and now his mind was active with the idea of driving her from the continent. Frontenac had founded a fort, defiant of the English, at the eastern end of Lake Ontario and, in similar defiance, La Jonquière built one near the western end. There was an old native trading centre called Toronto at the mouth of a small river, now the Humber, by which could be reached waters leading to Lake Huron. La Salle had used this route, and the natives came by it on their way to trade not only with the French at Fort Frontenac and Niagara but also with the English at Oswego. To secure the trade La Jonquière built a fort at Toronto and called it Fort Rouillé after the successor of Maurepas. There he stationed an officer with some soldiers; and Toronto began that commercial career the outcome of which was to be the great city of to-day.

La Jonquière, in a difficult position, probably did his best for the interests of France, but he had the sinister Bigot at his elbow. La Vérendrye's natural successors in the west were his own sons. They knew the country and latterly had been more active than their father; but it was a handicap that, like him, they were strangers to intrigue. The Chevalier de la Vérendrye was ill, apparently at Montreal, when his father died, and when his two brothers were absent in the west. He wrote to La Jonquière that he was responsible for contracts made by his father and that he hoped to succeed to his post. But intrigue had lost no time; already the post was filled and the governor replied that he had

chosen Legardeur de Saint-Pierre to continue the search for the Western Sea. When the Chevalier hurried to Quebec, the governor was bland but he was firm: the matter was settled; there was no place in the west for the sons of La Vérendrye. Saint-Pierre would not have them.

This officer, born in 1701, on a Canadian segineury, had had a long experience in the west which seemed to qualify him for taking up the task. There is little evidence that he was other than honourable; but he closed the door to La Vérendrye's sons. Willingly, said the Chevalier to La Jonquière, would he and his brothers serve under Saint-Pierre; they had goods in the west; their father had secured new supplies; and blank ruin was before them if they might not have the chance to wind up their affairs. They would be content to go to even one, and that the most distant, of the half dozen western posts. The appeal failed. The governor answered that the decision was final and the Chevalier returned to Montreal with all his proposals rejected. But go to the west he must. Men already hired would be waiting at the appointed rendezvous, and might perish if supplies failed to come. The stores on the spot would be pillaged and there would be no one to meet the natives, some of whom had, according to the common practise, received fire-arms and other things in advance. In the end the desperate man secured leave to go with a single canoe and subject to the restrictions applied to the humblest of the *coureurs-de-bois*. He set out early in 1750. When Saint-Pierre heard of even this, he declared that to have the Chevalier arrive first in the west would mean a loss to himself of ten thousand francs and he hurried after him. At Michilimackinac the pursuer and the pursued at last came face to face. Saint-Pierre had accused the Chevalier of taking with him more goods than his permit allowed, but now, met by denial, he was polite, paid the Chevalier many compliments, admitted that he was in the wrong,

and deplored that he had not invited the brothers to join him. The Chevalier was not sure that Saint-Pierre spoke in good faith and this the result seemed to justify. Neither was he nor were his brothers allowed to continue in the west. Their stores were plundered; hired men whom, under their contract, they must still pay, were used by others; the debts due to them by natives remained uncollected.

The Chevalier appealed to the minister in France. Envy, he wrote on September 30, 1750, knew no scruple in Canada. False tales had paralyzed his father's work and had caused what had grieved him most, the giving up of the search for the sea. Malevolent influences, he added, had affected Saint-Pierre, who was bent rather on trade than on discovery. The death of his father, the murder of his brother, he added, seemed to count for nothing; he himself was in debt for more than twenty thousand francs, and he and his soldier brothers were denied promotion to which they were entitled. The appeal to Rouillé closes: "Our misfortune is great; but is it without remedy? In the hands of Your Highness are the means to give amends and consolation and I venture to hope for some help. Not to be allowed to return to the west would mean to be robbed in the cruellest manner of our heritage, to see others get what is sweet and ourselves all that is bitter."

The appeal fell on deaf ears. Never again did any of the brothers see the west. Pierre, the eldest surviving brother, died in 1755. Early hardships did not shorten the life of Francis. He served during the Seven Years' War and lived for thirty-four years under British rule until his death, unmarried, at Montreal in 1794. With him ended the male line and the name of the family. It was Louis Joseph whom tragedy pursued to the end. Perhaps to press at the court for some recompense for his many services, he sailed for France in 1761, when the last war with Britain was over. The ship, the *Auguste,* crowded with French, turning their

backs on a ruined New France, was shipwrecked off Cape Breton; and among more than three hundred who perished was Louis Joseph de la Vérendrye. Fate had proved relentless to the end.

Legardeur de Saint-Pierre went to the west in 1750. La Vérendrye had barely mentioned his own hard experience but his less heroic successor dwelt upon such things. The portages on the route to Rainy Lake were to him unspeakable—thirty-eight of them, the shortest more than a mile long, the longest twelve miles; the natives were restless and impudent and complained about the presents offered to them; in addition, to abate their incessant wars seemed for the time hopeless; and so on. During the winter of 1750-51 Saint-Pierre sent forward the Sieur de Niverville, to go up the Saskatchewan to Le Pas. He went on foot and had, it seems, little of the experienced skill required for such a winter journey. He crossed Lake Winnipeg on the ice and staggered over hummocks but managed to avoid dangerous openings, in bitter cold and blinding snow-storms. "There was no misery," wrote Saint-Pierre, "which did not descend upon him; the party was in danger of starving to death and they were saved only by catching some fish through the ice." It was this man and not his chief, Saint-Pierre, who made clear the real problem. When, after his hard journey, he lay very ill at Le Pas, he sent on up the river in the spring of 1751 ten men in two canoes. We have the names of none of them, but this little band is the first definitely known of Europeans to cross the prairie to the Rocky Mountains. They went westward, we are told, for three hundred leagues, whether up the north branch of the Saskatchewan to the neighbourhood of the present Edmonton, or up the south branch to that of Calgary, we do not know. On May 29, 1751, they founded a fort near the mountains and called it Fort La Jonquière. From it they could look out on snowy peaks; and henceforth it was cer-

tain that to reach the Pacific in the north, this vast range must be crossed. Not until nearly fifty years later did Alexander Mackenzie, a fur-trader from Montreal, make this toilsome and dangerous journey, and, like Balboa, nearly three hundred years earlier, greet the Pacific after following an overland route to its shores.

In contrast with La Vérendrye, Saint-Pierre lacked tact in dealing with the tribes. Their brutality and the dark designs of the English were his two bug-bears. He thought there were fifty thousand Indians in arms, and their treachery seemed to him almost incredible. He tells how two tribes feasted together for days with every sign of friendship, until one realised that it was the stronger, and then turned on the other tribe and killed all but a few women and children, who were made slaves: "I have been among Indians for thirty-six years, and never before have I seen such perfidy." He was trading at Fort La Reine, when two hundred Assiniboines forced their way into his presence bent on plunder and murder. He rushed into the magazine, knocked out the head of a barrel of gunpowder and, holding over it a lighted torch, told the savages that violence would cause him to blow up them and himself. Naturally they ran off in panic. In addition to alarms from the natives, we find at full strength in this remote land the fear of the English. In Saint-Pierre's view, it was useless to make plans to reach the Western Sea until the English should be driven out. He found, as he said, that the natives accepted the senseless things told them by the English as firmly as the French believed in their religion. To the English could be traced, he thought, the attempted outrage at Fort La Reine; if there were no English on Hudson Bay, everything would be easy; while they remained everything would be difficult. Its trade in furs meant robbery of the French posts, and he hoped that the war then imminent would enable the French to drive out the English.

In the summer of 1752, Saint-Pierre was back at Quebec, disgusted with the hardships of his distant field, and glad that another officer, Louis François de Lacorne, was to take his place. La Jonquière had died at Quebec in March, 1752, and a new governor, the Marquis de Duquesne, was in office. While Fort La Jonquière was in one remote scene of rivalry with the English, it was in another such scene that Fort Duquesne was now built. It lay on the upper waters of the Ohio, and was intended to check the English pressing inland from Virginia. When, in 1753, Saint-Pierre, fresh from the far west, was sent to command at Fort Duquesne, his English adversary was George Washington of Virginia, and their meeting was to mark the last act in a drama destined to affect profoundly the future of the world.

In the north-west meanwhile the French had to face the new difficulty that the English were advancing inland from Hudson Bay. It was in 1749, just when La Vérendrye died, that the British Parliament was enquiring into charges of neglect by the Hudson's Bay Company. It did not quickly mend its ways; and its first great step forward was due less to its own energy than to that of one of its humbler servants. No doubt natives had brought to Fort Nelson, on Hudson Bay, news that the French had reached the Rocky Mountains and now a youth named Anthony Hendry was bent on a similar adventure. His past career had fitted him for the task. In England at that time smuggling was perhaps the most common violation of the law for duties were many and heavy and the money reward for evading them was great. So bold were the smugglers that sometimes they sent armed convoys to conduct by night the smuggled goods to a place of safety. Islands near a coast are a favoured haunt for smugglers and among those of the Isle of Wight was Anthony Hendry. When his offences became known, he was not captured but he was outlawed. He managed to slip away from the island and, wishing both

adventure and safety, he sought service with the Hudson's Bay Company who knew nothing of his past record. Now we find him, restless and enterprising, mingling with the natives at Fort Nelson, fascinated perhaps by the mystery of the unknown interior, and at the same time alert to advance his own fortunes. Thus it happened that in the spring of 1754 Hendry volunteered to go alone to the interior to visit the native tribes, and to endeavour to check the growing French influence by bringing an increasing number of natives to the Bay for trade.

Accordingly, some dozen years after the French were established on the Saskatchewan River, this young Englishman was ready to push inland to learn what was going on. To make the effort alone required courage, since it would have been easy for the natives, who held human life very cheap, to kill him, take his goods, and next year to make some excuse at Fort Nelson that he had perished by disease or accident. On the other hand they did not wish to cut off sources of supply, by offending the English on the Bay. The youth must have had tact, for always his relations with the natives remained friendly. At the end of June, 1754, he set out with them by way of Hayes River. The hardships were great from shoals past which they had to carry canoes and goods, and from days of drenching rain, with lightning and crashing thunder. They had to trust for food to fishing and shooting and, in some barren stretches where nothing was to be secured, they suffered from famine. When the carrying over portages was done on empty stomachs, Hendry made a discovery: "The Natives are continually Smoking, which I already experience allays Hunger." The intricate route north of Lake Winnipeg was a short cut to the waters of the Saskatchewan and on July 21 they floated out on its broad current. It was the hot midsummer and the mosquitoes were a torture. French and English explorers in the north-west now came into direct contact.

On the next day Hendry with his party paddled up the river to a landing where stood, solitary in the vast desolation of the prairie region, Fort Paskoya, a mere cabin, built by one of the sons of La Vérendrye. As the canoes approached, two men hurried down to the landing. Parties of natives were frequent but the Frenchmen must have been startled when they saw in the canoe a young Englishman. French politeness did not fail and they "in a very genteel manner invited me into their house," says Hendry. Naturally enquiries followed. Did Hendry carry with him any official authority for entering the country? Where was he going and for what purpose? Hendry's answer was that he was a traveller wishing to view the country and that he should return in the spring. His hosts were kind and courteous; but they said that they must detain him until their master, who had gone to Montreal with furs, should return.

This master, a rather remarkable man, was, it seems, that Louis François de La Corne, a captain in the French army, who had seen service in Acadia and had succeeded Legardeur de Saint-Pierre in the north-west. Arriving in the previous year, he had shown great energy in planning further trading posts. Had he been present now it is possible that Hendry could have gone no further; but no one at the fort had sufficient authority over Hendry's natives to venture to stop the intruder; when he told his Indians that the French would not let him go on, the leaders smiled and said that they dared not do it. This proved true. Next day Hendry breakfasted and dined with the French and presented them with two feet of tobacco (it was sold in long coils like rope) and on the following morning he was paddling westward up the great river, the first known Englishman to see and explore it. "A noble spacious river," he calls it, and we may imagine his curiosity as he advanced. The hot summer had so reduced the volume of water that

the party soon hid their canoes and proceeded on foot. When on the river they had been able to live on fish, but now they had to trust to what the prairie could supply. Usually moose and buffalo and deer provided plenty, but there were long fasts when, day after day, neither bird nor beast was to be seen and the party was forced to lie down hungry after a day's march of a score of miles. Sometimes water was scarce and no stick of wood was to be found for a fire. Hendry met wandering natives who told him that they traded with and liked the French. At this we need not wonder since it was an old story for the French to go about with native bands, live their life, learn their speech, and understand their inmost thoughts. Hendry crossed the South Saskatchewan near the spot where now is the city of Saskatoon. He was bound to go on until he should meet the tribe spoken of incessantly by his companions and whom we know as the Blackfeet. They did what seemed an amazing thing; they hunted the buffalo on horseback.

Hendry's interest was expectant when on August 16 he saw two buffaloes and two horses, but not for many days still did he see the Blackfeet whom he had come to think might be fabled people. It was clear that horses were numerous when, by mid-September, the prairie path was marked by horse dung, and on October 1 Hendry encountered a small party of Blackfeet with the women on foot but all the men mounted. They had bows and arrows and bone spears and darts, but no weapons of Europe. A fire steel, a string of beads, and a knife were presents enough to lead them to hurry away to tell their leader of the coming of the stranger. For still two weeks Hendry trudged on; and at last on October 14 four mounted Indians met him and said they had come to ask whether his party were friends or enemies. Reassured they took him to their camp where he saw about two hundred tents, no doubt of leather,

pitched on each side of a wide passage leading to the tent of the leader which would hold about fifty people.

This great man awaited his visitor, sitting on a white buffalo skin and attended by twenty elderly men. As Hendry entered not a word was spoken but the chief signed to him to sit at his right hand. Huge pipes with, as Hendry believed, horse-dung for tobacco, were passed round, then boiled buffalo meat was served in baskets, and Hendry was presented with ten buffalo tongues. Then through his Assiniboine guide Hendry explained that he was sent by his great leader, who lived by the sea, to invite the young men to visit him and to bring with them furs to exchange for guns, cloth, beads, and other things. The chief's reply reminds us of that of the emperor of China to the envoy sent to him by George III a little later than this: "We possess all things; I set no value on things strange or ingenious; and I have no use for your country's manufactures." The distance to Hudson Bay, said the chief, was great; the young men could not go with horses and they could not paddle, for they had no canoes; above all, however, his people had no need to go to the English; they never lacked food for they could secure buffalo meat in plenty with bows and arrows; while those who went to the sea, so the chief had learned, often starved on the way. Remote barbarism was defending itself against complex civilization. Why risk danger and even war by going among strange people? Why, as a Mandan chief said later to a civilized intruder, make life depend on having more things? Can these heal the sick or avail beyond the grave? In my young days, the chief said, "there were no white people, and we knew no wants; we were successful in war. . . . The white people came; they brought with them some goods; but they brought evil liquors; the Indians diminish in number and they are no longer happy." Such pleading

was inevitably vain; the natives had no vigour to resist the European tide when once it flowed toward them.

Hendry was ordered to retire and to encamp about a quarter of a mile beyond the Blackfeet lines; and now he realized that these Indians were superior to any others whom he had seen. Their well-trained horses wore bridles of hair, and pads and stirrups of buffalo hide, and had become a necessity to native life. Every morning and evening mounted scouts went out to reconnoitre. Hendry saw donkeys, too, and inevitably there would be mules. The Blackfeet had young slaves, apparently well-trained, and among them many fine-looking girls; older captives, both men and women, were, Hendry learned, put to death with cruel tortures, and before the leader's tent hung on poles many dried scalps with long black hair. These Indians ornamented their clothing with patterns in red paint, but they did not paint their bodies. Though later they became the enduring and ruthless enemies of the white man, to Hendry they proved invariably friendly.

Conditions were changing rapidly among these remote people. An old chief told David Thompson, a later traveller, of the state of his people about the year 1730, before either French or English had reached the country to trade. Even then a few of his tribe had acquired guns and as a youth he took great pride in having a steel knife of his own. When his people first saw horses, acquired from more southerly tribes, they did not know what they were and called them big dogs. The horse, said the chief, brought great changes. For their owners, the attack in war and the retreat could be so rapid as to render almost helpless the warrior on foot. The chief described how, before the coming of the horse, the warring tribes fought pitched battles; but when they were mounted, pitched battles ceased and war took on the character of secret raids with the securing of horses as a chief end. Young men would lie

concealed for days near a native camp, watch for their chance, and mount and ride away on their booty.

On the prairie as in the east there was a great variety of languages among these tribes. Some, numbering not more than five hundred people, would continue to use a language comprehended by no other tribe. The chiefs wore symbols of office and preserved great dignity of bearing. They had, however, no authority in respect of punishment. If a member of a famliy was injured or killed, it remained for the family to exact the needed penalty. Here, as in the east, the universal belief in immortality affected the character of native wars. The slain enemy might be made in the other world the slave of the victor's dead and thus a deceased relative could be aided by sending to that world an enemy who would have to serve him. Because these people had few types of activity, war was a normal occupation and they engaged in it with the ardour that in civilized communities men gave to wealth and honour. To adorn one's tent with the scalp of an enemy had something of the meaning of a coat-of-arms in the feudal world. The young men had the care for appearance of a knight of chivalry. Thompson describes a group of dandies "taking full an hour to paint their faces with White, Red, Green, Blue and Yellow, or part of these colours, with their looking-glasses, and advising one another how to lay on the different colour in stripes, circles, dots and other fancies; then stand for part of the day in some place of the camp to be admired by the women."

Even their slight contact with Europe had aided the activities of these people by bringing them weapons: steel traps for wild animals, axes and other things which increased their power. It had brought the dreadful malady of smallpox which reached these western nations long before French or English themselves arrived. Ignorant of its nature, the natives used clothes and furs which had come into

contact with those dead from the malady and the old chief described an attack on an enemy camp which caused a pestilence. At break of day the assailants rushed in and amid war-whoops cut open the tents with knives and daggers only to be met by silence which appalled them for there lay, dead and dying, a mass of corruption. "We all thought the Bad Spirit had made himself master of the camp and destroyed them. It was agreed to take some of the best of the tents and any other plunder that was clean and good. . . . We had no belief that one man could give it [the malady] to another, any more than a wounded man could give his wound to another." The inevitable result followed and in some of the tents of the victors every occupant perished.

Hendry wintered in the western country and his courage and tact saved him from any misadventure in travelling over a great area which probably no European had ever before seen. First he made a long march northward from about the site of the present Calgary, and then turned to the south-east. During the dreary cold of November the party could advance on the frozen streams and ponds. They met natives moving incessantly from place to place on the open prairie, always seeking food and shiftless and neglectful hardly less about this than about most other things. Hendry was above all a fur-trader and he saw that the country swarmed with fur-bearing animals. As the cold increased, the women occupied themselves in making clothing of fur. The last days of November, as recorded by Hendry, are typical: "Snow at intervals. The men killed few Beaver; the women dressed skins for clothing. My winter rigging is almost in readiness." Hendry reached the south branch of the Saskatchewan River and, in the end, it was by this route that he returned to Hudson Bay. On many days the shiftless savages loitered in camp because they were not pressed for food. They had tents which the

women dragged over the snow. Nightly they engaged in gambling, in the noisy diversion of dancing to the beat of drum, in conjuring tricks, and in feasting in the dim air of the tents, charged with the smoking from acrid tobacco or horse-dung.

Hendry met tribes who showed him many scalps "quite green," no doubt of slain males. They had captive women and girls and boys, and they made presents of these so freely that Hendry had to use tact in declining gifts offered to him. When a native in Hendry's party accepted as a present a girl about seventeen years old, it happened the next day that her head was split by a tomahawk in the hands of the man's jealous wife: "No notice," says Hendry, "was taken, as such game is common amongst them." There was much to do in the camp; the search for food, the making of clothing, of sleds and snow-shoes; and so the winter passed. In the spring, when Hendry's party prepared to embark on the great stream for the long journey to the sea, there was the making of canoes, which consisted of frames of bent willow, covered by moose skins. There was no birch bark in that country for the beautiful craft of wooded regions. On April 23 the ice in the river broke up and by the end of the month Hendry was floating down the swollen stream. "A great many geese and swans," says Hendry, "were seen flying to the northward," and he killed a swan with a bow and arrow.

On May 23, Hendry reached the French fort visited on the westward journey. Apparently La Corne, the absent leader of the previous autumn, had returned and he received Hendry courteously. In his wilderness life he kept up a certain state; for while his men wore only striped cotton shirts with trousers he was, as Hendry puts it, "dressed very Genteel." Hendry made accurate measurements of the house, which was only twenty-six feet by twelve, and was divided into three rooms, one for furs, one for goods, and

the third for a dwelling; cramped quarters, one would suppose. The courteous host was not without guile. He gave to Hendry's natives ten gallons of adulterated brandy; and when they had well drunk he began barter with them. Next day Hendry had difficulty in going on. His drunken natives had sold their best furs to the French. He was allowed to see the store in the fort of beaver, martens and other furs, all of the finest quality, for it did not pay the French to carry any but the finest for the long journey overland to Montreal. After many days more of hard labour Hendry reached Fort Nelson on June 20 accompanied by a horde of natives with their furs for trade. He did not know it, but already had begun the last struggle in which France was to stake and to lose the fruits of her long labours to create an Empire of New France.

CHAPTER XXVII

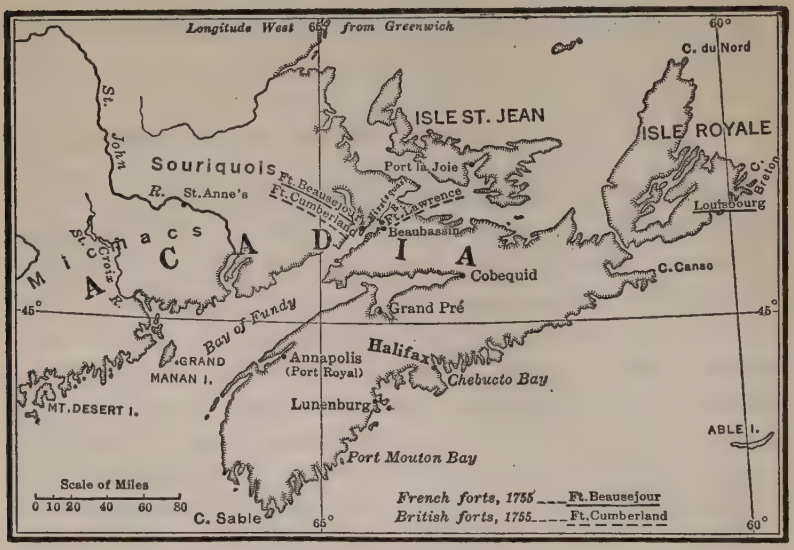
THE FOURTH WAR AND THE FALL OF NEW FRANCE

I. THE FOUNDING OF HALIFAX TO CONFRONT LOUISBOURG

The return of Louisbourg to France in 1748 involved for Britain a changed colonial policy. She owed compensation to New England for that retreat and the peace had barely been signed when she took steps to pay it. In March, 1749, the London *Gazette* revealed the mind of the government. Hitherto the colonies had been recruited by private effort, but now the government invited settlers to go at its cost to Nova Scotia. After the war just ended many soldiers and seamen lacked employment and they now were offered fifty acres of land and free passage, subsistence for a year, freedom from taxes for ten years, and after that no more than a shilling a year for the fifty acres which they were to receive. To officers the grants were to be so generous as to make them great landowners. Though a fortress was to be built to make the colony secure, civil government was to be established with liberties like those of the other English colonies. The first governor was to be a military officer, Edward Cornwallis, member of a noble family, and as the event proved, a wise and tactful leader.

From this it came about that in the early summer of 1749, heading across the Atlantic for Nova Scotia, was a fleet of English transports with such quaint names as, *Fair Lady, Merry Jacks,* and *Brotherhood,* carrying about

two thousand three hundred settlers. Among them were many sailors, thought to be suited to the fisheries of their new home. We get a glimpse of the fashion of the time in the numerous makers of periwigs, who went out to the colony. There were masons, carpenters, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, butchers, upholsterers, shoemakers, cutlers, an



NOVA SCOTIA IN 1755

occasional attorney, merchant and clerk; and many of them were ill-suited to their new life. Cornwallis had gone in advance of the transports and on June 22 he wrote to the Duke of Bedford that he had arrived on the previous day at Chebucto, the present Halifax, where a town and fort were to be built. It was a lonely spot. "The country," he says, "is one continual Wood, and no clear spot to be seen or heard of," and the place had tragic associations, for here it was that Anville's fleet had been ruined by disease. The unmarked tomb of the hapless leader was there; later the body was carried back to France to lie among his own

people. Cornwallis thought the harbour "the finest perhaps in the world," and he quickly occupied himself with those plans for defence which made Halifax so strong that never since has it been seriously menaced by an enemy. Industry and assiduity, said the governor, would make Nova Scotia the best of the northern colonies. German settlers were invited to come; and in the next year they began to arrive in numbers which reached about two thousand. Many of them were sent to a point on the south shore, which, in their honour, was called Lunenburg.

Thus it was that, after neglecting Nova Scotia for forty years, the British began their first serious effort to people it. Soon there was a great gap in the forest on the west shore of the Bedford Basin, so named in honour of the duke who was then Secretary of State. A town was laid out by the engineers, men drew lots for their sites, and soon were building their houses. The British garrison quickly handed over Louisbourg to the French and brought to Halifax its great mass of stores. Neighbouring French settlers, living in what had long been British territory, told Cornwallis that they had always looked upon themselves as British subjects and, as he thought, "showed an unfeigned joy to hear of the new settlement." They assured him that the Indians in the colony were quite peaceable and not at all to be feared. Meanwhile chopping, digging, sawing and hammering went on busily, and before winter a town was created. Like Louisbourg it was chiefly of wood, but it had strong defences. The chief contrast was in religion. The government provided funds to build a church in that Georgian style of which the charm is plain simplicity, and in it ever since that day has been in use the ritual of the Church of England.

Cornwallis had extensive powers to set up a government. He was to choose "discreet persons" to form a Council of the freeholders and planters, and he might summon an

assembly. He was to require oaths of allegiance which should aim, among other things, to extinguish the hopes of "the pretended Prince of Wales," the Stuart claimant who had so recently invaded England, and also prevent dangers from Popish recusants. Halifax was as resolutely Protestant as the neighbouring French and their native converts were resolutely Catholic, and in this cleavage was to be found the chief causes of the tragedy soon to be enacted.

It was with dismay that the French saw the rearing of Halifax. During the forty years since France had ceded Acadia by treaty, the British had made no serious effort to ensure their hold upon it. No settlers had gone in to live among the Acadians, for the good reason, perhaps, that the Indians if not the Acadians themselves would have made the lives of the alien intruders intolerable. New England vessels fished on the coasts, and had one or two fishing stations, but the only real evidence that the British held the country was in the little fort at Annapolis, where some scores of soldiers in worn uniforms, left without pay for months and even years, kept up some semblance of authority. Since Nova Scotia was really an outpost of Massachusetts, the British government may have thought that it was for Massachusetts to protect it. At any rate, so desolate was the place that one officer complained that he could not find in it even a plaster for a cut finger. No wonder that, when Cornwallis arrived, the officer in command, Paul Mascarene, was glad to be relieved. Himself of French origin, but an exiled Huguenot, he had treated the Acadians with such tact and scrupulous justice that, when left alone by French agents they were content under British rule, as were at a later time the French in Canada. Mascarene went away to live at Boston in his declining years; and, after the founding of Halifax, there was no spirit of compromise on either side.

This spirit of the two nations in Nova Scotia found

expression on every other frontier. New England and New York were pressing inland towards Canada on the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, and the French were advancing to drive them back. Pennsylvania was marking out new counties ever farther westward in a land claimed by France; and thither settlers, traders and speculators were straggling in an intermittent stream. Further south Virginia was pushing across the Blue Mountains, and was resolved to pass the second range, the Alleghanies, and to reach and hold the lands on the Ohio, where, as the French declared, only Frenchmen might go.

Each nation was expressing the bent of its own genius. The French had built up a fine tradition of brave men who had gone ever farther into the west, had made their own the waterways of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, had reached the Mississippi, had endured the fatigues and perils involved in descending to its mouth, and there had created the colony of Louisiana. They had gone into the far northwest, had reached the prairie country, had discovered still another great river, the Saskatchewan, and gone on even farther until they saw the snow-clad peaks of the great mountains bordering the Pacific. Their efforts had one prime defect. While they went to and came back from remote regions, they did not occupy them. They made few settlements, except those required for the fur-trade. Apart from a few clearings, the primeval forest still held sway, and the *voyageur* who was here to-day might be gone to-morrow, leaving hardly a trace behind except the partial ruin of the culture of the natives by supplying them with the more effective implements and weapons of Europe, and the brandy which degraded them. The methods of the French tended to exhaust rather than to enrich the country, for as time passed the beaver, killed off without regard to the future, became scarce, and the fur-trade had to go ever farther afield.

With all this, the English colonies are in contrast. They advanced inland step by step, almost as an organised army. While New France received only Frenchmen as settlers, most of the English colonies opened their doors to people of other nations, and, in consequence, varied in race and religion. They differed even in language. In "The Great Awakening" at this time, when the evangelist, Whitefield, reached multitudes and had some fifty thousand converts, he could not preach to the people in some regions, since he did not know German or Dutch. As traders, the English were not less but rather more keen than the French, as suited a mercantile nation, but they did not quickly go so far afield. In this respect the St. Lawrence was both an advantage and a snare to the French. It gave them a highway to the west but, by so much, encouraged travel rather than settlement, since their canoes found ready-made the route which lured them on to great distances. The English, on the other hand, were scattered along a coast of a thousand miles, with access indeed to each other by the sea, but with no river to offer an easy passage to discovery. If they advanced by land they must build roads. This was a slow task, but those who made and used these highways were not fleeting passengers along the fascinating forest-clad shores of rivers and lakes, but tough men for whom every step forward meant hard toil. Their lumbering waggons were slow but could carry heavier loads than the light canoes. They halted when they reached a spot where they could stay and till the soil, and there they built houses, founded villages, and bred children. The next group who came after them went a little farther; like a process of nature the road crossed hill and valley, and along the way lived men, inured to the toil of hewing out their homes and with a rugged sense of their rights. They were both farmers and traders, and also fierce individualists, with a tenacious

hold on what their labour had gained. Only superior force could ever drive back men of this type. When the final struggle came with France, the English colonists numbered about two million and had created many towns, while the French, though entrenched at every point of vantage, had only a few centres such as Quebec, Montreal and malaria-haunted New Orleans, with fewer than a hundred thousand Europeans in all their vast territory.

Such were the conditions in America when the restoration to France of Louisbourg revived her aggressive spirit. Since, by recovering Louisbourg in 1748, France had vindicated her right and her assailants had been rebuked, she made ready to ensure final success, when another trial of strength should come. Like the British, the French claimed all of North America, and their immediate demand was for all the lands drained by the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. This would bring them to the centres of the colonies of New York and Pennsylvania, and would cut off the entire hinterland of all the English colonies. Despotic rule in Canada gave France the certainty of herself. She could use her whole strength at any threatened point, and she had evidence that the English colonies were not likely to unite against her. She saw that, to protect her rights, she must build other Louisbourgs at other strategic points; and the peace of 1748 was barely signed, when she took steps to create at the chief vantage points strongholds which should make safe a route from Montreal by way of the Great Lakes and the Ohio to New Orleans at the mouth of the Mississippi. If French soldiers could not do this alone, France knew how to bring the native tribes to her aid to expel the intruder, and, should the need arise, to carry on their own type of war, which involved ambushes in the forests and attacks on lonely settlements.

II. FRENCH AND ENGLISH ON THE OHIO AND THE DEFEAT OF BRADDOCK

Thus it came about that at the moment when Cornwallis was creating Halifax, in Canada the Marquis de la Galissonnière, though about to leave his post as governor, took steps to challenge the advance westward of the English colonies, and to ensure that intruders in the regions of the Ohio should be driven out. There were many scattered posts with traders busy among the natives, urging that the English had better and cheaper goods than the French and were their truest friends. Virginia had an Ohio Company intent on trade and also on settlement. Its name was in itself a challenge to the French, who insisted that the Ohio was a French river. It was true that they had reached the Ohio before the English; on the other hand the English had been in Virginia for a century and a half, and never doubted that they owned its undefined hinterland to the far west. Moreover, as they claimed, their allies the Iroquois had conquered the native tribes as far as to the Mississippi with whatever rights these possessed. Only force could settle the issue.

The Ohio Company, formed under powerful auspices, was not likely to draw back before any rival claims. Just after the peace, in the busy days of 1749 when each nation was pressing anew its claims, the Company secured a charter from George II. The governor of Virginia was its ardent friend, and among its shareholders were George Fairfax, a member of the greatest landed family in Virginia, and Augustine Washington, who calls up the most famous name in American history. The grant from the crown conceded to the Ohio Company a great tract beyond the Alleghany Mountains of two hundred thousand acres, extending to both sides of the Ohio between its two tributaries, the Monongahela and the Kanawha. Within seven years a

hundred colonists were to be settled on it and, when this was done, the Company was to have a further grant of three hundred thousand acres. In 1750 Virginia sent Christopher Gist and Pennsylvania George Croghan into the region, and the two men joined forces, visited native villages, and did what they could to make the tribes friendly. On Gist's return in 1751, he gave a glowing account of the country: "It is fine, rich, level land, well-timbered with large walnut, ash, sugar-maple trees and cherry trees, well-watered with a great number of little streams and rivulets; full of beautiful natural meadows, with wild rye, blue-grass, and clover, and abounding with turkey, deer, elks, and particularly buffaloes—thirty or forty of which are frequently seen in one meadow."

If such evidence made the Company the more determined to have the region, it was certain that they must fight for it. France, too, was active, and on June 15, 1749, Montreal saw a striking scene. At Lachine, just above the Rapids, were gathered twenty-three huge canoes, each of them to carry at least ten men. More than two hundred had come together, including a score or so of soldiers in uniform; one hundred and eighty French *voyageurs,* as ready to fight as to paddle the canoes; and in addition a troop of Indians. In command of the party were fourteen officers, and at their head was Céloron de Blainville, an experienced member of the Canadian *noblesse,* now nearing sixty years of age, who at Michilimackinac, Detroit, and Niagara, had learned native ways. Now he was to go to assert the claim of the king of France, that the regions on the Ohio were "my lands," the natives "my children," and the English intruders robbers to be driven out; for "I will not endure the English on my land." The challenge was simple and direct. Céloron reached the Ohio by portaging to its upper waters from Lake Erie. He paddled down the river and up some of its tributaries, amid the awed wonder of natives, who

never before had seen so large a force of Frenchmen. From time to time he landed and buried leaden plates with inscriptions declaring the sovereignty of France, and over them nailed to trees the arms of France. He told the savages that the English were mere robbers, and that France was their one true friend. He found English traders in every village and ordered them to leave at once on pain of penalties as rebels. By the autumn he had returned to Montreal, not too cheerful about his success among natives who had long traded with the English, liked their goods, and were disposed to jeer at the French claims.

The inspirer of this vigorous policy, the Comte de la Galissonière, we have already seen rebuking his superior Maurepas for neglect of the claims of La Vérendrye. His most famous achievement is the defeat of Admiral Byng when, in 1756, that unhappy officer failed to drive off the French from their siege of Minorca; but he had already proved his capacity while acting as governor in Canada. He planned the chain of forts that was to stop the advance of the British in the east and in the west. By his keen insight into naval matters he realized the advantage which the command of the sea gave to the enemy and he warned the court that if the British were not met by a vigorous policy they would not only master North America but would also drive the French from the West Indies. He studied the questions of population, climate and commerce, and urged that it would not be enough merely to send out soldiers to fight. The English numbers were increasing and to rival them France must pour settlers into the country. Send out, he said, any one who will come, soldiers, smugglers, sturdy beggars, even loose women; all would be steadied by the tasks confronting them. The traveller Kalm says that so surprising was La Galissonière's knowledge of science that he might have imagined himself speaking to the great Linnaeus. He saw the odds against France, but he believed

that bold action would bring her victory. She could master the unpeopled shores of Hudson Bay and the first step in her making sure of the west would be to take Oswego and drive the English from Lake Ontario.

The claims asserted in the journey of Céloron involved war in America, whatever might be the bargains in Europe. The rivalry was for land and trade, and compromise was in truth impossible. Each side had native allies who added to the strife the venom of their own feuds. The French king might perhaps have drawn back the French colonists, for the mother country still controlled Canada, and could give effective orders; but the English colonies were likely to go their own way, no matter what was done in Europe. People who made their own laws, taxed themselves, had their own armed forces and an even exaggerated sense of their rights, were indeed always ready to crave help from England; but, like Massachusetts when she attacked Louisbourg, they believed that they could do brave things on their own account. Why should they allow a handful of Frenchmen to cut in behind them with the avowed aim to drive them from the whole continent?

La Galissonière left Canada just after inaugurating his policy and was followed by the Marquis de la Jonquière, the capable admiral who had led Anville's shattered fleet back to France in 1746. In the following year when Anson defeated him he had been taken prisoner and was released only at the peace. He was vehement in asserting that the English had no right to a single foot of territory in North America. He sent this message to Cornwallis in Nova Scotia and it was repeated by the French who went into the Ohio country. La Jonquière had a keen eye for trade. He too wished to destroy the English fort at Oswego; and, to intercept the natives who came down the little river Humber to Toronto, he founded, as we have seen, a post which has expanded into the great city of to-day and gave it

the name of Fort Rouillé in honour of the successor of Maurepas. La Jonquière was always protesting to the court that he spent more than he received as pay. He was a vigorous leader. Confronting him in his designs against the British in New York was a tactful Irishman, whom, since in 1755 he became a baronet, we know as Sir William Johnson. He was the adopted son of his uncle, Admiral Warren, who had won glory at Louisbourg. Warren had secured a great tract of land in the Mohawk valley of New York and Johnson had charge of this estate. In the end he inherited it, and it brought him into close contact with the Iroquois Indians.

The tact of the Irishman, Johnson, was like that of the earlier Frenchman, Frontenac; each could speak smooth or blustering words to the natives as occasion required, and Johnson had great influence with the Iroquois. And now Mohawk warriors sometimes came to Johnson with alarming reports. Canoes laden with hundreds of French soldiers were gliding to the west, past the shores of Lake Ontario. What did it mean? It meant that La Jonquière was receiving reinforcements from France, and was pouring troops into the west, and building forts to guard the route. In 1753, the French had as many as fifteen hundred men in the Ohio country. It was their misfortune, however, that hardship and disease led to the return of many. Moreover, at Quebec there was difficulty, for now we find the canker of corruption which helped to ruin the French cause. La Jonquière was charged with the corrupt use for gain of his office as governor. Sharing power with him was the intendant, François Bigot, whom we shall see later as one of a corrupt gang who robbed the king on a scale hardly credible in so poor a country. By 1752 suspicions led to La Jonquière's recall, but death anticipated judgment, for he died in March, 1752. True in his last moments to his avarice, he ordered the wax candles by his deathbed to be changed to

tallow ones, since these were cheaper and gave as good a light. His successor, the Marquis de Duquesne, was a naval officer, and there seems a paradox in France's having sent in succession three naval officers to rule where the most pressing problems were on the land frontiers.

Duquesne was instructed to take action at once to drive the British from the Ohio country. A man of rank, he maintained a certain haughty reserve, but he was quick to see abuses. "The officers," he reported to the minister, "disobey orders and . . . the lack of discipline among the soldiers is extreme; many desert, others are of villainous character, and even the gravest offences pass unnoticed. The soldiers pile up debts, are slovenly, and pay no respect to their officers." Duquesne was strict, and he commanded respect. When he called out the Canadian militia and imposed firm discipline, he was delighted at the ready response of a people military by tradition and instinct. But the evils in the colony appalled him. The rogues, he reported to France, were many and they resented his prying into affairs. They showed their resentment when their spokesman, Bigot, sent to the minister complaints that the governor was brushing aside his authority as intendant. Quebec society was outraged at the governor's zeal, and it was said that fair ladies used with success wiles to soften it.

Duquesne showed activity in the public service, and his efforts increased the alarm of Johnson's Indians at the number of armed men going westward. They were welcomed at the French fort at the mouth of the Niagara River. From there past the Falls they had a long and difficult portage before they could reach Lake Erie. Where now on the south side of the lake is Erie in Pennsylvania the French had already a wooden fort from which a long trail led to what is now French River flowing into the Ohio. Here, near the modern Meadville, the French, by La Jonquière's orders, had just built Fort Le Bœuf, and farther on

at the mouth of the river was Venango, an old Indian trading centre frequented by English traders. When the French insisted that these should withdraw, the issue was explicit: the British were in the Ohio country; the French had come to eject them and intended to have forts and soldiers enough to make their hold secure. It was an act of war in time of peace.

The French forts were on land which Pennsylvania claimed and which, in the end, she was to secure, but as yet Pennsylvania was not aroused. She had at least one alert official in Benjamin Franklin, soon to be world famous, but she was divided between the Quakers who were opposed to war, and other elements who desired to prepare for it. It would be presumptuous, said some, for a colony to try to determine the British frontier; that was the high affair of the mother-country; and the colony which offered a peaceful haven and freedom of religion to the oppressed of Europe had no business with what might involve war. Thus it happened that not Pennsylvania, but Virginia, which claimed the Ohio, led in opposing the French advance. She was happy in having an alert and energetic but rather fussy Scot, Robert Dinwiddie, as lieutenant-governor. He toiled incessantly, while the nominal governor, the Earl of Abermarale, lived in England and drew a large income from his sinecure. In the summer of 1753, Dinwiddie learned not only that the French were ejecting the English, but were winning over natives, hitherto friendly to the English, and that the savages were descending on remote settlers and massacring whole families. A Frenchman named Langlade led a horde of natives against Pickawillany, the chief centre of British trade, where dwelt the chief of the Miami confederacy, which was friendly to Britain, and the savages not only destroyed the place, but killed, boiled and ate the chief whom the French called La Demoiselle, and the English "Old Britain" because of his friendship for them.

Since it was vital to know what was going on in this region, Dinwiddie chose for the task the best Virginian he could find, George Washington, a stalwart young surveyor and major in a regiment which Dinwiddie was raising in the colony. We have Washington's journal of what happened. He took with him Gist, and four other men, and he carried a sharp demand from Dinwiddie to the commander of the French forces on the Ohio to explain by what right he invaded British territory with an armed force and to require his peaceable departure. Washington set out at the middle of November, 1753, the most trying season of the year for a long journey through wild forest land across two mountain ranges, the Blue Mountains and the Alleghanies. The rough trails through the tangled forest involved exhausting labour for the horses, and there was danger from the uncertain temper of the natives; but after a month's journey, on December 11, Washington reached his remote goal, Fort le Bœuf.

Here he found in command no other than Legardeur de Saint-Pierre, who had succeeded La Vérendrye in the west —an elderly gentleman, wrote Washington, who "has much the air of a soldier." He had arrived only seven days earlier and now received Washington with studied courtesy. Neither knew the language of the other, and Washington had to speak through an interpreter. Saint-Pierre took three days to discuss with his officers the nature of his reply, and also to try to detach from the British side the influential native chief, the "Half-king," who had come to the fort with Washington. In the end, Saint-Pierre drew up a courteous but firm letter to Dinwiddie. He was there, he said, by the order of his general, the Marquis Duquesne, governor of Canada, and he would carry out with energy the instructions which he had received. This tone was reinforced by other Frenchmen who spoke more freely at supper when their tongues were loosed by wine. "They told me,"

reported Washington, "it was their absolute design to take possession of the Ohio" and "by God they would do it;" the region belonged to France; no Englishman had any right there, and they would seize every one whom they found. They knew, they said, that the English had two men to their one, but they knew also that the English were slow and dilatory. They expected to fight for three years and to win.

While Washington was at Fort Le Bœuf, he found out what he could as to the French plans and resources. He made notes on the defences of the fort itself and his men counted two hundred and twenty canoes and more in process of making. Already there were in the country four French forts, each with about a hundred and fifty men. Washington watched anxiously the efforts of the French to win over his native guides after plying them freely with liquor. Never before in his life, he said, had he suffered so much anxiety; and it was with reason, for French tact soon proved so effective as to ruin for a time the British cause in that region. The journey back to Virginia in mid-winter was terrible. The horses, heavily-laden, floundered now in rain and mud, now through deep snow. They had to swim streams ice-cold, and were soon so exhausted that Washington decided to leave them to follow with his men, and himself go with Gist on foot, don Indian costume, and carry a pack on his back. They set out, walking when they could on the bed of frozen streams, and sleeping in the open air under trees, for they had no tent. The country seemed empty, but at an abandoned camp, called by the suggestive name of Mourning Town, they met an Indian and asked him to go with them to show the way. Soon, however, the travellers began to suspect their companion. He had led them out of their way, and at last when they seemed off their guard he fired a shot at them. They caught him, and Gist would have killed him, but Washington decided to let

him go and to hurry out of the country as quickly as possible by walking all that night and all the next day to get beyond the range of pursuers. When they reached the Alleghany River they found it a rushing stream with floes of ice and they spent a whole day in making a raft with their one tool, a small hatchet, in order to cross the river. They embarked towards evening, but when the raft became jammed in the ice in a swift current, a sudden jerk threw Washington into the water. He was able to cling to the raft which lodged on an island. When soon it drifted away, the two men spent the night in clothing frozen into something like stiff armour, and Gist's hands and feet were frostbitten. By morning, however, the river was frozen over, and they crossed easily on the ice. As they approached the outskirts of settlements they met some friendly Indians who told them what revealed the outcome of the conflict with France. Though hitherto Virginia had had little strife with the natives, these Indians described how, when visiting a place on their route, they had found seven people dead and scalped, and that all but one woman had hair so light as to show that they were white settlers. Such was the meaning of native attack on a disturbed frontier. Yet so strong was the impulse to go into the new lands that on the route back Washington met families on their way to the wilderness to settle. They were undoubtedly unwise for the whole frontier was now unsafe, and Washington tells of his "bitter sorrow" at the ravages of the "butchering enemy," which he saw.

Armed conflict was now certain and near. In the summer of 1914 some pistol shots by assassins in a town in Serbia led to a world war, and now in 1754, as Horace Walpole said, "a volley fired by a young Virginian in the backwoods of America set the world on fire." The fire was already smouldering but this incident aroused Europe, and the man who fired the shot was George Washington. The defiant

answer which he carried back from Fort Le Bœuf meant that the English must either abandon the Ohio country or fight. Of drawing back no one thought except perhaps the pacifists in Pennsylvania. Assuredly Dinwiddie did not, and the busy governor now toiled to stir his own legislature to action and to arouse not only the other colonies but also Britain herself. He was raising a regiment of volunteers, but was able only slowly to get even three hundred men. Washington was major, but the death of his colonel, Fry, soon made him the commanding officer. He had no high opinion of his recruits. The industrious elements were busy on their farms and not yet aroused, and the volunteers came chiefly from the unemployed and shiftless, too proud to work side by side with negro slaves, too poor to have anything of their own. They were without uniforms, tents, or even adequate arms. They proved, however, more ready than regular soldiers for the task now set them of pushing on in advance of further forces to the Ohio, of cutting down trees, and making roads over which cannon could be dragged across many miles of wilderness.

It was at the forks of the Ohio where the Alleghany River and the Monongahela join to form the Ohio, and where is now the great city of Pittsburgh, that the British intended to take their stand. Here an advance party of some forty of the rabble Virginians were hastily building a fort, when, on April 17, 1754, a great fleet of canoes, carrying about five hundred French, came sweeping down the Alleghany from Canada. The poor little fort surrendered at once and the French turned adrift the forty men to find their way to the advancing force of Washington as best they could. Then the French soldiers began hurriedly to raise a fort destined to be the centre of French power on the Ohio during the next five years. They called it Fort Duquesne after the governor whose prompt energy led to its building.

After this, events followed rapidly and disastrously for

the British. Washington did not reach Fort Duquesne. About sixty miles short of it he became aware that while he was marching against the French, the French were also marching against him. Since he could keep guard better in the open than where an approaching enemy could have the protection of the forest, he chose for a halting place a bare plain called the Great Meadows, on a small branch of the Alleghany River. The officer in command at Fort Duquesne was an experienced member of the Canadian *noblesse,* the Sieur de Contrecœur. In the spirit of Dinwiddie of Virginia he claimed to represent the lawful sovereign of the Ohio country and he sent a young officer, Jumonville, to meet Washington with a written summons to all English to leave the country. One evening an Indian runner brought word to Washington that a French party of about thirty men was near; their scouts had in fact been spying on Washington's camp. With forty men Washington set out at ten o'clock and marched all night in thick darkness over a tangled route on which some of his men lost themselves. By daybreak he had reached the Indian camp of his friend the "Half-king," whose scouts had reported the position of the French party. Washington seems to have had no other thought than to fight at once, and in spite of the fatigue of his hard night's march he pushed on and came upon the French in a rocky glen in the forest. There were no parleys, firing began at once, each side claiming that the other was the aggressor, and Jumonville and nine others were killed, and all but one of the twenty-three survivors were made prisoner. Washington's Indians scalped the French dead.

Such was the obscure skirmish which sent an echo round the world. Hitherto angry warnings had sufficed for either side, but now a British officer had killed ten Frenchmen in an armed conflict. The setting of the strife gave rise to bitter recriminations. Jumonville, the French pointed out,

was the carrier of a warning exactly similar to that which in the previous year Washington had carried to Fort le Bœuf, but now, while Washington had received every courtesy, the French envoy had been shot down, at the moment, so the French claimed, when he was advancing to hand his despatch to the British officer; and this was simply murder. The British retorted that Jumonville with an armed band had lurked for two days about their camp, that before the actual fight he made no effort to show that he was an envoy to deliver a message, and that his was, in fact, a scouting party waiting before attacking the British for the help which they had summoned from Fort Duquesne. In such a situation we need not look for a carefully balanced view on either side. The scalping of the French dead places the fight among savage incidents of the frontier. Certainly the French had grounds for anger, and we need not wonder that Contrecœur, with his superior force, sent out Coulon de Villiers, brother of Jumonville, with orders to destroy utterly the English force for their murderous act, in violation of the most sacred laws of civilised nations.

Washington threw up entrenchments at the Great Meadows, called these poor defences Fort Necessity, and awaited attack. It came in what seemed overwhelming force, but Washington was able to hold out until he could make terms. On July 3, "at eight o'clock in the evening," as we are told with official precision, he signed a capitulation under which he might march out of his fort with the honours of war; but he was to abandon the valley of the Ohio. Villiers assumed a magnanimous tone. The French, he said, had no intention to trouble the peace between the two nations. They were merely asserting their rights, excluding intruders and avenging the assassination of an officer and his escort. The English must withdraw from the Ohio valley, and as far as possible he would protect their retreat from outrage by his Indians. Though assassi-

nation was twice alleged against Washington in the document, he signed it. He did not know French and the wording was softened in the rendering of the sense which was made to him hurriedly by an interpreter in the half darkness of a July evening in a rough scene.

Thus was Washington, the future companion of Lafayette, branded as a murderer at the outset of his career. His horses had been killed or stolen and he led back to Virginia on foot a defeated and discouraged force obliged to carry their sick and wounded on their backs and harassed already by a horde of savages who had gone over to the French. Meanwhile these were sending far and wide such boasts of their victory that Captain Stobo, a Scot held at Fort Duquesne as a hostage for the return of French prisoners, wrote: "I would Die ten thousand Deaths to have the pleasure of possessing this fort but one day, they are so vain of their success at the Meadows, it's worse than death to hear them." So it came about that on all the frontiers from Lake Erie to the far south, the savages thought the British cause lost, and were raiding remote settlements and killing and scalping men, women and children.

In these July days when Washington was making his painful way back to Virginia a conference took place with the aim of uniting the resources of all the English colonies. The jibe of the French that the English would not unite their two million people against a hundred thousand was well founded. Urged by the British government, such astute leaders as Franklin and Shirley now managed to bring about in 1754 a Congress at Albany:—at Albany because the most pressing danger seemed to be the drifting of the whole native world over to the French side, and it was at Albany that the British were accustomed to meet their allies the Iroquois. The colonies were suspicious of each other and had but slight intercourse. By land the

journey from Boston to New York took nearly a week; the larger rivers were unbridged and the route was difficult and sometimes dangerous. Connecticut did not wish to be drawn into a war on the remote Ohio in behalf of Virginia; New Jersey and Maryland had no frontier threatened; New York was occupied with a dispute about boundaries with New Jersey; while Pennsylvania watched with concern the ambitions of Connecticut to secure the Wyoming Valley, and those of Virginia on the Ohio.

New York called the conference. Neither Virginia nor New Jersey sent a delegate, and only seven colonies were represented. So jealous were they of yielding precedence that it was necessary to call their names in the order of their geographical position. On June 24, with Sir Danvers Osborne, the governor of New York newly arrived from England, in the chair, the delegates resolved that a union of all the colonies was needed for security and defence. Franklin produced a picture of a snake cut into many pieces, likened the severed sectors to the colonies, and urged the moral "Join or Die." The Iroquois had become suspicious of the English. Hendrick, their Mohawk spokesman, complained to the conference that colonists were building without warrant on the lands of the tribes, that speculators were cheating them, and that while they suffered from this greed the English were not taking effective action against the French. "You English," he said, "are all like women, and the French may come and turn you out." The wise men at Albany were of course united in opinion against the menace of France, but few of them were ready for a union which involved sacrifice. They agreed, indeed, upon a general outline which would, however, have no binding force until each colony accepted it. The union was to be made by an act of the British Parliament and the official head of the union was to be named in England—the plan which prevails in the British Dominions at the present time.

There was to be a central legislature to look after defence which would, of course, involve taxation; to take charge of Indian affairs; to regulate trade; to make grants of public lands; and to provide for the creation of new colonies in the west as occasion should require. Legislation might within three years be disallowed in England and was to follow the precedents of English law.

Political unions are not easily made, for vested interests are likely to oppose them. Shirley, the ardent imperialist, disliked the plan, since the united colonies would be too powerful to accept the dominance of the mother country; and this objection was made in Great Britain itself. Most of the colonies feared that union would lead to new burdens of taxation. Those remote from the direct menace of the French had no wish to be drawn into war which did not seem to concern them. The result was that the plan fell dead from the first. Franklin was its firmest supporter and it is of interest to remember that he was one of the leaders who a score of years later effected a union of the colonies, this time to make war not on France but on Great Britain. Even that union, created at a crisis, was for a long time shadowy. The first colonial union ever brought about in the British Empire was that of Canada just a hundred and ten years after the effort at Albany; and it reveals surely one of the strangest turns in history that this union was agreed upon at Quebec, the former seat of French power, and related to the territory which in 1754 the French were holding against British assailants, while Albany had long since become a capital in a foreign country.

Franklin's warning at Albany to "join or die" was soon to have abundant vindication. The colonies did not unite; they left to the remote government in Great Britain the lead in planing defence; and the clumsy system was adopted of making on each colony a requisition for military aid adjusted to its resources. Such requisitions were rather

requests than orders; but later they met with generous response to the urgency of Pitt. Both in England and in France it was held that, owing to French advances on the Ohio, a state of war existed in America. Each side blamed the other and equipped an army for America. In 1754 Britain authorised war on land in America, and early in 1755 she went further and ordered the fleet to attack any French ships bound thither—sheer piracy, as the French said, and enough to justify their hanging every sailor captured. To this the British gave the jeering retort that the threat was empty, since the French were not likely to take any prisoners. France met her enemy halfway and in 1755 fitted out to relieve Canada eighteen vessels carrying three thousand men. In command was Count Dieskau who had been trained under Marshal Saxe. Off Newfoundland the British admiral Boscawen was watching. He attacked the French fleet, an act which made war certain, and captured two great men-of-war; but the rest of the French ships got away in fog and Dieskau reached Quebec with his considerable army.

Meanwhile the British, stung by the defeat on the Ohio, were spending their strength on that remote frontier where nothing final could be settled. Late in February, 1755, a British force of about fifteen hundred men reached Virginia. In command, as head of all the British forces in North America, was Major-General Edward Braddock, around whom centres one of the most disastrous episodes in British military history. Braddock was an officer of courage and good sense. He was now about sixty years of age and too old for command in a scene which required quick adjustment to new conditions and the energy which a little later Wolfe was to show at Quebec. In figure he was short and stout and he had played a part in London society which gave occasion to Horace Walpole to record against him whatever malicious gossip was current about a man who

failed. Franklin and Washington both speak of Braddock in appreciative terms. He was choleric, profuse in oaths, and a stiff martinet, and he had the defect which the British regular officer rarely avoids of rigidity of method and distrust of the non-professional soldier.

Dinwiddie's energy had succeeded in gathering together about four hundred and fifty Virginian militia, but Braddock found that little else had been done. Some of the colonial governors came to confer with him at Alexandria on the Potomac to arrange a plan of campaign and they decided to attack the French on four fronts. Shirley was there, ambitious now to distinguish himself as a soldier. To him Nova Scotia was all-important, and there Colonel Monckton was to dislodge the French from Fort Beauséjour on the peninsula, even though he had no force adequate to attack Louisbourg. Shirley had already arranged that he should have two thousand recruits from New England. William Johnson was to lead a force of colonial troops to attack Canada by way of Lake Champlain; while Shirley was to have his desire for a military command gratified by going from Albany to dislodge the French at Niagara, and cut their communications with the west. Braddock himself was to lead an army through more than two hundred miles of wilderness to capture Fort Duquesne. With wisdom after the event, we can see that the campaign was ill-conceived. Quebec and Montreal were the keys to French power. If they fell every other post would fall, for upon them all French effort in the interior depended. The strategists in Virginia were not, however, the first nor the last to plan a campaign on too extended a front, and each English colony was only too eager to get what defenders it could for its own safety.

Braddock set out in May with some fifteen hundred regulars and four hundred and fifty Virginian militia to march to Fort Duquesne. Washington knew the country and gave

invaluable aid on the staff of the harassed general. Horses were difficult to get and we hardly know how Braddock was able to drag his cannon over the new roads which he had to build as he advanced; but he slowly achieved his long and difficult march. By July 8, he had covered two hundred miles, had forded the wide Monongahela river, and was only seven miles from Fort Duquesne. As his soldiers marched along the rough road, glad now after the gloom of many days in the forest that their goal was so near, they were met by an advancing party of about two hundred French, accompanied by a horde of Indians, scattered in the forest. It was hardly an ambush; French and English met in the open; but the English saw few Indians who yet amid war-whoops opened a deadly fire from behind trees. Braddock held his regulars together in a compact mass. His cannon swept the road by which the French had advanced, and quickly scattered them. But cannon and muskets were alike futile against the invisible enemy in the forest. Over the camp-fires the regulars had been told lurid tales of the horrors of Indian warfare, and already nerves were strained. For two hours, the officers were able to keep their men together, though hundreds were shot down; then the mass broke and fled in panic, abandoning cannon, stores, even the wounded. The Virginia militia were able to save something, but in the end even the transport waggons were burned to save them from the enemy. Braddock himself received a mortal wound. The stricken leader was carried back across the river, and four days later he died in the wilderness. The savages ended their pursuit at the river and Washington played the chief part in leading the remnant of the army back to the coast. Two-thirds of Braddock's regulars had been either killed or wounded.

The defeat of Braddock did two chief things: it stirred Britain profoundly and it aroused in the French a confidence fully justified by their remarkable record during the

next three years. In that summer Shirley's advance towards Niagara wholly failed. Johnson, however, did enough to justify his being made a baronet. He had a motley army of some three thousand men, raised chiefly in New York. They elected their officers; most of them were armed with their own muskets, and only a few had uniforms. The French, with a more penetrating strategy than that of Braddock, made their chief defence on Lake Champlain, the route by which so often the English had planned to attack Montreal. Dieskau, with three and a half thousand French regulars, Canadians and Indians, was not content to await Johnson's militia at Crown Point. He advanced down Lake Champlain, crossed to the long narrow Lake George which stretches southward almost to the Hudson, and met Johnson's army. There was a confused all-day fight in the forest. Neither side won a victory, for neither was able to advance. But it comforted the British that, just after the disaster to Braddock, Dieskau, badly wounded and abandoned by his men, was captured, and that Johnson won the glory of having the French general as his prisoner. With difficulty he foiled the demand of his Indians that, as solace for their own losses, they should be allowed to torture Dieskau to death and boil and eat his body.

III. THE EXPULSION OF THE ACADIANS

In Nova Scotia, during these months, events with enduring results were taking place. Ever since the British had finally secured Nova Scotia in 1713, the Acadians had refused to take an oath of allegiance which should bind them to fight against either France or the native tribes. After the founding of Halifax in 1749, Cornwallis quickly notified them that the period of special indulgence was past. They would remain secure in their property and in the service of their priests, but they must now assume the full responsibilities of British subjects. When, in alarm,

envoys from a thousand Acadians went to Halifax and told Cornwallis that if they took the oath without reservation they would be in peril from the savages, he spoke to them in firm but friendly terms, and offered good pay to any who would come to aid the work of building Halifax. "They went home," he said, "in good humour promising great things," but other influences were too strong; they refused to become without reserve British subjects, and Cornwallis prepared to send troops to occupy the chief points on the peninsula.

At the narrow isthmus which connects the peninsula of Nova Scotia with what is now New Brunswick and on the north side of the little dividing river, the Missisquash, was a French force which forbade the British to advance further; and both sides accepted it as a boundary. At this point dwelt a zealous French priest, Father Le Loutre, who as the vicar-general of the Bishop of Quebec, was the head of the French clergy in Acadia. He had been a missionary among the Micmacs, over whom he secured great influence, and he was also the parish priest of the village of Beaubassin, an important trading centre on the isthmus. To the English, by his incessant acts of hostility, Le Loutre had become a sinister figure. Cornwallis called him "as good for nothing a scoundrel as ever lived." At the same time, he was to the French in Acadia the valiant defender of their culture and their faith; and it is not easy now to interpret his real character. He was a man of extreme opinions with a relentless spirit of domination, and when he saw what the British were bent on doing, he made up his mind that rather than let his people take the oath he would make them abandon and destroy their homes and take refuge on the French side of the isthmus.

Meanwhile, Cornwallis was taking steps for the effective occupation of this and other points. He had many difficulties. He was left almost without money and had to use

his own credit to pay his men. The whole country was unsafe for the English. The Micmacs, who had seemed friendly, suddenly went off and soon made a formal declaration of war. They were, they said, no parties to the recent treaty in Europe. When fishermen formed a little village across the basin from Halifax and named it Dartmouth, Micmacs descended on it, and killed and scalped some of the inhabitants. A company of Rangers, marching from Halifax to Pisiquid (Windsor), fell into an ambush, and some were killed and the captain was wounded. Savages, aided, as the English believed, by Acadians, laid siege to the fort at Minas, killed the sentries and captured an officer and all his men. No British were safe in stirring from any of their posts. Working parties near Halifax had an armed guard and stragglers in the outskirts of the town were killed and scalped by prowling savages.

It was in these conditions that Cornwallis worked slowly to make effective the occupation of Nova Scotia. Early in the spring of 1750 a British force of two or three hundred men went up the Bay of Fundy, with orders to give warning to French soldiers in that region to leave; then to drive off the Indians and destroy their settlement; and so to awe the Acadians into obedience. As the force advanced in ships, the coast was in a blaze of signals. The whole country was aroused, and when the little army landed at the isthmus, they saw the homes of the French and Indians at Beaubassin in flames and the people driving off their cattle to the north side of the little river and throwing up entrenchments. Le Loutre had told the Acadians of the neighbourhood that they must not remain in their homes under British rule; France would, he promised, build them new establishments elsewhere, support them for three years, and repay them for their losses. If they refused to go, their wives and children would be removed, they would be left without priests, and the savages would destroy them as

friends of the hated English. Carrying out this policy, Le Loutre had set fire to the village church with his own hand, and about two hundred houses were burning.

At this point the officer in command, Major Lawrence, at once began a fort which took his name. Across the stream, some three miles away, the French soon built Fort Beauséjour, and on the other side of the isthmus towards the open sea they built Fort Gaspereau on Baie Verte. An incident soon occurred which caused bitter charges of treachery against the French, of the same character as those made later against Washington on the Ohio. Captain Edward How was a friend of Cornwallis and a respected member of his Council at Halifax. He had been long in the country, he knew Le Loutre personally, and had had some conferences with the French at Beauséjour about the release of English prisoners in the hands of the Indians. One morning How went out with a small party to meet a French party which came down under a white flag to the little dividing river. After a parley, How was returning when he was fired on and killed by Micmacs lurking in the bushes. They had an old grudge against him for, it is said, words of disrespect about the Virgin Mary. Cornwallis wrote in hot anger that the murder was "an instance of treacherous brutality not to be paralleled in history." The French officers were not less indignant; and both sides blamed Le Loutre for inspiring the savages. Meanwhile the hapless Acadians, driven from their homes, the victims of imperial rivalry, scattered to get where they could the means to live; and many died from hardship and famine. Some hundreds were able to cross to Isle St. Jean (Prince Edward Island) which, like Cape Breton, was French territory. A priest who went among them in October, 1753, found their cattle starving, since they had no grain for seed; the people in dire misery, lacking food; most of them almost naked, cold by day and without covering at night. In the poor

huts were naked children crouching by the fire and they ran away like little wild animals at the priest's entrance.

The spirit on each side was irreconcilable. When Cornwallis demanded of the governor of Canada that he should withdraw the French troops from the isthmus, the Marquis de la Jonquière replied that the king of France owned all the continent and that "by his order I shall not yield a foot of ground. . . . I have informed my master as to the orders given to the officers sent to the places you mention that they are to permit no one on any account to establish themselves there and if necessary to use force. . . . As you say that you obey the orders of the king, your master, you will do what seems to you to be your duty, but I warn you that I shall not fail to do mine." Meanwhile the four commissioners provided for at Aix-la-Chapelle were haggling over the boundary. Neither side would yield any part of its claim and when in 1753 they gave up the effort to agree war was to be the solvent.

For Le Loutre, religion and patriotism combined to make the driving out of the English a holy cause. From France far away came urging for ever increased activity; while, on the other hand, from his bishop, Pontbriand, at Quebec, came counsels of restraint, and rebuke for his harsh treatment of the Acadians. Both sides had at one time or another paid rewards for enemy scalps. Le Loutre received money from the French government and the British charged that he, in person, a priest holding a sacred office, paid for scalps brought to him. There was another side to his character, for an incident is recorded in which he saved thirty-seven English captives by paying not for their scalps, but for their living bodies, and then sent them to Halifax. He was, however, the priest in politics, who brings to secular affairs the burning conviction that his enemies are the enemies of God. Neither side would admit that the Acadians might be neutral, and La Jonquière gave orders

that those with the French must take the oath of allegiance to the king of France or be treated as outlaws. The tiny Missisquash had become a Rubicon to cross which by either side meant the outbreak of war.

To end this dilemma was the task assigned by the conference in Virginia to Colonel Monckton. With about two thousand New England troops and three hundred regulars he sailed up the Bay of Fundy and on June 1, 1755, anchored before Fort Beauséjour, which crowned the hill opposite Fort Lawrence. Two weeks later the fort which drunken French officers had themselves pillaged, surrendered, and Monckton had to report that three hundred Acadians, supposedly subjects of Great Britain, were a part of the garrison. The French commandant, Captain Vergor, gave an assurance that they had done so under compulsion; but such an incident stimulated suspicions and passions already acute. Among the defenders was Le Loutre who, it was reported, had been seen in his shirt sleeves, with a pipe in his mouth, directing the Acadians working on the fortifications. His reproaches had made him disliked by the French officers and he managed to get away before the surrender and to reach Quebec; but when he sailed from there for France he was captured by the British and held a prisoner during the war.

When Beauséjour was taken, Cornwallis and his successor Hopson had returned to England, and the acting governor at Halifax was Charles Lawrence, who now becomes the central figure in a tragedy. He came of a military family; his father was a major-general, and already, though only forty-six, he had had twenty-eight years of military life. His regiment, the 47th Foot, had been sent out in 1747 to garrison Louisbourg, and when Halifax was founded his friend Cornwallis had made him a member of the governing Council. The long life of the camp had made Lawrence a military realist, and his task was to save the British cause

in Nova Scotia. The soldier inflicts suffering and death as part of his duty and obeys orders however pitiless they may be.

Lawrence faced a difficult situation. War had not yet been declared, and it was possible that France might make alliances in Europe which should enable her to use her full strength in America. Spain, however decadent, had a fleet, and knew well how to build ships. One Bourbon ruled in France and another in Spain, and united they might even challenge Britain on the sea. Moreover, Frederick of Prussia had already been and might again be France's ally, and in that case she would have the support of the greatest soldier in Europe, and Britain would stand alone. It was known that a great French fleet was sailing to America, and both Louisbourg and Quebec would be stronger than ever. All that had as yet been done at Halifax had not won the Acadians to fight on the British side, and that place was not prospering. Too many old or infirm or incompetent people had come with Cornwallis. Moreover, the trying years in the founding of a colony come after the excitement in a new scene has passed away, when the settler must face the hard reality of clearing the forest, building a house, and breaking up the soil. Years of labour are required to create stability and comfort. Hundreds of the first colonists drifted away, and at the end of the first five or six years Halifax had fewer people than at the beginning.

The chief pressure on Lawrence to take decisive action came from New England. Shirley, with the enduring menace in his mind that France aimed at a "universal monarchy by land and sea," had urged the danger from Nova Scotia in French hands. To him it was the most important to the crown of all the colonies. He would make it British by removing the priests and the more troublesome of the Acadians and putting in their place British settlers, preferably Highlanders and also New Eng-

landers. Then a firm urgency would induce the French to adopt the outlook of Protestant England. In his view French and English would soon intermarry and after a few years the public services of the Roman Church might be stopped. Religious persecution was not in Shirley's mind; the Acadians would, he believed, be safe and happy under a benign rule. None the less, what the priests were always telling the Acadians, that their faith would not be secure if they accepted British rule, has this measure of truth, that Shirley was the enemy of their religion and thought that, once free from priestly wiles, they could be educated into loyal Protestant Britons.

Lawrence and Shirley had conferred on what was to be done in Nova Scotia; but now Shirley was far away in his campaign against Niagara and Lawrence had to act alone. His nerves were on edge. There was as yet no British naval force at hand, and what, he asked, if a French fleet should appear and the Acadians should rise? A report reached him from England on May 21 that the great French fleet had sailed with twenty-five ships of the line and frigates and transports. He believed the Acadians were giving information to the French; and they were friendly to the natives, always savagely hostile. They were, too, supplying provisions for the French soldiers in Louisbourg. Though the land was under the British crown, no English settler would be safe among them. It was they who were keeping Nova Scotia in such a state of war that only within the forts was there any safety.

Confronted with these problems Lawrence had lost no time, after the taking of Beauséjour on June 16, in ordering elected delegates of the Acadians to appear at Halifax. In his mind was the hard fact that hundreds of the Acadians had fought with the French at Beauséjour, though, as they protested, under compulsion from the French authorities, who insisted that they should serve as subjects of France.

Reports had reached Lawrence that Acadians at Minas and other important villages had behaved insolently when ordered to give up boats and arms which might be used to aid the French. Now when the group of peasants in homespun came awkwardly into the room in Halifax where the Council sat, they had a stiff reception. The talk must have been in French, or through an interpreter, for there were no settlers from whom these humble people could have learned English. Lawrence was stern. The Acadians, he said, had been insolent. Like so many officers of the time he was an irascible man, who once denounced even his own Council as a pack of scoundrels, and now he told the delegates that he had but one word: their people must take the oath of allegiance without qualification. He gave them a night to consider their reply. They had, however, often been threatened without serious consequence; they were French and their natural sympathies ran with France; they were intensely Catholic and they feared designs against their religion; perhaps above all they knew that they would be harassed by French and Indians alike if they took the British side. The result was that, while they protested that they would do nothing against the British, they met Lawrence with a firm refusal to take the oath and he ordered them to be held in confinement.

We do not know whether, even yet, Lawrence had any clear plan as to what next to do. He knew well enough that it was doubtful whether an extreme policy would be approved in England. There the passions surging in Acadia were not felt and the authorities had put themselves on record against severity if only because, to remove from their homes and place elsewhere people numbering, as they believed, some twenty thousand, would prove a costly effort for a government which during forty years had practised an even sordid economy in Nova Scotia. It is perhaps a trait of human nature that men, with misgivings as to

whether they are in the right, pursue their course with the more extreme zeal in order to justify themselves by success. Lawrence had no warrant from England to remove the Acadians, but while he was civilian governor he was also soldier, and now he acted with the rigour of the soldier.

He soon had a reinforcement for this point of view. On July 9, Vice-Admiral Boscawen sailed into Halifax harbour in command of a British fleet. On the way out he had met the French fleet off Newfoundland and had captured the *Lys* and the *Alcide* after a short fight in which fifty were killed on the *Alcide* alone; and he sailed into Halifax with some twelve hundred prisoners, a rich booty of wines, fifty thousand crowns in currency, and ten thousand of what the British said were scalping knives to be supplied to aid native barbarity. The news was rather startling than good, for most of the French ships had got away in a fog and they soon arrived at Louisbourg and Quebec with troops and supplies. On July 15 Boscawen and his second in command, Mostyn, sat with the Council at Halifax and two things were agreed upon: one that the two thousand New England volunteers who had enlisted for only a year and wished to go home, should be kept still in Nova Scotia; the other, that if the Acadians would not take the unqualified oath they must be removed. Since on this Boscawen and Lawrence agreed, navy and army were at one. Three days later, on July 18, Lawrence reported to the Board of Trade in England that he was ordering the Acadians to elect new deputies to confer with him. If they refused to take the oath he would "rid the Province of such perfidious subjects." A few days later, on the 23rd, came to enforce severity a staggering rumour that Braddock's army had been defeated, and soon the news was definite: Braddock was not only defeated but killed, and his army had fled in panic.

Meanwhile, there was lively movement in the Acadian

villages when the new deputies were being elected, and it was known that a fleet had arrived from France. The Acadians did not, however, realise that the final crisis had come, and that one more refusal would mean the loss of any further chance to change their mind, the forfeiture of all their property, and their removal. Since hitherto refusal had always led to some new compromise, there was unity of opinion among them, caused chiefly, no doubt, by the pressure of their leaders and fears for their religion. The hundred delegates were instructed to refuse the oath and they set out to appear before the Council. They must have had many misgivings as they travelled from Annapolis and Grand Pré over the rough roads to Halifax, but the outlook was not completely black. They could hardly believe that Lawrence would take their farms and their cattle and drive them out, though at Beaubassin their own countrymen, the French, had already given them a taste of these things. At the worst, if driven out, they expected to go to French territory and in this way they might fortify French power and bring about a triumphant return. They now carried petitions, protesting that they would remain faithful to Britain, but declaring that they could not take the oath. The atmosphere was tense, and when the thirty deputies from Annapolis, who arrived first, appeared on July 25, the Council was in no humour to compromise and the deputies received a stern warning that this was their last chance. They might retire for further consideration, but they must return at ten o'clock on the following Monday, the 28th. On that day when the seventy deputies from Minas also appeared, the crowd of a hundred all refused to take the oath, and the Council ordered them to be confined.

Six members of the Council were present: Lawrence himself; Benjamin Green, a New England trader in Halifax; John Collier, an English officer turned settler; John Rous, a Boston sailor, now a captain in the Royal Navy; Jonathan

Belcher, son of a former governor of Massachusetts and now chief-justice of the newly-created colony of Nova Scotia; and William Cotterell, Secretary of the Province. Boscawen and Mostyn, the chiefs of the newly-arrived fleet, attended, though they had no vote, and they did not need one for the Council was unanimous. Though the Acadians begged for time to consider their position, they were given no further opportunity to change their minds, no matter how some of them might wish to do so. Belcher, whose attitude was not less severe than Lawrence's, gave a legal opinion that, the oath once refused, the offenders became recusants to whom the law denied any right of reconsideration. By their act the Acadians had forfeited all their property, and now men, women and children, without exception, were to be removed. Even those who had been accepted by the Council at Halifax as loyal subjects were to go with the rest. Transports were to be ordered at once to scatter them among the English colonies on the mainland, and the most obdurate, those at the isthmus, were to be sent farthest away, to South Carolina and Georgia.

Of the six persons who made this decision, three came from New England, one, the secretary, was no doubt an Englishman, one was an English military settler, and the sixth was Lawrence. While Lawrence was the dominating personality, the chief-justice from New England, Belcher, had already opposed him with success in asserting the right of the colony to an elected assembly, but was now in hearty sympathy with his policy. Two influences were combined in the decision: one, the naval and military, the other that of New England which saw the key to its own prosperity and safety in the ruin of the power of France in that region. The government of Great Britain had nothing to do either with the making or with the earlier carrying out of the decision. A letter written on August 13 in the king's name ordered indeed that they should not be molested. Lawrence

did not even report what he had decided to do until October 18 when the worst was over and the accomplished fact could not be undone. Then in his report he took pride in the plan which had originated with him to send the Acadians to the English colonies, in the slight cost at which the thing had been achieved, and in the prospect of settling English colonists on the desolated farms of the Acadians. The reply of the British Government was that, since he thought the step was necessary in a crisis, the king would probably approve his action. An approval in such terms was lukewarm, and it was made when, in view of the coming struggle, anything that would injure the prospects of France was welcome.

The Acadians were the victims of high politics. This simple people would hardly have been heard of in history but for their tragic fate. They had no great devotion to France which had neglected them; and, left to themselves, they would have settled down quietly under British rule as did soon the French in Canada. Their sorrows have so excited the pity of later generations that they are pictured as forming an ideal community. They were self-contained, with few needs from the outside world. We are told that to qualify for marriage the prospective bride must prove her capacity to weave homespun, and the husband to make a pair of wooden wheels. There were pleasant features in the life of these remote communities. The flooded lands reached by the high tides of the Bay of Fundy, when once protected from the sea by dykes, were very fertile. At the cost of heavy labour the Acadians had built dykes. This involved co-operation which led to the neighbourly custom that, when a young pair married, the villagers united to give them a start by building their primitive house and providing gifts of cattle and poultry. On the farms there was an abundance of beef and mutton and grain, and of wood for warmth in winter, and nearly every house had its

cask of French wine. They were a gay people, with much singing and dancing on festive occasions. No seigneur dwelt in the Acadian village; the leader and teacher was the priest; the people were all of one faith and were taught to hold in horror the creed of Protestants. When they beat their horses they sometimes used "Luther" and "Calvin" as derisive names. The priest was usually the only man of education in the village; there was hardly a lawyer or a doctor. The people paid him the tithe, and it was perhaps he alone whom they trusted, for experience taught them to suspect both French and English. While the Canadians went far afield to engage in the fur-trade, the Acadians lived by agriculture and stayed at home, and remote Quebec seemed to them a world capital. Each year they chose delegates to watch over their interests, but under British rule they, like Roman Catholics in England, could hold no public office. They paid, however, no taxes; they did no military service; and they had the free exercise of their religion. Their social life was pure and illegitimacy was all but unknown. The Acadians had the faults of their type: frugality tended to become avarice, and we hear of disputes about the subdivision of land, about roads and dykes, wood-cutting and straying cattle. Governor Philipps denounced them as bad farmers, lazy, obstinate, and insolent. They had so strong a sense of their rights that to this day in French Canada "to have the head of an Acadian" is to be immovably obdurate; but somehow they managed to settle their disputes by the counsel of the elders in the village. Left alone they would have been a contented people, happy in their obscurity.

While Lawrence directed from Halifax the harrowing events which followed, the two officers chiefly concerned with carrying out his policy were Monckton at the isthmus and John Winslow the colonel in command of the New England forces. Monckton was a young officer who, though

now only twenty-five years of age, had been elected to the British Parliament four years earlier, and was a member of the Council at Halifax. His father was Viscount Galway and his mother, a daughter of the Duke of Rutland, gave him the blood of one of the proudest families of England. The New England militia officers found in Monckton the regular soldier's disdain for their ways. Winslow, though ill-educated, was himself a colonial aristocrat, and was sometimes fretful at the austere aloofness of his superior officer. When the decision to remove the Acadians was reached, Winslow was sent to the settlements on Minas Basin, and Monckton remained in the more troubled district about Fort Beauséjour, which he had renamed Fort Cumberland in honour of the commander-in-chief.

It was here that the first public announcement was made to the Acadians that all their property was forfeited to the crown. On August 11 Monckton summoned and imprisoned about four hundred. Lawrence was nervous about the strength of the French in this region and ordered, in the first instance, that nothing was to be said to the Acadians of the resolve to scatter them to the English colonies; and above all that no news was to be allowed to leak out to them of the defeat of Braddock, a futile suggestion, we may be sure, for the French had their own carriers of news. Some of the men scattered and drove off their cattle to inaccessible places. The skilful Canadian guerilla leader, Boishébert, had a good many followers in the neighbourhood, and some of the Acadians joined him to harass the English. All this hardened Lawrence's mind in regard to those left behind. Not the least attention, he wrote, was to be paid to any remonstrance or memorial; and he gave warning that for any violence by Acadians or Indians he would have eye for eye, tooth for tooth, life for life, from neighbours in any region where mischief was done.

Lawrence seems to have had no thought of saving the

farm buildings for future English settlers who might be brought in. Houses, from which the men were absent, were to be burned and the women and children taken to the ports of embarcation. Monckton wrote from Fort Cumberland on September 2 that to collect the women and children was very difficult. Even after most of the people had been sent away we have this record for November 15: "Pleasant day. We burnt a large Mass house [church] and 97 houses more." We hear of troops going in boats on both sides of the Peticodiac River and burning everything. A party would sometimes destroy two hundred houses. No doubt in many cases these were log cabins on the edge of the forest, but they were the homes of a harassed people.

We shall best get a picture of events if we look at the activities of Colonel Winslow at Grand Pré on Minas Basin. He arrived early in August from Fort Cumberland. There was a large church in the village, and before using it for military purposes he permitted the village elders to remove objects to which special reverence was attached. When he had housed his men and taken precautions for defence, he issued, on September 2, orders that all the male inhabitants, from boys of ten upwards, should come to him in the church at three o'clock on the afternoon of September 5 with military penalties for failure. The next day he sent out a party to inspect the neighbourhood and they reported that "it was a fine country and full of inhabitants, a beautiful church and abundance of the goods of the world." Across Minas Basin to the north, and also a little distance away on the south, rose low mountains. The region has a fascinating beauty, and to-day is dotted by pleasant little towns, two of them, Windsor and Wolfeville, small seats of learning like the collegiate towns in New England. But its first settlers, a people whose language was French and whose religion was that of Rome, are no longer there.

At Minas, unlike what had happened in Monckton's

region, the men were at work on their farms gathering the harvest, and four hundred and eighteen males obeyed Winslow's summons. They must have had an inkling of what to expect. Winslow had a table placed in the centre of the church and with a group of officers about him he explained what he was ordered to do. As the halting sentences came out they were turned into French by an interpreter. The peasant mind works slowly, but the clumsy method enabled these anxious men to grasp the expanding meaning of Winslow's words. It was, he said, disagreeable to him to speak and grievous to them to hear, but it was not his business to blame anyone. He was merely delivering the king's orders and he had now to tell them that all their goods, their lands, houses, farm stock, were forfeited to the crown; and in addition to this that they themselves were to be sent away in ships. As an act of grace they might keep their money and such of their personal effects as would not unduly encumber the vessels. He would, he added, deal with them as gently as possible, and he hoped that wherever their lot should fall they might be a peaceful and happy people, loyal to the king. To their dismay, however, they were not even to go back to their homes.

Some four hundred unhappy human beings were then locked in the church, and no doubt they spent the long hours of the night in melancholy debate about what it was best to do. One thing was clear: the whole Acadian people was included in the sentence, and no late offer to take the oath would now be accepted. Winslow made two promises: one that when the people were sent away families should as far as possible be kept together; the other that each day twenty would be allowed to go to see their people with the rest as hostages for their coming back. In the basin lay five transports. They could carry only a portion of those who were to go, and it would be weeks before other ships arrived. The captive males outnumbered his soldiers by

about two to one. Each of the transports would hold fifty and he selected the young and unmarried men, and added to them one hundred and nine married men, to make up the needed two hundred and fifty to be confined in the five ships. When he gave the order for the march to the vessels a mile and a half away, the young men who were leading, refused at first to budge, but the menace of soldiers with fixed bayonets persuaded the first file to start, and the rest followed like sheep, praying, singing, crying, while weeping women and children joined the procession.

Then came a long and anxious waiting. The women and children had been left on the farms, and they were ordered to bring in the needed food for the men kept on the ships in the river, and at the church, and also for the garrison. Formerly they had received pay for supplies for the troops, but now, since all Acadian property belonged to the king, no pay would be forthcoming. Some soldiers were ready to help themselves. The private is apt to have only a slight sense of property and the Acadian farms with the men absent were an easy mark for looting. Winslow warned his men that property must not be injured in any way, but poultry, sucking pigs, gardens and orchards, offered strong temptation and he met plundering with the heavy penalty of thirty lashes for stealing even a chicken. But there was worse lawlessness than looting. The New England soldier longed for a reckoning with the French and Indians, who, during two generations, had harassed the frontier with their scalping parties. Captain Alexander Murray, a regular officer in command at Pisiquid (Windsor), had had some harsh experiences with the Acadians. His men were resentful, and on September 8 he wrote to Winslow that "our men hate them [the Acadians] and if they can find a pretence to kill them they will." The English were still paying a bounty for scalps and, knowingly or not, some of the scalps for which they paid were the scalps of Acadians.

The French for their part paid sometimes for English scalps.

Winslow saw the weeks drag on, and still the needed transports did not come. Protests and entreaties made life a burden; "it hurts me to hear their weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." He was forced to scour the country for men and live stock; and two weeks after the first seizure he had found about a hundred more men, and had a vast collection of animals consisting of some 500 horses, 4,000 cattle, 8,000 sheep and 4,000 hogs. He burned in all 698 houses, barns and mills. His neighbour Murray writes: "I long much to see the poor wretches embarked and our affair a little settled, and then I will do myself the pleasure of meeting you and drinking their good voyage." By October 8 transports had come, and Winslow's parties had brought in a horde of weeping women, some with children in their arms, some decrepit, some wheeling their goods in carts, all in bitter distress and woe, but, Winslow declares, hardly yet believing that he was in earnest. There was much confusion, and some families were separated. Lawrence had been impatient at delay which involved expense; and as early as September 11 he had told Monckton to send away men without waiting for their women and children. "Thank God," Winslow says on October 12, "the transports are gone at last."

Of the great numbers amounting to more than a hundred thousand of cattle, sheep and pigs collected in Acadia many were used as supplies for the fleet. Horses would not be eaten and Winslow writes gleefully to a friend in Halifax, that he has secured for him "a good horse that speaks English" as well as a cow. The occupying army rejoiced in an abundance of food—a sucking pig every day for the officers' mess if they liked—and of drink, since the Acadian houses had a good store of French wine. Winslow's report shows in what comfort the Acadians had lived. From one farm

he took 42 head of cattle, 98 sheep, 34 pigs and 2 horses. No doubt the owner was the rich man of his neighbourhood. There were usually from four to six children in a family. Few families were without at least one horse and many had a dozen cattle and twice as many sheep and hogs. It was assuredly a prosperous people who were made the sport of relentless forces, which inflicted on them awful suffering and left their villages blackened ruins.

Lawrence had decided not to allow the Acadians to go, as they had wished, to join other French colonists for this would add to the French menace; and, without securing any promise of co-operation, he sent letters to the governors of the English colonies, saying that the Acadians were a strong and healthy people whose labour would be useful and who, remote from French intrigue, might become loyal citizens. The ships which sailed away with their unhappy cargoes met with a varying fate. Lawrence gave orders that the exiles should be carefully guarded under the hatches to prevent the possibility of their seizing the ships. This, in a few cases, the exiles did and reached their own land only to find their villages devastated. It happened that the proposed destination of a ship might be changed while it was at sea and that parents and children, sailing in different ships, were landed at places widely separated; these were perhaps never reunited.

The exiles were rarely welcomed in the English colonies. Virginia refused to receive them and sent some six hundred across the sea to England which, in turn, sent them to France after the peace. Many of those exiled were sent far away to South Carolina to the dismay of its governor, who gave some of them two rickety ships with provisions and told them to go where they liked. About nine hundred in all made their way to the lands about the St. John River. Smallpox broke out among the four hundred and fifty sent to Pennsylvania; they were long kept cooped up in the

ships, and many died. Maryland with its many Roman Catholics received these co-religionists with kindly pity. What happened in Massachusetts is fairly typical. The colony scattered them in various towns. Lawrence was alarmed when he heard reports that the Acadians were securing ships with a view to returning, and begged Shirley to destroy the ships. Shirley stopped some small boats making their way back from South Carolina and Georgia, and since the towns were sending him demands for the support of the Acadians, he notified Lawrence that the colony chafed at the expense. Some Acadians were hired out to the highest bidder for three months at a time. A little later, when Montcalm began to win victories in Canada, there was alarm about the Acadians as possible spies and in 1759, when Wolfe was before Quebec, he complained that Acadians in Massachusetts were sending information to the French. Since most of the English colonies were only too relieved to have the Acadians depart, many found their way to their fellow French in Louisiana and their descendants form a considerable part of its population of French origin. Perhaps as many as fifteen hundred reached Quebec, others lingered near or returned to the borders of the peninsula. Their distress gave corrupt officials an excuse to appeal to the French court for aid; but the supplies sent were diverted by the plunderers for their own benefit. At Quebec, the homeless refugees were denied bread and fed on horseflesh. "Our Acadians," wrote Montcalm in the winter of 1757, "are dying of wretchedness, smallpox, etc."

The deportations continued during seven or eight years. There were about four thousand Acadians in Prince Edward Island; and when Louisbourg fell in 1758 it was decided that its French inhabitants and those of Cape Breton should be carried to France. Some of them took refuge in remote places and in time returned to their former homes, but many were cooped up on British transports which sailed for

Plymouth. The *Violet* went down with four hundred, the *Duke William* with three hundred. Those who reached England were in the end sent on to France where they were unwelcome intruders in a society itself living in hard poverty. When, in 1763, after the fall of Canada, Bougainville, Montcalm's former companion, set out, hoping to found new French colonies in the south, he landed some Acadians on the Falkland Islands to remain as colonists. Later, Britain occupied these islands and the survivors, if any, found themselves again under British rule. In 1764, France sent to Guiana nine thousand colonists, many, it is said most, of them Acadians. They were landed on a fever-stricken shore, without houses or any means of caring for the sick, and within five months nearly all had died, victims less of the climate than of utter neglect. It is pleasant to find that the Abbé Le Loutre, who had been held captive in the island of Jersey during eight years until the peace in 1763, devoted himself in France to the relief of the people whom the English, at least, regarded as his victims.

Numbers are uncertain; perhaps from six to ten thousand Acadians were removed. The dispersion is only one of the many minor tragedies of which history is so lamentably full, but it is an important episode in the life of the young nation which French and English later united to make. The more remote a people the more intense is their memory of the incidents in their history, and in the maritime provinces of Canada, to which many Acadians in the end returned, the bitter sense of injury endures. In Europe, before that time and since, similar tragedies have taken place and on a much larger scale; but Europe with its greater population soon healed at least the more gaping of its wounds, while in Nova Scotia a whole land was for a time left empty and desolate. Though, in retrospect, the removal of the Acadians is so shocking as to cause the charge that in British history it ranks in cruelty with the massacre of St. Bartholomew in

French history, the melancholy incident did not cause any serious concern in either the France or the England of the time. Rather was it looked upon as an unpleasant but not unnatural accompaniment of war.

Lawrence had high standing as a soldier. In 1758 he served with Pitt's approval as a fellow brigadier with Wolfe under Amherst at the siege of Louisbourg and distinguished himself and was publicly thanked for his services. In that year Wolfe took part in ravaging the French settlements in Gaspé and driving out their people. He was a humane man but to his mind this was only the discharge of a normal military duty which inevitably, as he said, made the doers unpopular among their victims. This is the military view, and war is endlessly cruel. Just twenty years after Lawrence expelled the Acadians, a fleet of boats sailed out of Boston harbour carrying many hundreds of its citizens who had been forced to abandon their homes and property, and, weeping and poverty-stricken, were going into exile to Nova Scotia. Few men have had a more singular experience than Sir Brook Watson who records that in 1755 he was instrumental in sending from Nova Scotia eighteen hundred Acadians; and that in 1783 he was again instrumental at New York in sending to Nova Scotia thirty-five thousand loyalists, driven from their houses by revolution in the English colonies, and with a sense of injury against the new republic as deep as that which the Acadians, whose lands they occupied, felt against the British. To-day two hundred thousand people in Canada of Acadian descent are united by the memory of the sorrows of their ancestors.

IV. THE VICTORIES OF MONTCALM

Still, in spite of such events, no declaration of war in 1755. Delay was due to anxiety about alliances. Britain distrusted Frederick II, and George II was supremely anxious about Hanover, which the designs of Frederick

might menace. For a time Britain proposed terms of alliance to Russia which could attack Frederick on the rear. He, in turn, tried for the support of France. The truth is that France was secure in her own frontiers; no one menaced her territory in Europe and her real interest was to further her ambitions overseas. She had little to gain from an alliance with either Prussia or Austria. The war proved so disastrous to France that we may underestimate her great strength at this time. Next to the dim mass which was Russia, she was the most populous state in Europe. Her culture was the envy of her neighbours. She had possessions in the West Indies—Guadaloupe, Martinique, Haiti, Granada, Dominica and many smaller islands—far more valuable than those of Britain. She had a great army and a fine military tradition. In India she was making alliances with native rulers and winning influence that might well have given the king of France that title of Emperor of India, which went ultimately across the channel. This vigour of France was seen in her early successes in the war.

It was not easy to bring Prussia and England together, for the scurrilous tongue of Frederick had wounded the vanity of George II; but on January 16, 1756, the two nations made the Treaty of Westminster, which enlisted Frederick's strength for the security of Hanover. Even then France need not have joined Austria, for she had little to gain from such an alliance. Yet in the end she pledged herself to send a hundred thousand troops to aid Austria against Frederick, and to pay in addition heavy subsidies. She was to have by way of return for her sacrifices the dangerous reward of a part of the modern Belgium, then ruled by Maria Teresa. Artful diplomacy and a king's vanity explain France's mistake. Kaunitz, the Austrian Chancellor, had been ambassador at Paris and there by his magnificence had impressed the court, and by his supposed

liberal opinions had pleased the philosophers. He said that Europe needed peace, which was threatened only by the ambitions of puppet-kings such as Frederick, whose ruin was Austria's dominant purpose. His tastes were like those of Louis XV, for he spent his leisure among buffoons and had such terror of death that he would never even go near a sick person. The vanity of Louis had been piqued by Frederick's jeers at a monarch who idled away the hours with dogs and horses and women; Louis liked to think that he could prove his real capacity, and the "Secret of the King" was a long, direct intrigue, over the head of his ministers, with the agents of Austria.

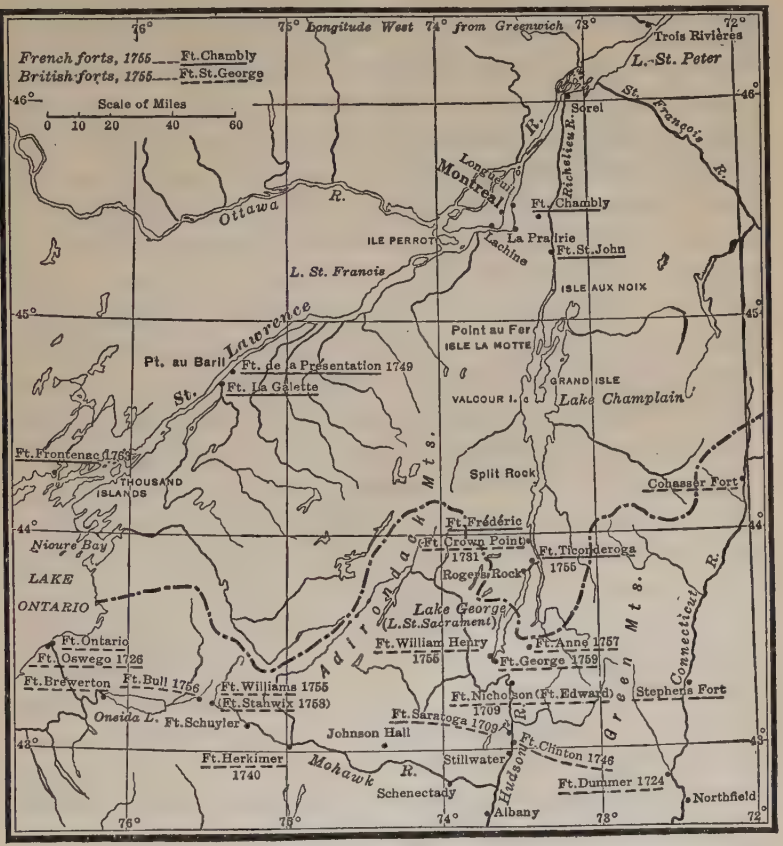
Madame de Pompadour was the active medium in the negotiations. Secure in her sense of power in France, she had sent to the King of Prussia a friendly message, but he bridled at the tone of familiarity and only replied, "I do not know her." "To her we owe everything," wrote the Austrian ambassador in Paris to Kaunitz. Frederick's wit did not spare the vulnerable character of Elizabeth of Russia; so three women, Maria Teresa with her just sense of injury, and two others with wounded vanity, were able to unite against him the forces of three great nations. On May 1, 1756, France signed a treaty of alliance with Austria and soon promised aid to drive from Silesia the King of Prussia, whom five years earlier she had supported in seizing it. Britain declared war against France on May 18, 1756, a year after it had really begun. If, on the surface, there seemed caprice in these alliances, none the less did they express a deep natural cleavage. The soldiers of Frederick were nearly all Protestant as were those of Britain, while the soldiers of France and Austria were Roman Catholic. Religion was a secret but not less vital factor in the great conflict. The rivals were on a different plane in religious policy. Britain and Prussia were ready

for toleration. Official France and Austria still thought heresy a deadly menace.

France was better prepared for war than Britain. In America she had already won the region of the Ohio, and Quebec was soon to be adequately defended. In Europe too France now made a stroke which brought deep humiliation to the British navy. The island of Minorca was then a British possession. In April, before war was declared, the French landed on and overran the island, and shut up the British defenders in Fort Philip. When Admiral Byng with a British fleet arrived off the island in May, he failed in an engagement with the blockading French fleet under La Galissonière, and sailed away leaving the defenders of Minorca to their fate, so that they soon surrendered. On the Atlantic the British fleet failed to guard the sea routes, and France was able to send out reinforcements to America.

The Marquis de Montcalm now appears on the scene in which his name was to be forever linked with that of his rival, Wolfe. He came of an ancient family of military renown, and already at forty-five had seen much active service. Montcalm, like Wolfe, belongs to the class of student soldiers who brought learning to the aid of military talents. His strict education reminds us of the austere training of the great Frederick. A younger brother, Jean, fell a victim to the rigour of the system. At the age of three he was able to read Latin and French in manuscript, and at five could translate from both Hebrew and Greek. He was, besides, a student of art, and had visited and talked with some of the savants of the time. Then, as might have been expected, he died at the age of seven. Montcalm himself had a classical training and was well versed in military history. If he was not so precocious, he was at the age of twenty-one a captain fighting under Maurice of Saxe in Germany, and a dozen years later he saw service in Italy and won the reputation for courage and competence

which led to his appointment in North America. His estate of Candiac lies near Nimes and we find in his private life the virtues which prove how unsafe are sweeping charges as to the corruption of the times. His father had died young



MONTCALM'S CAMPAIGNS

and, as is so often the case in France, his mother was the director of the family, even when her son was married and had many children. If, in the corruption of Versailles, to love one's wife was a weakness practised only by the *bourgeois*, it was not so in the château in sunny Provence.

Montcalm had strong family affections and some of his letters to his wife from his exile in Canada have the passion of a lover.

In March, 1756, Montcalm was at Brest preparing to embark. He had read eagerly Charlevoix's account of Canada, and at Brest he saw much of a man who knew it thoroughly, the former intendant Hocquart who, as Montcalm noted, unlike most intendants in the colonies, had added nothing to his private fortune. The array which set sail from Brest on April 3 was so gallant that Montcalm's chief aide-de-camp, the brilliant young Bougainville, cried in admiration, "What a nation is ours! Happy is he who is worthy to be in command in it." Montcalm was taking with him the two fine regiments of La Sarre and Royal Rousillon, and a brilliant staff. The Chevalier de Lévis was of so ancient a family that it claimed relationship with the Virgin Mary; a man of fine tact and military skill, who fell short, however, of genius. Bourlamaque was a rather silent soldier whom Montcalm's more volatile temper did not at first understand, but he was probably the keenest and most discriminating observer on the staff, and Montcalm learned to trust him fully. Bougainville, Montcalm's closest companion as aide-de-camp, though only twenty-seven years old, was already famous in the world of science, a Fellow of the Royal Society of England and so versatile that later in his life he rivalled the fame of Captain Cook in sailing round the world, and commanded a ship in the naval combat with Rodney, in which the British avenged, in some measure, the defeat at Yorktown in 1781.

The French squadron sailed too early to be caught by the tardy British fleet, and on May 10 Montcalm's ship, the *Licorne,* was off Cap Tourmente, thirty miles below Quebec. He was too impatient to wait for the contrary wind to change, and landed at St. Joachim, and drove to Quebec in the two-wheeled *calèche* of the country. His

temperament had misled him, for the wind changed and the ship arrived first at Quebec. His descriptions were enthusiastic:—the most beautiful country in the world, well cultivated and full of houses, the peasants owning their own land and living like the lesser gentry of France. His quick ear caught the peculiarities of their speech. The French was excellent, but owing to much movement by water it had nautical terms used in land travel. To this day the Canadian habitant embarks in a land carriage and anchors it when he stops. Quebec received him joyously. The intendant Bigot gave a dinner of forty covers and Montcalm wrote that a Parisian would have been surprised at the magnificence of the hospitality. The day was to come when such display filled him with misgivings.

The governor-general of Canada, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, had secured the post largely because of the strength of Canadian national sentiment. The son of a former governor, he had been born in the country and had recently been appointed after serving for ten years as governor of Louisiana. It is perhaps a reproach to Vaudreuil that he is described as well-meaning, which is a favourite excuse for futility. He was a weak man, so vain as to be easily seduced by flattery and, when his jealousy was aroused, insincere and vindictive. As governor he had authority over Montcalm. This was perhaps inevitable as he was the ruler of the colony but, when the court sent out a general officer of high reputation, it was obvious that he was intended to have chief authority in affairs purely military. This view, however, Vaudreuil would not accept. A general officer, Dieskau, had been sent out in the previous year, and the unhappy fate of his defeat and capture was not of good omen for Montcalm. Vaudreuil had urged that a leader from France was not likely to succeed, since he would not be familiar with conditions in Canada, unlike anything to be found in Europe. The Canadians, he said,

were capable of prodigies of valour; but they must be led with the sympathy of one who understood them, and would resent harsh discipline; the native tribes too must be handled with peculiar tact; they were allies, to be consulted rather than commanded, and if offended they were likely to go off to their distant homes; a leader from outside would, moreover, be certain to fall a victim to designing people in the country; Canada had already soldiers well qualified for her defence.

When, in spite of these protests, Montcalm was appointed, he found in Vaudreuil a smooth-spoken but relentless enemy. It is only another phase of the envy and rivalry in high circles, which were helping to ruin France herself in the war. Vaudreuil had had a long experience in Canadian conditions and, though he never led an expedition in war, he believed in his own military capacity, and never from the first left Montcalm free to make and carry out his own plans. The troops in Canada were of three types. There were the fine battalions of regulars from France on which Montcalm chiefly relied; there was the far more numerous Canadian militia, lacking discipline and organization but containing good fighting material; and there were the troops of the department of the Marine, which included the colonies, a small permanent force recruited chiefly in Canada but with discipline and training lacking in the militia. The Marine troops and the militia were Canadian in sentiment. The officers were jealous of those from France and sensitive to any indications of the disdain for colonial ways which was sometimes shown. Vaudreuil lived in a circle which watched and exaggerated the causes of difference with the regular officers. He had married late in life a widowed Canadian lady now seventy-three years of age and fifteen years older than himself. Though the marriage was childless, the lady had children by a previous marriage and was alert to find places for her many relatives. The governor,

naturally pompous and vain, was always being urged by her to show his authority.

In each of the first three years after Montcalm's arrival in Canada, he won a brilliant success. The first problem was to make secure the communications with the Ohio, threatened by the British post at Oswego on the south side of Lake Ontario, opposite Fort Frontenac. Vaudreuil had long planned an attack on Oswego. Montcalm doubted for a time whether the risks were not too great; but by midsummer of 1756 a great expedition was on foot and Montcalm was showing untiring energy in the preparations. Never, he wrote to his wife, had he worked so hard. He inspected everything,—the boats for the journey, weapons, stores, hospitals, food, the mode of baking bread; and he cut down the size of the kit which the officers might take. He was up at four in the morning and not in bed until midnight. All this was simply the duty of a good soldier. The river from Montreal to Lake Ontario had seen many futile efforts since Frontenac had first used it for the array of boats and men which awed the Iroquois, but now there was a turn of fortune. The campaign lasted for only a month. Provisions were scarce. Officers, including Montcalm himself, shared the same meagre fare as the men and slept under trees with only a slight awning of canvas.

It was Montcalm's first experience of forest warfare. In a council with his Indian allies, he accepted their urging that it was not their way to attack fortified places and that they could fight best, as was their wont, under the cover of trees. The forts at Oswego were almost surprised; and after a devastating bombardment of three days, the British surrendered. The French captured great quantities of stores and soon a long procession of boats was filing down the river to Montreal, carrying seventeen hundred British prisoners. The two regiments captured were by an odd chance named after Pepperell and Shirley, the two chief

actors in the great British success at Louisbourg, eleven years earlier, and they were soon struck off the roll of the British army. Montcalm burned the forts; over the smoking ruins he placed a cross with the inscription, *"In hoc signo vincunt,"* and near the spot and at Montreal he had *Te Deums* sung for the signal victory. The blow to the British was severe. The officer in command, Colonel Mercer, was killed, and for a time it seemed possible that the disaster might loosen ties with the Iroquois, already restless. Sir William Johnson's victory over Dieskau in the previous year seemed to have been in vain. But the Iroquois feared their deadly enemies, the western tribes, not less than the French, and by the end of the year they went to Johnson's house to confess that "we have been lost or drunk these several years past in not listening to you." After this they were secure allies.

The victory caused great rejoicing in France and in Canada popular ballads showed how it had stirred the people. Montcalm had tested his officers in the expedition. One of his aides, La Pause, he called a "divine man," but he had harsh words for some Canadian officers; one was ignorant and feeble, another a boaster, another a drunkard, others, including the governor's brother Rigaud, not worth even discussing. Yet Vaudreuil was writing to the minister in France that Montcalm's share was halting, that the effort was due to his own firm insistence, and its success to the military skill of this brother.

The first campaign revealed the nature of the problem before Montcalm. Whatever the self-confidence of the Canadian officers, they had shown slight capacity for organising the militia. The so-called "captains of militia" in the villages were really only officials of the government who called up and sent forward the men, but did not give them even the elements of training. The result was that, before setting out for Oswego, Montcalm had on his hands

twelve hundred men who came in, without leaders, without arms, and almost naked. The French officers had to make a record of their names and parishes, to equip them, to find out for what tasks they were best fitted and places for them in the many boats which were going up the river. Naturally there had been sharp commands and reproofs. Every harsh word was treasured up against Montcalm; and Vaudreuil sent to the court a dark picture of the lack of tact which had dampened the heroic spirit of his Canadians. Always, he said, they were given the hard tasks and the hard fare, with hard words to boot.

The most deplorable aspect of the divisions in Canada related to the natives. Each of about thirty tribes regarded itself as the ally of France, not subject to regular discipline, and to be consulted in respect of military plans. To the French officers they seemed to have some slight use as performing, in this strangely different scene, the kind of scouting service that cavalry would perform in Europe. Experience proved that they were even bad scouts, for they were thinking always of pillage and massacre, not of the operations of war. One of Vaudreuil's fears from the coming of a general officer in command was that he should not handle tactfully these dangerous allies. In the conflicts of a hundred years the French had used them when they could and, ever since the first war with the English in 1689, night attacks on frontier villages with the accompaniment of slaughter of even women and children had been a part of the regular operations of war. For two years now the long frontier had been a hell of massacre. In the French camp the savages still sometimes tortured and burned prisoners. A Jesuit priest describes a party of natives sitting round a fire, roasting pieces of meat on the ends of sticks. He found it was the flesh of an English prisoner; and to his angry protest the savages replied that they had their own customs: let the French follow theirs. Sometimes

they lived for days on human flesh. Vaudreuil's view was that the more terrible the war on the British, the sooner the victory; and he reported to the minister, as evidence of success, the number of scalps taken. The English retaliated in kind. After the western frontier troubles began in 1754, even the pacifist legislators of Pennsylvania offered $150 for the scalp of a hostile male Indian, and $50 for that of a female. But the leaders from Europe on both sides loathed these savage practices, and one of the deepest resolves of the British generals in America was to punish the French for their slack control of native savagery in their camps.

These allies filled Montcalm with disgust. During the summer of 1756 hundreds of them wandered about the streets of Montreal, almost naked, or draped with dirty beaver or buffalo skins, their bodies daubed with black, red or blue paint, and the head shaved, except a long scalp lock in which they fastened plumes or a feather, in the western style. Some of them were of huge stature and they engaged in war dances before the houses of the principal persons, with wild cries and the brandishing of hatchets or lances. The lively Bougainville tells how these allies impressed him. "We shall have," he wrote, "eighteen hundred savings, naked, black, red, bellowing, roaring like wild beasts, chanting war, getting drunk, demanding *bouillon,* that is to say blood, drawn from a distance of five hundred leagues by the smell of flesh and the opportunity to show their young men how to cut up a human being for boiling in the pot. Behold our comrades, who night and day are our shadow! I tremble at the frightful spectacles for which they are preparing." Those from the west, he added, were the most ferocious and clamorous for human flesh. One of them said to Montcalm that their young men had not yet drunk human blood; they had come from the ends of the world to do it, and were now learning

how to handle the knife so as to plunge it into the hearts of Englishmen. They told Montcalm that they had especially enjoyed eating an Englishman with a very white skin. In spite of his loathing for these greasy allies, he had to sit for long hours in council with them, to study their caprices, and to make them gifts. On one occasion, at his own cost, he gave them a feast of three oxen roasted whole. They gorged themselves and danced and shouted their war-cries. Vaudreuil posed as peacemaker to keep the savages from going off in dudgeon because of the hauteur of Montcalm. Already they had brought disgrace on the French army. After Montcalm had granted terms at Oswego, his Indians had massacred prisoners to the number, by some probably exaggerated accounts, of a hundred and fifty. We might suppose that the governor would have been in sympathy with Montcalm's anger at this outrage, but he wrote to France making charges against Montcalm. The savages had told him, he said, that they would be faithful allies and go wherever sent so long as they were not under Montcalm's orders. They could not bear his stern reproaches and he would not listen to their explanations.

Montcalm made a brilliant campaign in 1757. We wonder what had become of the boasted superiority of the British on the sea when we find eighteen French vessels of the line and five frigates sailing across the ocean early in that year, giving France naval superiority in America. Striking changes had taken place in France. On January 5, the assassin Damiens had tried to stab Louis XV. For a time it was feared that the dagger was poisoned, and the nation was so stirred as to prove that the monarchy still commanded the devotion of Frenchmen. The attempt led to the sudden dismissal of the two ministers most concerned with Canada. When the king's life seemed in the balance, Machault, minister of the Marine, carried to Madame de

Pompadour a message from the king, who, in fear of death, deemed it to be fitting for her to leave the court at that solemn time. Soon, however, the king recovered; and then she had her revenge. On February 1, Machault was dismissed as was also Argenson who had written unguarded words which reached the king. Argenson had been minister of war for fourteen years and these are the terms of the king's angry notice: "Monsieur, I have no longer need of your services and I order your resignation of your office of Secretary of State and other posts, and you are to retire to your estates."

The British had long planned to advance into Canada by way of Lake George and Lake Champlain. At the south end of Lake George they had Fort William Henry, so named by Sir William Johnson in honour of a royal prince. Here more than two thousand men had gathered in 1757, and under a brave officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Munro, were waiting for General Webb to bring up further levies. The British army seems from time to time to fall into a paralysis of inefficiency, and so it was now. During the winter Vaudreuil had sent a few hundred men, led by his brother, down the snowy stretches of the two lakes to attack Fort William Henry, and they had ventured up to its walls, had burnt stores and many boats, and had gone away almost with impunity. That might well have sounded a call to hasten its rescue, but little was done. And now, with infinite labour, Montcalm took some eight thousand men down Lake Champlain, dragged boats, cannon and stores past the rapids on the river connecting the two lakes, and by August 3 laid siege to the fort. His cannon battered it almost to pieces; no help came, and on August 9 the brave Munro surrendered. The French pledged to him the honours of war, and that those in the fort, numbering more than two thousand two hundred, should be escorted in

safety to the British Fort Edward on the Hudson, about eighteen miles from the end of the lake.

Montcalm sent Bougainville to Montreal to announce the victory. Before going he wrote in his journal: "We shall be almost too lucky if we manage to avoid a massacre; those not on the spot can have no idea how wretched is a situation which makes victory itself grievous to the conquerors." The chiefs of the savages had agreed to join in protecting the garrison. When the long procession filed out of the fort for the march to the British fort, with two hundred French regulars at the head of the column, hundreds of savage eyes were watching for an opening to plunder and massacre. The British carried their arms, and here perhaps a savage grabbed a coveted musket from a soldier's hands, there a parcel or portmanteau on some one's back. Disorder spread, the savages broke in on the procession, dragged away some six hundred living prisoners, and killed about fifty, including women and children. Some two hundred others escaped by flight through the forest. We are surprised that the soldiers did not offer more effective resistance, since they were armed, but the organisation of a long file in the forest was difficult and the savage attack was rapid. Of the column, more than twenty-two hundred strong, which had set out, only fourteen hundred reached Fort Edward. Montcalm was not present when the massacre began, but he hurried to the scene and he and his officers risked their lives in rebuking the savages. Many of the prisoners seized were in the end recovered. Montcalm burnt Fort William Henry; and another mass of smoking ruins marked his second great success. The French retired to the isthmus between the two lakes and strengthened the fort which they called Carillon and the British Ticonderoga.

This great success added to Montcalm's fame in France, but Vaudreuil wrote that, instead of retiring to Carillon,

he should have advanced a further eighteen miles and taken Fort Edward. This would have meant dragging cannon without horses over bad roads, meeting the considerable British forces which were gathering, and, in case of victory, holding a weak fort in a hostile country. Vaudreuil added that the outrage by the savages was due to Montcalm's want of tact; had his brother been trusted he could have held the tribes in check. The governor's slanderous attacks on Montcalm were producing some effect in France. Argenson, Montcalm's personal friend, was gone, and Montcalm had barely returned from his second great success when he received a rebuke from the Marquis de Paulney, the new minister of war. It was gently worded but Montcalm was definitely warned that he and his officers of the regular army should show more tact in dealing with the Canadians and the savages.

Our amazement at British incapacity is great when we find that in the next year, 1758, Montcalm won a third striking success against a great British army. Pitt was now in office but as yet his energy was only partly effective. He saw that the decisive scene of war was America, but he had not found the right leaders. On July 5, 1758, there was a striking pageant of war on Lake George, down which in the year before Montcalm had led his victorious force. Where stood the blackened ruins of Fort William Henry, a great British army had gathered. There were seven thousand regulars and nine thousand colonial troops. It was a brilliant summer day, the troops embarked in perfect order in twelve hundred boats which seemed to stretch from shore to shore of the lake. Yet three days later General Abercromby, the old and incompetent leader of the force, was fleeing in panic down the lake with a disorganized army; his second in command, Lord Howe, who had given vitality to the force, had been killed; and the British had lost two thousand men.

Montcalm with three thousand men had taken his stand at Fort Ticonderoga. The inept British leader could have knocked the fort to pieces with his artillery on the neighbouring Mount Defiance which commanded it, or, with his superior numbers, he could have cut off Montcalm's communications and quickly starved him out, for he had provisions for only eight days. Instead, owing to a rumour that heavy, well-equipped reinforcements were coming to Montcalm, Abercromby decided on a hurried assault by advancing through the forest. Nothing suited better the genius of the Canadian forces. In front of the fort, which stood on high ground, was a rocky ledge. Here they quickly threw up a breastwork, and for protection in front they felled trees which made a tangle of trunks and branches and leaves. There could have been no target more easily marked than the scarlet coat in that scene, and as the British came forward they were met by shattering volleys from an unseen foe behind the breastwork. When they drew back, from below by the lake came Abercromby's repeated orders to charge again. Valour was, however, useless. Montcalm in his shirt sleeves moved among his men, coolly cheering and directing them. The last British assault came at six o'clock and when it failed a panic followed. The men dropped everything and fled to the boats and, but for the guards there, they would have rowed away headlong down the lake. Even Braddock's disaster had been surpassed. The British army retired hurriedly to the far end of the lake; and Montcalm had won a success of which the news rang through Europe and made him for the time the most famous of French generals. To those whose thoughts centred at Quebec, France seemed to be on the crest of final victory, and they hoped for an early peace. Vaudreuil's malevolence had no longer any sting in France, and one more scene of war remained to give Montcalm tragic but immortal fame.

V. THE MINISTRY OF WILLIAM PITT

In every great war success seems due to some one dominating personality, and we now find in William Pitt the man whose genius decided the fate of North America. The British are both warlike and peaceful; warlike because, when once engaged in a struggle, they hold on with a dogged resolve which is only confirmed by reverses; peaceful because they lack imagination and in quiet days are apt to ignore the possibility of war. A nation, which had flouted France during two years and attacked her forces on sea and land, ought to have made adequate plans for the inevitable war; but when it came, in 1756, Britain was unprepared and met with a startling succession of disasters.

In modern times experience in war has shown the unexpected result that democracies, in spite of their clumsy mediocrity, can wage war with better effect than despotisms. War is the affair of the whole nation; it is the masses of the nation which carry its chief burden, and a nation aroused is a terrible force in a conflict. France has proved this; Britain proved it under Pitt. He took a great war out of the hands of half-hearted politicians and put its conduct into the will of the nation itself. He was himself a politician, dependent for his living on the rewards of office, and for the last thirty-two years of his life, except during one year out of office, when he lived on borrowed money, he was dependent on pay from the state. In 1754 when Pelham the prime minister died, Pitt was Paymaster of the Forces, but not a member of the cabinet. At that time so high a rank in government seemed hardly to be open to a man of Pitt's social standing, for trade was despised in high circles and his grandfather had founded the family's fortunes by trade in India. Pitt was, however, bent on becoming Secretary of State, and his attacks on Pelham's

brother, the Duke of Newcastle, the new prime minister, were inspired by his fury at being overlooked.

This was Pitt the politician. But there was another Pitt. When he took office as Paymaster of the Forces in 1746 he had refused the rich and usual perquisite of drawing for himself the interest on the large balance at the credit of the Paymaster, and he also refused to accept the bonus of one-half of one per cent which foreign rulers were accustomed to pay to the Paymaster on the amount of British subsidies. This was not unexampled; Pelham himself did the same thing and said nothing about it. But Pelham was rich and Pitt was poor; and Pitt, bent on being the leader of public opinion, took care to let the nation know what he had done. Such perquisites had made Pitt's rival, Henry Fox, a very rich man, and for him and many others the game of politics was a struggle for lucrative posts. Fox said frankly that statesmen should live off the state, and that to buy support was the only way to carry on a government. Once a minister, a man might be sure of a pension for life amounting to as much as two thousand pounds. In Church and State alike there might be one holder of many posts, with rewards running in a few cases as high as sixteen or seventeen thousand pounds a year. We need not wonder that the dangling of such prizes before aspirants was one of the chief methods by which a prime minister kept a majority in Parliament.

The British people had no direct political authority. The House of Commons ruled, but most of the seats were in the gift of the great landowners, many of them peers who sat in the Lords. Fewer than fifty constituencies might be contested in an election. Rivalry for power had divided the Whigs into groups which suspected and hated each other and had so little scruple in their methods that Pitt once warned his friends not to leave letters in their

pockets since opponents might steal and read them. Fox and Newcastle were so indecent as to jeer at Pitt's bodily infirmities. Personal jealousies were such that when the war broke out only three regiments had their complement of officers, since the prime minister, the Duke of Newcastle, was unwilling to accept nominations from the Commander-in-chief, the Duke of Cumberland.

It was Pitt who first made the people realise their power in public affairs. He came of a turbulent family which had in it a taint of madness; but in him the taint never went beyond passionate vehemence, spent chiefly in efforts to make England the leader of the world. It may be doubted whether any statesman of to-day has read as widely as Pitt. He was a student of the Greek and Latin classics, he had read most of the printed sources of English history, and was so keen a reader of foreign literature that he is said to have begun in the last year of his life the study of Spanish in order to be able to read *Don Quixote* in the original. Chesterfield was not more exacting than Pitt in his standard of manners. He was tall and imposing in figure. He bore himself with great dignity, thought more than mild laughter vulgar, wore full dress when engaged in public business, and did not permit his secretaries to sit in his presence.

We are accustomed to think of the age as one of cold manners and the foe of enthusiasm. Pitt, however, was inspired by burning enthusiasm. His fiery speech made him one of the great orators of all time. He had a marvellous voice, sweet and rich in tone, so clear that his lowest whisper could be heard, so powerful that, when he raised it, the House of Commons was filled with its beautifully varied sound. Though members who looked to ministers for favours were not to be swayed to vote as Pitt desired, they feared the majesty of his invective. When he spoke they were forced to listen. It is said that when he was

stirred to anger no one could look him in the face. The French ambassador, Bussy, said that he was in fear lest Pitt should throw him out of the window. Once he began a speech: "Sugar, Mr. Speaker," and the House laughed. "Sugar," he repeated three times with fierce glances, "who will now dare to laugh at sugar," and the awed House listened to him in silence, though it was not easy to dominate squires, steeped in narrow prejudice, easy-living men about town, and greedy office-seekers. Pitt spoke best when he spoke with least preparation; then all that was in his soul burst out freely, and when he ended he himself would have been the last to tell what he had really said. The magic of those speeches is gone forever. Only a few who heard him took notes, and so bald are these that we are left to wonder at the secret of an eloquence which was a moving cause in founding the modern British Empire. His talk was much of integrity, incorruptibility, liberty, prosperity; and the whole British people came to look upon him as the representative of these things in their national life.

The age was stilted; sons wrote to their mothers as "Honoured Madame," and friends signed letters to each other as "your obedient servant." Pitt wrote letters in Johnsonian English, but cumbrous phrases are not evidence of a cold heart. Pitt was a man of deep affection. He married at forty-six, just when the long war was beginning, and the letters of this pure and high-minded man to his wife breathe a tender love which never cooled. He delighted in the merriment of his children, loved to unbend with them in haymaking and hunting butterflies, and in his busiest times took delight in the nurse's bulletins about her charges; such "little-great things," he said, are more interesting than the "great-little things of the restless world." His vehemence did not forget courtesy; he never spoke angrily to servants, and he thought that beggars were entitled to at least a polite refusal. He made warm friends,

but his nature was arrogant and too often he lost them; he was humble enough, however, to try to master a proud and morose temper, and he never grew too old to learn from experience and to try new and better ways. The man who saved England was profoundly religious, an ardent Protestant who distrusted the Roman Church because, as he thought, it menaced the liberties of Europe. Pitt was the first minister to adopt the avowed policy of telling the nation the frank truth about its great affairs, and to trust to its nobility for the response. With it, as he often said, "nothing was impossible." He had no great plans to reconstruct the basis of national life, such as modern statesmen must confront. On the existing social system, with its gross inequalities, Pitt made no serious attack. Probably he thought it as enduring as the nation itself.

Pitt said in May, 1756, that "in every quarter of the world we are inferior to the French." At the close of the previous war in 1748, Britain alone had thoroughly disarmed. The army was reduced to eighteen thousand men. Many ships of war were laid up, and discharged shipwrights and seamen were permitted to go to serve in France and Spain. There seemed no danger of attack in Europe and, if the outlook in America was threatening, this did not disturb English opinion, always lethargic about America. It was after Byng's defeat in 1756 that England became panicky. She faced the loss of the command of the Mediterranean and perhaps of the sea itself, and there was great fear of invasion. In the villages there was talk that England would be a province of France. When a wedding *cortège* came winding along a road, the word ran that "the invasion had come," and valiant rustics prepared to meet the invaders with pitchforks. Since the French would have to cross the channel in boats, even the mention of a flat-bottomed boat was enough to stir alarm. This panic existed side by side with blatant talk in coffee houses that

one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen, and that France would not dare to put a foot on the island.

The events which followed showed how ill-equipped was the nation. Oswego, which fell in 1756, was badly designed and insanitary, and at Fort William Henry, the loss of the next year, men were dying at the rate of thirty a week. Early in 1757 news came from India that Calcutta had been taken and more than six score British prisoners had been suffocated in the tragedy of the Black Hole. In Europe there was a similar record. On July 26, 1757, the French defeated the British Commander-in-chief, the Duke of Cumberland, at Hastenbeck, and the duke signed on August 1 the Convention of Kloster-Zeven, by which he agreed to disband the army in Hanover and thus to leave that country defenceless. During two centuries the British had never been defeated in war, and we may imagine the cumulative effect of these disasters. The means of expressing public opinion was inadequate for no newspaper reached the masses. Moreover, the great meetings addressed by political leaders were as yet unknown and the debates in Parliament were not reported. The people knew so little that they were the more nervous at reports which reached them. England's military strength seemed even to her rulers to be so inadequate that, after a failure to secure Russians, battalions of Hessians and Hanoverians were brought in to defend the country. Startling on English roads were these foreign soldiers, in strange uniforms, and knowing no word of the language of the people whom they had come to save.

In this crisis Pitt was the only leader whom the nation had learned to trust. He said at this time, "I can save this nation and no one else can," and his words seem arrogant, yet it was true that in no one but him did confidence centre. It was not easy to put him in power. The memoirs of the time are full of the inglorious intrigues of

1756 before Pitt was called to office. The spirit of the nation was, however, aroused. Deadly fear of the losses to commerce by bad management of the war haunted the commercial classes; anger at the nation's defeat and disgrace inspired the people; the fear of invasion brooded over all. Pitt was inevitable. Yet, even so, it was necessary to concede much to the old system. Pitt, the commoner, was not thought fit for the supreme place. To have a duke seemed more in accordance with the eternal fitness of things. Accordingly, in December, 1756, the Duke of Devonshire became the leader of the government, with Pitt as Secretary of State for War. Many addresses begging for change had been made to the king who had, however, used every effort to avoid giving high office to Pitt. George II, though now old, was vigorous and alert, a man of violent prejudices but with a share of shrewd common sense. Like his father, George I, he was more a German than an Englishman. The prerogative of the crown then, and for more than a century later, gave it great power in the army; the king in person considered appointments, and George II prided himself on being a soldier. Pitt had not spared the king in his attacks. George's heart was in Hanover and Pitt had spoken of the "despicable electorate" on which England was wasting her resources. George had fought in person at Dettingen with great applause for his courage, but Pitt had spoken of the battle as rather an escape than a victory. George complained that when in office Pitt made him long speeches and wrote him formal and pedantic letters. One phase of Pitt's manners helped, however, to soothe the king: he would never sit in the royal presence and, when asked to rest, would kneel on a cushion, and in that position carry on his business. The day came when Pitt ate his words and asked for large subsidies for the electorate, but he and the king moved in different worlds of thought.

Though Pitt had attacked the neglect of the navy which had caused Byng's failure at Minorca, and though he himself pitied and, when he came into office, tried to save him, Byng was tried and executed, because, as the king told Pitt, the public opinion which he had aroused demanded that expiation. With a king who still could make and unmake ministers, Pitt's position was not yet secure. In April, 1757, George II dismissed Pitt because his son, the Duke of Cumberland, in command in Hanover, would not work with him. Then public opinion again made itself felt. During eleven weeks the king tried to secure a ministry that should not include Pitt. But, though the House of Commons was ready to keep him out of office, the nation demanded him. Many towns did themselves honour by offering him their freedom. Finance backed Pitt, for stocks fell after his dismissal. Addresses rained upon him. Even so, Pitt had to accept a compromise. Newcastle came back as prime minister to manage the House of Commons by peddling jobs and offices, and to maintain a majority which gave Pitt a free hand to carry on the war.

Thus it was that in July, 1757, came into being the great ministry which led the British nation with conquering vigour. Pitt stood almost alone. Most of his colleagues disliked that dominating personality, but for four years he was master of the energies of the British nation. He took into his hands the direction of all the services. He had had a soldier's training and the army was his favourite field of energy, but he took charge too of the navy. At its head as First Lord of the Admiralty was the distinguished admiral Anson, but Pitt reduced Anson to the level of an obedient subordinate. In 1756 he had declared that Anson was not fit to command a cockle-boat on the Thames. Anson was a good administrator but not good enough to match Pitt's energy, and once when, to a demand from Pitt in office, he used the word "Impossible," Pitt's retort

was that if the thing was not done he should report Anson to the king and impeach him before the House of Commons. He insisted that he himself should carry on the correspondence of the navy, and since the law required that certain officials of the Admiralty should sign papers, he obeyed it, but it was reported that he covered the page for signatures with a blank sheet, and that the officials knew nothing of what they were signing. He re-examined weekly the contracts for the services. He studied with minute care the scene of every operation. He knew the roads and streams, with their rapids, which the troops must use in America, and gave minute care to the equipment they needed. His labour was incessant, but in it he was regular and disciplined, and he found time to see in person any one who was likely to be of service in his tasks.

Such was Pitt as war minister, and his changes were rapid and sweeping. Not only did he support but he increased the subsidies to Hanover and gave heavy ones to Prussia. He was bent on conquering America; but he was sure that he could do it in Germany by keeping France fully occupied in Europe. He said that a nation which could not do its own fighting was not fit to live, and he sent home the soldiers from Hesse and Hanover. To replace these troops he passed a militia bill which the Commons had previously rejected, and thus provided a home defence which freed the regular army for foreign service. A dozen years earlier a Jacobite rebellion had found support in the Highlands of Scotland; the clansmen were regarded by many as a menace rather than a support in time of war; but Pitt approved of the enlisting of two Highland regiments under a Fraser and a Montgomery, and thus made the beginning of the glorious record in the British army of the men who marched in kilts to the wild music of the bagpipes. Pitt encouraged the enlisting in America of companies of Rangers who waged the irregular warfare in

which the Canadians so excelled. His was a receptive mind which adjusted itself quickly to needed change. Of course he spent money with a lavish hand and so caused misgivings and protests. But soon a navy of a hundred and thirty-four ships was increased to four hundred and twelve, and where twenty or thirty thousand troops had seemed to suffice, Pitt demanded a hundred thousand.

Thus came about the situation which involved the fall of New France. Pitt made mistakes, and only after he had guided the war for a year had he found the men and the methods which led to victory. The end of Shirley's military command as Braddock's successor in America, had come in July, 1756, when a general officer, Lord Loudoun, had been sent out as chief. The keen insight of Benjamin Franklin likened Loudoun to a painted soldier on a tavern sign, always on horseback but never moving. Like Braddock, he showed little tact in dealing with the colonial authorities, and he spent in writing interminable despatches with his own hands time that had better been given to action. It was while Loudoun was commander-in-chief that Montcalm won his great successes at Oswego and Fort William Henry. In 1757, Loudoun had seventeen thousand regulars, but was always excusing delay by the need of waiting for the promised colonial levies. Pitt expected him to take Louisbourg in that summer, and to go from there to attack Quebec; but even if Loudoun had been competent, the French fleet in America in that year was stronger than any fleet which could attack the fortress.

Frederick II, while fighting both Austria and Russia, urged his British allies to hold the Rhine against a French invasion of Hanover, to attack in India and in Canada, to occupy Corsica, and to make a descent on the French coast which should keep the French occupied at home. The nearest task was an invasion of France, and here Pitt made a bad failure. He could not hope for more than to give

the French the kind of fright that they had caused in England by the reported plan of invasion of the previous year. Nothing enduring could come from it, and the great Prussian soldier was probably in error in thinking that it was worth while. At any rate the leader, Sir John Mordaunt, was too old to lead in such an effort, and the expedition sent late in 1757 to attack Rochefort was a costly failure. But from it Pitt learned something, for the young Quartermaster-General, James Wolfe, showed on the expedition energy and initiative which attracted Pitt's attention. Rochefort was not Pitt's only bad failure. The man who in the next summer made so disastrous a failure at Ticonderoga, Abercromby, was Pitt's hesitating choice. Nor had Pitt any part in two victories in 1757 which were of great moment: Clive's at Plassey in January, which won Bengal, did not owe anything to Pitt; nor did Frederick's at Rossbach in November.

The year 1758 was the first in which Pitt had full control of men and methods, and it saw the final turn of fortune. It was necessary to infuse a new spirit into the army. Promotion under the social system of the time had, as its chief feature, the entrenchment of privilege. A mere boy would be given command of a regiment because he had family influence or money, while really good officers would serve a lifetime without promotion. Blakeney, who commanded the garrison in Minorca which Byng failed to relieve, was one of the best officers in the army; yet because he was poor and without influence, he did not become a colonel until the age of sixty-five; and only at the advanced age of seventy-three, when he distinguished himself in helping to crush the Jacobite rebellion, did he really come to the front and make the reputation which resulted in honoured burial in Westminster Abbey. The age saw, almost without protest, the divorce of office from duties. Colonels of regiments were in many cases absentees. Lord Bury

was colonel of the 20th Regiment, of which Wolfe became lieutenant-colonel. Bury always raised difficulties when any one else asked for leave, but he himself rarely visited the regiment, and Wolfe had the temerity to say to his commanding officer that, as things were, to do one's duty was not the path to advancement. Discipline was brutal. Common soldiers served for very long periods, and elderly men were sometimes under the command of mere boys. If these young officers chose, they could strike grey-headed veterans and condemn them to ignominious punishments. The men's lot was in any case hard. Grenadiers carried on the march a normal weight of more than sixty pounds—a crushing burden. The pay of the soldier was so low that, after meeting fixed charges for food and other necessaries, he often had not more than sixpence a week for himself. Even this was often paid irregularly. Wolfe, before Quebec, had no money to pay his men. They must beware, however, of any act of insubordination. One commander at least, General Hawley, carried about with him a couple of gibbets as camp furniture, and the men of a regiment were sometimes called upon to stand round a hollow square and see companions hanged.

George II's third son, the Duke of Cumberland, was the military member of the reigning house. Because of his royal blood he was in supreme command of fifty thousand men while not yet twenty-four, and became Commander-in-Chief. He was in fact not a bad officer. He had learned something of the art of war from the example of his cousin, Frederick the Great, and during his high command in the British army he stood for a stricter sense of duty than the privileged idlers liked. He tried to keep the colonels with their regiments; but, in 1756, when the attack on Minorca had been imminent for months, discipline in the army was still so slack that the governor, the colonels in the four regiments, and many other officers were absent on leave.

Cumberland's failure in Germany so displeased his exacting father that the son resigned all his military posts and was succeeded as Commander-in-Chief by General Lord Ligonier, whom Pitt found a congenial colleague. If Pitt threatened so great a man as Anson with impeachment, we may imagine his scrutiny of the officers in the army. He brushed aside the traditions of seniority and now sought only competence.

Pitt had had misgivings about Abercromby and sent as his second in command, a young officer, Lord Howe, in whom we find embodied the new reforming spirit. The three Howe brothers have a conspicious place in American history, for Admiral Howe and General William Howe were soon to play important parts in the drama of the American Revolution. The elder brother, as Pitt said, was "a character of ancient times; a complete model of military virtue in all its branches." Wolfe said of him that he was "the noblest Englishman that has appeared in my time." It was Howe who led in breaking with the stiff army tradition which made soldiering a leisurely occupation to be conducted on strict lines of etiquette. Braddock's defeat had shaken the tradition, and when Howe joined Abercromby he applied new methods. He made changes in equipment in the same spirit which, in modern times, led to rejecting red for khaki on active service. He had musket-barrels painted so that the glint of steel should not reveal positions to the enemy. The skirts of uniforms were cut off and so also was the long powdered hair. The men wore leggings such as Indians and Canadians wore to push through the forest, and they carried their effects in a roll of blankets. On expeditions, to be free of a lumbering commissariat, each man took enough meal for a month, and officers and men alike mixed their own meal with a little water and baked it in cakes on flat stones by the wayside. All ranks

carried but one shirt apiece, and Howe himself would go down to the brook and wash his own shirt and dry it in the sun, wearing meanwhile only a coat. The men loved him, and the British army lost an inevitably great leader when Howe was killed in an obscure skirmish before Ticonderoga. When Wolfe heard of it he said: "There is an end of the expedition, for he was the spirit of the army and the very best officer in the king's service."

VI. WOLFE'S SIEGE OF QUEBEC

It was James Wolfe who won fame such as Howe deserved. It should not be forgotten that not Wolfe but Geoffrey Amherst was in chief command in America, and that Amherst was an officer of the new and efficient school, who well deserved the high command to which he was named. He had served in Germany as aide-de-camp to Lord Ligonier, and attracted Pitt's notice by careful and methodical work. His task in America had extraordinary difficulties. Beginning with Braddock there had been disasters in three successive years. These had discouraged the English colonies which had no control of operations; and they were moreover irritated by what they thought offensive airs on the part of Braddock and other leaders. Pitt soothed them by his sympathetic tone of appeal to a common patriotism and Amherst equalled Pitt in tact. He was a great organizer, but he was slow and deliberate and lacked imagination and to this it is perhaps due that posterity forgets Amherst and remembers his subordinate, Wolfe, who was rapid, daring and creative. Moreover Wolfe was sent to attack Quebec, and Quebec was the point on which turned the strategy of the war in North America, for the holders of Quebec could starve out all the posts lying beyond it in the interior. It thus happened that Wolfe, in striking a shattering blow to the enemy at Quebec, really

decided the war. Fame often lacks a nice sense of justice in choosing her favourites, but she has made no mistake in her remembrance of Wolfe.

Wolfe was only thirty-two when he died, commander of the army before Quebec. He came of a military family. His father had served under the brilliant Marlborough and became a colonel only at sixty. The rapid advance of his son shows that, even under the bad system of promotion before Pitt, genius would come to the front. Wolfe seems never to have been really young. In 1743, when only sixteen, he fought at Dettingen and did the important work of adjutant,—the man in a regiment who makes himself generally useful. Though, perhaps happily, he missed the British defeat at Fontenoy, he was to the fore in nearly all the military adventures of the succeeding years. He was with General Hawley at the defeat at Falkirk in January, 1746, and three months later he shared in the victory at Culloden which brought final ruin to the cause of the young Pretender. At twenty-one he was a major and at twenty-two he was lieutenant-colonel of the 20th regiment, with full command and the responsibility of a "military parent," as he called himself, of the whole regiment. He took seriously these duties as parent and studied the needs of each man. He wrote constantly to the poorest subaltern when absent and had boundless zeal for the welfare of the common soldier. He had a fear of losing hold of himself in bad surroundings and of becoming, as he said, "a mere ruffian . . . proud, insolent, intolerable." In avoiding this he developed a persistent zeal for self-improvement. When visiting in gay Paris he is thinking most of all of study, employs four tutors and, though going out into society, retires to bed when the evening's gaieties are only beginning, and rises early.

William Fitzmaurice, afterwards Lord Shelburne, served as a subaltern under Wolfe and describes him as careless

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC

of money and taking great trouble in training subordinates. "He used," wrote Fitzmaurice, "to harangue the regiment with great effect. . . . He was handsome in his person, thin, tall, well-made, with blue eyes which rather marked life than penetration. . . . He made me read not only military books but philosophy; he gave me liberal notions of every kind; he unprejudiced my mind; he advised me in everything so particularly as to make me lists of company to ask to supper, which with other friendly hints made me popular in the regiment and gained me friends who never quitted me." When Wolfe gave young Cornwallis, who was destined to end the war of the American Revolution by his surrender at Yorktown, counsel about study, he assumed a knowledge of Latin, French and mathematics, and outlined a course of reading on military history from Xenophon to Frederick of Prussia, which a candidate for a degree with honours at Oxford would now think severe. There was a genuine fountain of emotion in this stern warrior. When he set out for America, he could not trust himself to say good-bye, a ceremony which he thought better omitted. He loved flowers and dogs. When an old servant leaves him he writes: " 'Twas death to me to part with him." With this emotional temper he was also keenly intellectual and impatient of dullness and incompetence. He had a fiery pride. Once, early in his career, when Barrington, Secretary at War, made some comment that he resented as unjust, he wrote: "I neither ask nor expect any favour, so I never intend to submit to any ill-usage whatever." On his way to Quebec, he showed Admiral Saunders a list of officers whom, because of their connections, he was expected to promote, tore it up angrily, and threw the pieces into the sea. He refused to say a word on behalf of a needy but incompetent cousin.

Wolfe's comments on the army and its leaders show his sense of the need of an awakening. He said to his father

in 1756: "We are the most egregious blunderers in war that ever took the hatchet in hand." Officers were so ill-educated and had so little application that a man of moderate industry was counted a marvel. Ignorance went hand in hand with arrogant talk about the inferiority of other nations; and discipline was often slack. "I believe," he said, "no nation ever had so many bad soldiers at so high a rate." Of troops in the expedition against Rochefort, in which Wolfe himself seems to have been the only one to deserve glory, he said: "Nothing, I think, can hurt their discipline,—it is at its worst. They shall drink, swear, plunder and massacre with any troops in Europe, the Cossacks and Calmucks themselves not excepted." When the Isle of Aix was occupied, drunken soldiers and sailors pillaged the church and masqueraded in the priest's vestments. In the next year Wolfe saw at Portsmouth soldiers staggering, in disordered red clothes, from one gin shop to another; "dirty, drunken, insolent rascals" in "a sink of the lowest and most abominable vices." He was sensitive to such things, for he had made his own regiment a model of discipline and himself a friend of every man in it. His patriotism was such that when war was inevitable he urged his father to give, not lend, money to the state, and to cut down his style of living in order to do this.

Horace Walpole said that Wolfe was the exact type of officer "to execute the designs of such a master as Pitt," and so it proved. We are staggered at the scale on which Pitt planned the campaign in America in 1758, the final stroke, as he hoped. The unfortunate Abercromby was to have thirty thousand men, ten thousand of these regulars. To repair Braddock's disaster, five thousand colonial troops and about two thousand regulars were to go under Brigadier-General Forbes to take Fort Duquesne. Amherst was to have Wolfe and Lawrence as brigadiers, and fourteen thousand regulars to take Louisbourg, and then to go on to

Quebec. The numbers in these great forces make earlier struggles in America seem puny. Yet the year 1758 did not prove to be the wonderful year, for the disaster to Abercromby dislocated other plans. The year saw, however, the beginning of the end.

By this time the British army had learned so wholesome a fear of French resourcefulness that its steps were very deliberate. Forbes spent a long summer and autumn in advancing through the wilderness to the Ohio, building fortified posts at short distances apart to keep up communications. At midnight of November 24 a distant rumbling was heard by Forbes's sentries. His troops pressed forward and, when night was falling on the 25th at the end of a long day's march, they found Fort Duquesne a smoking ruin. The French had destroyed it and retired. They left evidence of the savagery of frontier warfare. With furious anger Forbes's Highlanders found, stuck on poles, draped with fluttering kilts, the heads of some of their countrymen. It was fitting that the place where the war had begun should be renamed Pittsburgh. It showed the demoralisation of the French. There had been famine, mutiny and sedition. The officers, as Montcalm had heard, were "plundering and stealing like mandarins," and he adds that Ligneris who was in command "got drunk every day." Some of the French scattered westward; Ligneris himself went with a small garrison to the former Venango, renamed Fort Machault, and there he and his entourage traded with the natives, gambled and drank, and still made the vain boast that they would drive the British from the Ohio.

The fall of Fort Duquesne had been made inevitable by a success which Pitt had not planned. Montcalm's capture of Oswego was avenged late in August, 1758, when Lieutenant-Colonel Bradstreet broke off from Abercromby's dispirited army, and pushed through with three thousand

men to the blackened site of the fort. On the other side of the lake, at Fort Frontenac, the French had only about one hundred men and on August 27 the fort surrendered, and when the British secured the stores intended for Fort Duquesne they had made its fall inevitable. The most dramatic success of the year was the taking of Louisbourg. Pitt said that the siege must begin before the end of April, but weather baffled his plans and the great fleet of a hundred and fifty-seven sail which had assembled at Halifax did not appear before the fortress until June 2. The French commander, Drucour, made a brave defence, but the attack was overwhelming in force; and on July 27, after a long siege, the great fortress, the military pride of France in America, surrendered and the garrison of nearly six thousand men became prisoners of war. During the siege Wolfe's skill and valour had been conspicuous. After the surrender, he urged Amherst to go on in that summer to attack Quebec. But Amherst was only too ready to heed counsels of delay; the British sailor, moreover, had an even exaggerated sense of the dangers of the St. Lawrence, so that Admiral Boscawen thought the season too far advanced for the effort.

In Europe, Frederick of Prussia was the central imposing figure, struggling against fearful odds, with five million people against a hundred million, but having what mattered more than numbers, leadership marked by genius. Frederick had made Prussia a factory for war. No wonder he jeered at the quarrels of the French generals and the foolish luxury of Louis XV, who spent nearly twice as much on his chocolate alone as Frederick spent on his whole table. Prussia had unity of command in a king who was his own general; and a rigour of economy which enabled him to have the best army equipment, the best cavalry, the best uniforms, beds and food for his men, of any soldiers of the time. Frederick was a despot, but if his men were helots,

they were cared for as an owner of pure-bred cattle cares for valued property.

In Europe it was not so much British soldiers as British gold paid freely in subsidies to Frederick that carried on the war; but, in America, British flesh and blood was engaged in the fighting and the mind of the nation was centred in the conquest of Canada. Pitt had studied every detail of the events of 1758. Amherst had done well enough by his cautious competence, in contrast with the incapacity of earlier leaders, and Pitt left him in America as Commander-in-Chief for the next campaign. Wolfe, with health undermined, had returned to England; and now Pitt broke with all precedent by giving to this young soldier of thirty-two, the command of the army which was to attack Quebec.

Wolfe was free to select his own officers. It shows how closely George II watched his army that, in the previous year, he had refused to let Colonel Guy Carleton go out to Louisbourg because Carleton was reported to him as having sneered at the quality of troops from Hanover. Now Wolfe's urgency secured Carleton as Quartermaster-General. The three brigadiers who ranked next to Wolfe were Monckton, Townsend and Murray. All three were sons of peers and we may attribute a certain acid note in Wolfe's relations with them to a feeling that they might presume on their superior social rank. They were indeed highly critical of Wolfe's strategy. The British general of the time seems to have kept his own counsel and rarely to have asked that of his subordinates. At Louisbourg, Wolfe had said of Amherst, "I do not penetrate our General's intentions;" before Quebec, he himself asked only once for the collective advice of the three brigadiers, and then did so because he was so ill as to lack the strength to act alone. Townshend was a good soldier, possessing a dangerous gift of caricature which caused annoyance. He had frank and easy manners but, as his later career showed, he was often

sullen and quarrelsome. He became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1767 and rose to the rank of field-marshal and was made a marquis. Monckton had played an important part in the unhappy episode of removing the Acadians; and Murray, who had fought at Louisbourg, a man of generous but impulsive temper, was destined to be the first British governor of Canada. All three were competent soldiers who rather suspected themselves of having more insight than their chief, but who gave him loyal service.

A British fleet going to America early in 1759 had the new rendezvous of Louisbourg. Pitt's urgency was now so effective that Wolfe sailed in February, and was even too early; for when, after a tedious voyage, the fleet arrived off Louisbourg, the harbour was blocked with ice and the ships went on to Halifax. In May, however, a vast collection of British ships lay in the spacious harbour of the former French fortress. On June 1st the ships began to move out, but it was six days before the last of them got away. Then, in a long straggling procession, the great array headed for the St. Lawrence. The boast of the departing officers was "British colours on every French fort, port, and garrison in North America." The British sailor's dread of the navigation of the great river was, as Wolfe said, "inconceivably great," but Admiral Charles Saunders who commanded the fleet was an efficient sailor, not likely to yield to vague terrors. He took good care of his ships and sailors and Wolfe of his men. He had eight thousand five hundred, all trained regulars, and there were twice as many sailors and marines in the fleet. During May and June as many as two hundred and fifty ships headed for Quebec, forty-nine of them war-ships, the rest transports and supply-ships. No such array had ever before been seen in American waters. The ships of the time with their high masts and their sails were more imposing to view than the lean vessels of war of to-day. Day after day, spread out for fifty miles along

the coasts of the gulf and river, this vast fleet went on its way. Montcalm at Quebec had watchers who sent forward by an arranged telegraph of fire signals the fateful news of its approach. For the sake of health, Wolfe kept his men as much as possible in the open air, with meals served on deck, the bedding aired and regular exercise enforced. To amuse them, they were supplied with hooks and lines to fish over the sides of the ships and, ascending the river, they watched with interest the Canadian villages with their white houses and dominating churches, and at night the blazing signal fires which carried to Quebec the news of the approaching menace.

The dangers of the St. Lawrence did not, as the French vainly hoped, prove an impregnable defence. A Canadian pilot, induced to come aboard by the hoisting of the French flag, had the courage to say to his captors that Canada would be the grave of the whole army, and to hope that he should see the walls of Quebec decorated with their scalps. This generation of British sailors was not, however, to be dismayed. "I'll convince you," said an old tar, "that an Englishman shall go where no Frenchman dare show his nose." The Traverse, some thirty miles below Quebec, was a passage specially dangerous and even Montcalm was astounded when he learned that every British ship passed it in safety. "Damn me," said the old tar, "if there are not fifty places in the Thames a thousand times more dangerous." On June 25th a large portion of the fleet had anchored near the head of the Island of Orleans and the people in Quebec could see across the great basin something of the magnitude of their danger. The landing on the island was made in the early morning of the 26th and the siege had begun.

Quebec furnished a noble setting for the drama. The high rock on which it stands has on every side protection

from approach. At the front the great river, here about a mile wide, flows in swift and changing currents, due to the rise and fall of a strong tide. For about seven miles to the westward stretch high cliffs to the valley through which flows the Cap Rouge River. At the back of the promontory flows into the St. Lawrence the St. Charles River, a natural protection, as Phips had found many years earlier when he was unable to cross it to assault Quebec. Eastward from the mouth of this river at Quebec stretches for seven miles the Beauport shore, a strand difficult of direct approach because the tides rise high and the receding waters leave a broad stretch of slime, while sloping heights command the shore. At the eastern end of this long Beauport line is the gorge of the Montmorency River with falls flowing from a lofty height. Below the falls it was fordable at low tide. Montcalm was certain that Wolfe could not force a passage by this long shore to Quebec and the event justified his insight. The British occupied three points: the island of Orleans which lay some four or five miles across the basin of Quebec; Point Levy directly across the St. Lawrence from Quebec; and the east side of the Falls at Montmorency.

Except by his last and brilliant secret stroke Wolfe was unable to make Montcalm budge from his defensive position. It involved hardship for the inhabitants that, from the heights, opposite Quebec, Wolfe could batter the place into ruins. On his arrival, he issued a proclamation telling the inhabitants that they had been basely abandoned by France and that they should have his protection if they remained neutral. The French, he said, had been guilty of unparalleled massacres; but the British did not war on defenceless women and children and wherever the men were found at home their property and their religion would be alike respected. This appeal to the men was vain, for nearly the whole manhood of Canada was enlisted in Montcalm's

army. There were guerilla attacks on the British and, in the end, Wolfe ravaged the country, below Quebec on both sides of the river, above on only the south shore, and he burnt the buildings on some fourteen hundred farms, leaving only the churches standing in the smoking villages. The prowling attacks of the savages aroused his special wrath; "a dastardly set of bloody rascals," he called them, "the most contemptible *canaille* on earth;" "we cut them to pieces when we find them, in return for a thousand acts of cruelty and barbarity." He gave strict orders for the conduct of his own men and punished outrages and even theft with death.

The British fleet had barely anchored off the west end of the Island of Orleans when, on the afternoon of June 27th, its endurance was tested by a terrific storm. Saunders was, however, too good a sailor to be caught unprepared. The next day the fleet had another testing. The ships lay massed at anchor when about midnight numerous dark objects drifted towards them in the swift tidal current. Suddenly these burst into fire, and rapid explosions and soaring flames so frightened the pickets on the shore of the island that they ran off. Well managed, such an effort might have caused heavy damage, but those guiding the ships abandoned them too soon, the fire broke out prematurely, and the British tars were skilful enough to fix grappling irons and tow this floating "hell fire," as they called it, into currents where the spluttering masses drifted away without any damage to the fleet. The device was not Montcalm's, but Vaudreuil's. When he tried it again a little later, he caused some biting comments by the trained French officers at the waste of needed ammunition. By mid-July Wolfe held his three posts securely but he had made no progress against the cautious enemy.

VII. THE SURRENDER OF NEW FRANCE

Conditions in New France aided the approaching doom. Montcalm had confronted a world of troubles since his great success at Ticonderoga. Even that amazing victory had not won Vaudreuil's praise for he thought that Montcalm should have pursued and destroyed, with his three or four thousand men, the retiring British force of about four times its number. Montcalm was convinced that from internal causes alone the ruin of New France was inevitable and that the only hope was in an early peace, peace at no matter what cost of frontiers, so long as France could retain some slight footing in America. He even pictured himself abandoning Quebec and Montreal and leading the regular soldiers by the long route of the Great Lakes and the Ohio and the Mississippi to Louisiana. It would, he said, be like the Greek march of the ten thousand from Persia to the sea. His despair was due less to distrust of the fighting qualities of his army than to the ignorance and corruption in the colony.

It does not appear that Vaudreuil was himself corrupt; but he was in a corrupt circle which used the plea of patriotism to discredit the high-minded leader from France. Vaudreuil's secretary, Saint-Sauveur, was a member of a group of rascals and, though Montcalm had protested against his machinations, he was in these last days more powerful than ever with the weak governor who gave ear to the wildest proposals. Montcalm describes how his own acts were watched and opposed. When at Montreal, Montcalm moved in the governor's circle. Making a call in the autumn of 1758, he entered the governor's presence unexpectedly and overheard his nephew in an angry tirade against the French officers. A scene was unavoidable. The governor supported his nephew, and Montcalm in strong

but courteous terms protested against the slanders. Vaudreuil incessantly harped on Montcalm's failure, after his victory at Fort William Henry, to go on to the Hudson and even to New York, since, so the governor thought, the whole British army was stricken with panic. In the presence of a group of officers, Montcalm explained to Vaudreuil why such an advance was impossible,; and added that he had done his best, according to his poor intelligence, and that a leader not pleased with his subordinates should take the field himself and carry out his own ideas. The governor flushed at this challenge and the ancient Madame de Vaudreuil, who was present, attempted to intervene in the conversation. Montcalm, however, objected. Ladies, he said, should not talk of war. When she insisted he was firm: "If Madame de Montcalm was present when war was discussed, she would remain silent."

Not this jealous strife but corruption was the worst evil in Canada and in it the central figure, though not the chief gainer, was the intendant François Bigot. Corruption was an old story; Bigot did not create but developed it. He was not himself noble but was highly connected. He had been long in the colony, for he had gone out to Louisbourg in 1739. In 1748, by the favour of Maurepas, the Minister of Marine, he became intendant in Canada and was destined to be the last to hold that office. It was a tradition in the colonial service that the colonies gave opportunity to make a fortune, chiefly it seems by the sharing in trade, more or less illicit, of the officials; and Bigot had managed to make money at Louisbourg. His ambition was to return with his gains to France and he hoped for promotion in the department of Marine by being made intendant at one of the French ports. His abilities fitted him for an important post. His patron, Maurepas, was, however, dismissed in 1749, and the loss of this influence may have been

the cause of Bigot's prolonged stay in New France which endured for more than twenty years.

Bigot made occasional visits to France to prepare for the day of his return. In England, at this time, men who had made fortunes in India were returning to buy land, build great houses, move, if they could, in high society, and sit in Parliament; and in France a fortune made in the colonies promised similar advantages. Bigot had bought an estate and was equipping his house with such a wealth of plate and objects of art that after his fall so great a noble as the Duc de Richelieu was eager to buy some of his beautiful things. In securing the needed money he showed a shamelessness among his accomplices which is hardly credible. When leaving in 1754 to visit France, he wrote to Captain Vergor, in command at Fort Beauséjour on the frontier of Acadia: "Profit, my dear Vergor, by your place; trim, lop off; all power is in your hands; do it quickly so that you may be able to come and join me in France and buy an estate near mine." This from the highest official in the colony next to the governor is a sufficient index to the spirit of the public service. If Vaudreuil himself was not in the corrupt ring, his secretary, Saint-Sauveur, was, and this smooth rascal hoodwinked the governor by playing on his misguided Canadian patriotism.

We may well wonder what were the opportunities of plunder in a colony so poor; but they were many. In a time of war governments grew accustomed to a vast expenditure. In England Pitt was spending money on a scale which the nation had never before known, and it was natural that France should accept the need of large outlay to meet the menace directed chiefly against her colony. Since British sea-power made communications uncertain, it was the more necessary that money should be spent freely in the colony to secure what was possible. With the intendant

corrupt and with a corrupt secretary in the department of the Marine in France it was not easy to check these depredations. Complaints, they said, were due to the jealousy of traders and contractors. Bigot made payments in Canada with paper money and in the autumn of each year the holders brought this paper to the government offices and received for it drafts on Paris which, not without protests at the great increase in the demands, the court honoured until the very last days of New France.

The frauds varied in type. There was the simple and direct fraud of drawing pay for nearly twice as many soldiers as were actually serving. Another, which oppressed the habitant, came when the ring used the state's authority to take for military purposes his grain and cattle, paid him a low price in paper money, and then sold these provisions to the king at a high price. The governor's secretary had a monopoly of the brandy trade and made huge profits in selling it to the traders who went to the posts in the interior and trafficked with the natives for furs. At both Quebec and Montreal the plunderers had a large building where they stored goods brought from France, of which they were able to command a monopoly, and then sold them to private persons or for the king's service at a high price. Sometimes the king paid ten times what the goods cost in France. One rascal bought for seven hundred thousand livres an English captured ship and within eight hours sold it to the king for two million one hundred thousand. Such opportunities were frequent, since, though France was weak on the sea, her privateers took some two thousand British ships during the war. France herself suffered little because of her slight sea-going commerce.

It was the custom for the king to make presents to the native tribes, and since, in time of war, this seemed more than ever necessary, it was easy greatly to increase these gifts. The king paid for them a high price and then they

were often not given to the natives. The transport of stores for the army was costly and the king was charged for carrying stores and troops which were not moved. He paid large sums for fortifying Quebec. Pay was drawn for many engaged in these supposed labours, but the work was not done. The annual drafts on Paris increased each year by millions of livres. Protests came from France, but Bigot and his accomplices could make a smooth defence. He was, as Montcalm testified, efficient in meeting the demands made up him by the army; and it was not until the summer of 1759 that an official, M. Querdisien-Tremais, was sent out to investigate.

His coming brought consternation. The pace had become so fast that Bigot could not keep track of the drafts on France; and a single error in his accounts amounted to three and a half million livres. The enquiry pricked the bubble; but by the time the report was made New France was lost. As confidence declined, the paper money was discredited and the luckless habitants who held it not only had their grain and cattle seized at a price below their value but were paid in a medium which tended to be worthless. In the end France dishonoured the intendant's drafts and the autumn of 1759 saw Louis XV proclaimed in England in a list of bankrupts as "Louis le Petit, of the city of Paris, peace-broker, dealer and chapman." In these days of distress, some of the parish priests had the courage to denounce the frauds from the pulpit; and they helped to cause among the Canadians that anger with France which endures still in the conviction that they were the victims of cruel neglect and corruption. In truth, however, many of the leaders in corruption were Canadians and among them were Canadian officers. The evil touched few, if any, of the officers from France, if for no other reason than that long residence in the country was needed to know how to take advantage of the system.

The greed which showed itself in corruption had the kindred vice of gambling. Recklessness is often the child of despair and, as doom drew near, the pace quickened. From his first days in the country, Montcalm was startled by the extravagance of the entertainments and the high stakes at play. At first he was pleased to find in the colonial capital refinement and luxury. There are pleasant people here, he wrote at Quebec in 1759, and more opportunities than at Montreal for evening parties. There was one at the intendant's twice a week and even the austere bishop gave a few. Soon, however, when Montcalm saw obscure officials, with small salaries, taking part in this display, he became uneasy. "Great supper at the palace," he wrote a little later, "with eighty people," and added, "I left at one o'clock, angry at seeing so much play and gambling." He felt some compunction at having played himself and lost fifteen louis, but, he added, "there are companies one cannot refuse." This gathering became riotous, the talk was all of winnings and losings, and manners, he said, were deteriorating, for the gaiety at the end of the banquet "smacked of the tavern." He had already been concerned to note that the reckless living was banishing politeness and good breeding from this hectic society.

When Montcalm urged the withdrawal of forces from remote posts to defend the threatened centre, he found that these were kept up for purposes of plunder. Saint-Sauveur, Montcalm wrote in his journal, insisted on sending supplies to western posts, because he and his accomplices sent stores to these posts which cost a hundred and fifty thousand livres and were sold to the king for a million. They sent supplies to distant Acadia and there the resourceful leader Boishébert made in a single year by such methods a hundred thousand livres. Deschenaux, Bigot's secretary, was so flagrant in corruption that he declared he would rob even the altar. "If I followed the example of these people,"

Montcalm wrote, in August, 1758, to the minister, "I should not need to plead my poverty and be in debt to the tune of ten thousand crowns."

While Wolfe maintained a stiff attitude to his brigadiers, Montcalm unburdened himself with passionate frankness to Bourlamaque and Lévis. After describing the robberies, he wrote to Bourlamaque that grief and indignation made him weep. He lay awake a whole night because of the plundering at the Ohio posts; and begged him to burn the letter as such horrors would not be believed. The life, he said, would be too dreadful even to earn by it the rank of Marshal of France. In his journal he wrote with the unquestioning loyalty which Louis XV still commanded: "O King, worthy of being better served, dear country crushed by burdens to enrich rascality and greed," and he adds the names of obscure men, with salaries of four or five thousand livres a year, driving horses and carriages like those of an ostentatious farmer-general, the symbol of opulence in France. They desired, he said, that the colony should fall, in order that the general disaster should cover their depredations. Naturally they played for high stakes, and Bigot himself most of all. Montcalm saw him lose fifteen hundred livres in three-quarters of an hour; and sometimes the loss was to his own clerks who played heavily against him. Some of Montcalm's own officers could not meet their gambling debts of honour and had to quit the service.

In Canada, as in France, woman played her part in corrupting the state. There were charming ladies at Quebec and Montcalm himself found pleasure in this society, which helped to ease the exile from female companionship in France. Though the intendant Bigot was the leading figure in the social circle at Quebec, and though he had wit and graceful manners and was generous and loyal to his friends, he was not in person attractive, for he was short and

fat with reddish hair and a pimply skin. His pomp and luxury and elaborate entertainments won favour in one quarter. Major Péan, a Canadian officer, had a young and lively wife. Bigot became her devoted slave and he vowed to make her the envy of the other women in Canada. In time she came to command an influence which made her court a provincial copy of that of Madame de Pompadour. Bigot could refuse her nothing and her complaisant husband was rewarded by a profitable share in the plundering. Bigot was himself in the grip of a ring which knew so much that he dared not defy it, and which took a greater share than his in the profits. Madame Péan's lackeys could secure, through her, positions at the trading-posts where it was possible to make a fortune, and officials seeking promotion made their appeals through the favourite.

Montcalm spent his last winter partly in Montreal and partly in Quebec, where he was free from the governor's presence. The intendant, too, preferred Quebec, the favourite scene of his dissipations. There had been a bad harvest and the intendant was putting soldiers and civilians alike on short rations. Even earlier, Montcalm had had to have horse-meat served at his table; and now the ration of meat was reduced to half a pound a day. Bigot had tried to reduce it to a quarter of a pound, but had to yield the larger ration when menaced by four hundred angry women. "The wretchedness is extreme here," Montcalm wrote in January, 1759; but society amused itself and forgot the future. There were many entertainments: "A ball on Sunday. . . . To-morrow a large country party, fifty-two persons. . . . I am to go; they put me down and counted on me: I can never be an ordinary man. . . . The intendant had a party last Thursday."

More and more Montcalm drew away from this society. In February he wrote: "I am vegetating here and whether it is boredom, discontent, or the difficulties of the next cam-

paign, I have not the enjoyment of last winter. . . . The colony is lost if peace does not come, and I see nothing which can save it. . . . We had a ball yesterday. . . . You may be sure I did not enjoy it. . . . I keep and shall keep myself apart and aloof." At Montreal a little later: "Oh, for peace this winter." "The Marquis de Montcalm," he writes to Bourlamaque, "goes out little and seldom to the [governor's] Château. He reads the third volume of the Encyclopedia, the fine articles on Christianity, creation, comedy, comic, college, comet, council, colony, commerce. The country people . . . bring money to their curés to have masses said for the Marquis de Montcalm." He was an omnivorous reader with a tenacious memory, and spent many quiet evenings with books, among them *L'Ami des Hommes* by the father of Mirabeau of the Revolution. But there was a deep homesickness: "When shall I be at the château of Candiac with my plantations, my grove of oak, my oil mill, my mulberry trees. Oh Good God." "I hope in God," he said, "He fought for me on July 8 [at Ticonderoga]. For the rest His will be done." What, as the event proved, was his last letter to his wife, thus ended: "The moment when I shall see you again will be the most beautiful in my life. Adieu, my heart, I believe that I love you more than ever before."

In the autumn of 1758 Montcalm had decided to risk perils from the British fleet and to send two competent officers, Bougainville and Doreil, to put his views before the court. To this Vaudreuil consented in form; but he wrote to France that the two officers were creatures of Montcalm and he sent, to put his own case, no other than Major Péan, the corrupt husband of Bigot's mistress. Bougainville reached France late in December, and by his influential connections was able to get a hearing. He was a keen observer and made rapid notes of the different people of influence: "the king is nothing, the Marchioness

all powerful, prime minister." The age was not sensitive to decencies which are now respected; Pitt had had to stoop to reach George II through his mistress; in France the mistress ruled the nation and great families intrigued for the dishonour of having one of their number secure the position. It was not an easy post. The king, bored with life, melancholy, brooding over death, both religious and licentious, required constant change of scene and constant efforts to arouse his interest. The marchioness had been very beautiful and had stirred such passion in the king that once, when he was for a few weeks absent with the army, he wrote her eighty letters. During twenty years, she was the superintendent of the king's pleasures. To arouse him she danced, she sang, she took part in plays, and was triumphant when the gloomy king could be made to laugh. She went with him when he moved restlessly from palace to palace, hating Versailles because there etiquette was strict and his ministers wished to consult him about business. "Things will last my time," he said. The king's tastes lay in hunting, in orgies at which his familiars sometimes mocked him, in petty gossip and scandal; he would listen at doors and have letters opened in the post in order to spy on the intrigues of ministers and the amours of ecclesiastics. Though he hated business he was more the despot than even Louis XIV and determined to be the only source of power. He despised the intrigues of the great people and turned to this woman of the *bourgeois* class and ruled through her.

The beauty of the harassed favourite had faded at thirty, and the king's passion died; she was no longer his mistress but his understanding friend, and this relation endured until her early death at forty-one. She kept up a state greater than that of the queen herself. Ministers remained standing when they spoke with her. She granted an interview to Bougainville, and when he read to her some of Montcalm's letters, she was silent; her habit, as he said.

Later, when Quebec fell, her remark was "Now the king will sleep," perhaps because the curtain had fallen on the tragedy. We may well ask who in that circle could read the meaning of the distant New France and the disaster to the nation of its fall. The monarchy and the church had lost public support, the one by scandalous neglect of its duty, the other by intolerance. "Everything," wrote Argenson, the literary brother of the former Minister of War, "is leading to a great revolution in both religion and government. . . . The clergy can hardly show themselves in the streets without being hooted. . . . When the reform in religion comes, it will not bring in France that gross mingling of liberty and superstition which Germany accepted in the sixteenth century; the priest and his mysteries will be abolished and so will the monarchy." Truly Argenson was a prophet.

Machault, the competent Minister of Marine, was gone, dismissed by Madame de Pompadour because, as we have seen, he had told her that the king, conscience-stricken because of his adultery and in terror of death from the dagger of Damiens, had expressed a wish that she should leave the court. In Machault's place was Berryer. Bougainville saw him and chafed at his comment on the needs of Montcalm that one does not try to save the stable when the house is on fire. Berryer was ignorant of naval matters. He was so certain of the folly of trying to face Britain on the sea that he sold large quantities of naval equipment and stopped building ships. He had some merit, for it was he who first probed the corruption in Canada, and wrote sharp reprimands to Bigot. But he was coarse-grained and held office only by favour of Madame de Pompadour. Now he did something. He agreed to order Vaudreuil, who was under his control, to consult Montcalm not merely on military but on all important matters; and not to take an active military command unless his example would be useful

in inspiring the Canadians, something of which Vaudreuil was himself so certain that the warning only served to make him insistent on directing the war.

The Minister of War, the Duc de Belle-Isle was a fine soldier, but he was so old as to have served under Louis XIV. He sent word to Montcalm to try to hold at least some part of New France, since, if all went, France would never regain anything. He added that a movement was on foot which might save the whole situation. It was no less than a plan to invade England. One passion was common to all Frenchmen—the hatred of the island state. An abbé kept repeating in vehement oratory at the Luxembourg that the English were a savage people and that, though it would cost thirty thousand men, France must take London. Now at many points on the rivers and coasts of France, hundreds of flat-bottomed boats were being built for an expedition on a colossal scale. The French hoped to land fifty thousand men in the south of England and thirty-six thousand in Scotland, and were securing twelve thousand Russians and as many Swedes for the purpose. Canada, said Belle-Isle, was not being abandoned, but would be rescued by this vital stroke at the heart of her enemy. The hope seems fantastic; yet nearly half a century later Napoleon was spending his energies on a similar project.

The return of Bougainville in the spring cheered Montcalm. He brought some aid. At the end of March, twenty-three ships set out from Bordeaux laden with stores and four hundred recruits. Cadet, one of the leaders in the frauds at Quebec, had done wonders in collecting this fleet. He was the son of a Quebec butcher and a marvel of efficiency, not less in securing munitions than in his colossal thefts. The British fleet was too tardy in guarding the approaches to the St. Lawrence and the French ships reached Canada. To Montcalm's delight, Bougainville joined him at Montreal on May 14. He brought sad

news, for one of Montcalm's daughters had died, but also he brought news that Montcalm had been made a lieutenant-general and an extensive list of other promotions and pensions. The king had praised "my brave soldiers of Canada" and if Montcalm saved the colony in that year, he was certain to have the coveted honour of the "cordon bleu" and, but for a technical difficulty, he would have been given a field-marshal's baton. Everyone, so Bougainville reported, sent him compliments and even little children had his name on their lips. His request for recall had been refused because he was indispensable. Of all the generals of Louis XV, he alone had been always victorious. The newspapers in the English colonies spoke of him as "the invincible Montcalm."

By the spring, no one could doubt that the chief peril lay at Quebec, but Montcalm was detained at Montreal until May 21 over plans of campaign. Everything, he said, was done late and too late. Not he but the governor dominated strategy, but it was he who had to carry out the operations. Against his wishes, a force of eleven hundred men was kept at Niagara in the vain hope of rescuing Fort Duquesne. The drunken Ligneris was still holding the little Fort Machault on the route from Lake Erie to the Ohio. Another fort, named after Lévis, was created on an island at the head of rapids on the St. Lawrence, a vain project to menace the British, should they try to rebuild the fort at Oswego. Montreal and Quebec, the vital places, were not yet threatened from this direction. Their danger came from Amherst's army of eleven thousand five hundred men, advancing on Montreal by way of Lake Champlain, and from Wolfe's great force which was approaching Quebec. Bourlamaque was sent to Ticonderoga with instructions to destroy it as Amherst approached, and to retire down the lake and take up a strong position on Isle-aux-Noix, at the point where the lake discharges into the Riche-

lieu. As the event proved this feature of the strategy held up for two campaigns the advance of a great British army by that route.

Vaudreuil paid so little heed to the minister's command to leave active operations in the hands of Montcalm that he planned to make the defence of Quebec his own special task. He was furious at Montcalm's proposal, approved by the court, of selecting some thousands of the best of the Canadian militia and incorporating them in the battalions of regulars. He wished the Canadians to remain separate, so that he himself could lead them in prodigies of valour. His gasconade knew no bounds. At first he would not believe that the British would even dare to send an expedition to Quebec, since already they had tried this more than once and failed. When Wolfe's expedition was imminent, he wrote on April 3, 1759, to the minister that he would go there himself: "On arriving I will offer battle to the enemy and I will fight until I have either forced him to retire or he has overwhelmed me by mere numbers." He added that, having crushed the British at Quebec, he would lead his army to defeat them at Ticonderoga. His arrangements were, he said, so complete, that the slightest change would have terrible consequences; this, no doubt, to forestall proposals by Montcalm. On May 29, when the British fleet was already near Quebec, he wrote from there that his zeal would neglect no resource, no ruse nor snare known to his fiery ardour, to foil Wolfe's daring; and that the whole army knew his intention from which no reverse could make him retreat. "My firmness," he added, "is approved by all; it has communicated itself to all hearts and every one says with high resolve 'Canada, the land of our birth, will cover us in its ruins rather than that we should yield it to the English.'"

Late in May, Montcalm reached Quebec. In spite of the large sums paid by the king for fortifications he found

them, as he said, ridiculous, and decided to retain in the city only a small garrison. With troops, largely untrained, he had wisely resolved to stand on the defensive and his aim was to make impossible a British landing on the north shore on either side of the city. When Wolfe saw Montcalm's disposition of his forces, he called him "a wily and cautious old fox." He despised Montcalm's army; "five feeble French battalions mixed with undisciplined peasants." It contained only some three thousand regulars but a recent census had shown that about fifteen thousand Canadians were available for service and, stretched for six miles of the Beauport shore, lay this army behind strong entrenchments. Montcalm was able to form a small corps of about two hundred cavalry. He needed a mobile force for he had to watch many miles of shore west of Quebec lest the British should make a landing and cut off his communications with Montreal.

Montcalm's headquarters were near the eastern end of the long line at Beauport, while Vaudreuil's camp lay nearer the city. Bougainville took command of the patrol which was watching above Quebec to prevent a British landing. In the incessant councils of war, the weak governor could not preserve order; everybody talked and everybody was a general, until in the end Montcalm insisted that opinions should be given in writing. With the governor was his managing wife, until, to Montcalm's relief, she went away at the end of June. He had to spend much time, much precious time, explaining to the generalissimo, as he called him, his arrangements, and he was never certain that orders which he gave would not be countermanded. He himself was ceaselessly active, riding often the fifteen miles from his own camp to that of Bougainville at Cap Rouge.

The French had two frigates and four other war-ships in the river, the escort of the fleet which had brought out supplies in the spring. They were under the command of a

brave and competent sailor, Vauquelain. He had been promoted from the merchant service and was not noble. In the traditions of army and navy all officers must be of noble birth and they would have no intercourse with this new type of officer. At Quebec, Vauquelain rendered excellent service in the defence, but one would not know from the letters of the French officers that such a person existed. He was not received in the society of the capital. When the British fleet arrived, he took his ships up the river to be beyond reach, in the hope that the batteries of Quebec would keep the British below the city. Late on the night of July 18, Admiral Holmes achieved what was destined to prove the decisive factor in the siege. With, as Saunders thought, some signs of impatience, Wolfe had urged that war-ships could pass the batteries of Quebec. To do it was difficult: if across the river at Point Levy Wolfe's batteries could knock to pieces stone houses in Quebec, the French batteries there could reach wooden ships in a passage less than a mile wide. On a dark night, with wind and tide favourable, the ships might get past the danger, and now this was done: the big war-ship *Sutherland* with fifty guns, a frigate, two corvettes and three transports, passed up the river; one ship, the *Diana,* ran aground. The consternation in Quebec was great and the *Sutherland,* anchored near Cap Rouge, was henceforth the centre of efforts leading to the fall of Quebec.

Wolfe, who acted on his own counsel, was not diverted by this success from an attack on Montcalm's lines at Beauport. His health was bad and the effort justified the biting comment of one of his brigadiers that his generalship was like it. For hours, on July 31, the batteries at Point Levy hammered Quebec, and boats laden with soldiers hovered off the western section of the Beauport shore, but Wolfe could not long conceal his real intention to land near the eastern end. It was the old story of the contempt of the

regular officer for militia. Wolfe bombarded the flank of the French lines from his position east of the Montmorency but did very little harm to the well-planned earthworks. Then, when the tide was out, two thousand men forded the shallow river and joined troops landed on the sloping strand. The day was intensely hot and a blinding storm of rain fell at the critical moment. By this time nearly the whole of the French army was blocking the advance; and the batteries on the rising shore, and the fire of the entrenched Canadians, wrought havoc in the massed British. Their valour was useless and Wolfe retreated with a loss of four or five hundred men, leaving behind his dead and some of his wounded. A scene of barbarity followed. By this time even Montcalm had grown so hardened to the practices of his savages that he mentioned without adverse comment the number of scalps taken. Indians, and Canadians dressed as Indians, had crept up on sentries on the Island of Orleans and killed and scalped them. Wolfe had from the first forbidden what he called "the inhuman practice of scalping," but had to permit this retaliation on Indians and on Canadians disguised as Indians. And now when British wounded lay on the Beauport shore the savages came down from the heights and scalped dead and living alike.

Wolfe's strategy pleased Montcalm who was certain that his position at Beauport was impregnable. The exuberant Vaudreuil wrote: "I have no more anxiety about Quebec." Wolfe was profoundly discouraged. By August he had a thousand men in hospital and he himself, always ailing, fell seriously ill of a slow fever. On August 9 came cheering but not vital news: the British had taken Niagara and Canada was finally cut off from the Ohio. Amherst was, however, giving no effective aid. Warned by the disaster to Abercromby of the previous year, he would take no risks against Bourlamaque who had about a quarter of his number of men. Down Lake George to besiege Ticonderoga

Amherst came with an array as impressive as that of Abercromby. This time there was to be a different result. He landed his artillery and prepared for a siege. On the night of July 26 a heavy explosion was heard at the fort; and in the morning the British found that the foe had disappeared. Bourlamaque made a masterly retreat. He abandoned Crown Point half way down the lake and then took up his strong position at Isle-aux-Noix. He still had four armed vessels on the lake. There was no road by which Amherst could move forward, and to go on by water he paused to build not only boats but also, at Crown Point, a stone fort to give security to his base. Time was nothing to Amherst: the fort was built for the ages, and still stands in impressive ruins. No finer tribute to French defensive skill could be made than that by this leader bent on taking no slightest risk against so resourceful a foe. Amherst built roads across Vermont to the Connecticut River and along the edge of the lake back to Ticonderoga, to make sure of his communications. Bourlamaque jeered at his methods and thought the scaffold was his due. All the time Wolfe was watching at Quebec for an advance which should alarm Montreal and draw away for its rescue some of the defenders of Quebec. The move never came and Amherst stayed immovable on the lake until winter.

By August 20 it was known in the army that Wolfe was ill. He had visited the various posts daily but now the soldiers missed his encouraging presence. The bombardment of Quebec continued, as did the devastation of the country, but the French began to think that this was due to Wolfe's resolve to abandon the siege and go away, leaving behind what he could of ruin. Illness forced Wolfe to leave the direction of operations for a time in the hands of his three brigadiers. He was irritable and despondent. He said of himself that it was his fault to catch fire of a sudden, to answer a disturbing letter the moment he

received it, and in warm temper to use expressions inexcusable strong: when some words of criticism by Carleton, his close friend, about the failure at Montmorency reached his ears, he called it "dastardly conduct." He had pondered his problems alone; but now he was dangerously ill. He lay upstairs in a house at Montmorency, brooding over seeming failure, saying that he would sacrifice a leg or an arm if only he could take Quebec. From his sick bed, and for the first time, he took the brigadiers into his entire confidence, sent to them a copy of his instructions from Pitt, and asked them to meet and consider the best method of attack. His own thought still centred on an assault on Montcalm's lines at Beauport. He might, he thought, send a force, at night, eight or nine miles up the east side of the Montmorency River, ford it there and attack Montcalm's rear at Beauport before daybreak. At the same moment a column would cross the river at its mouth and attack Montcalm's left flank, while a force, landed from boats, should make a frontal attack near his centre. Darkness and good luck might aid success; but it would involve a desperate venture. For defence in this kind of fighting, Montcalm's Indians were useful. On land, Wolfe could do little secretly, for the savages watched from cover every movement and would almost certainly have harassed and delayed the long night march up the river.

The brigadiers met in council at Point Levy. They were restive under Wolfe's leadership and one of them, Murray, records his opinion that the leader had shown little fixed purpose. On August 29 they made their report. They doubted that Montcalm's position could be taken; and even if beaten there he could retire behind the St. Charles River and so defend Quebec and keep up his communications with his source of supplies to the west. Withdraw from Montmorency to the south shore, urged the brigadiers; concentrate above Quebec; seize a position on the north shore and

cut off Montcalm's supplies. There was no jealousy in Wolfe's nature; he saw at once the wisdom of the plan. He told Saunders that he took the entire blame for the failure at Beauport in which the fleet had co-operated. As a result of the changed plan, on September 3, with great skill, the troops moved from Montmorency to Point Levy. Wolfe, whose health had improved, went to Point Levy and then to the *Sutherland,* anchored off Cap Rouge, to make his own observations. He had taken the advice of the brigadiers, but he alone worked out the details and decided the moment and the place to strike.

The supreme crisis had come. Wolfe took care to encourage the impression among the French that the evacuation at Montmorency was only the preliminary to raising the siege and going away. In fact he had in mind the possibility of making a camp at Isle-aux-Coudres and keeping at least a part of the army there during the winter, something which was quite feasible. But Montcalm was not deceived by the rumours that Wolfe would abandon the siege without another effort and believed that Wolfe might take the hazard of getting up the cliffs near Quebec. From a little bay which the French called The Foulon, but which later, for historic reasons, was called Wolfe's Cove, there was a narrow winding road up the cliff to a point a mile and a half west of Quebec. This road, little more than a path, was blocked by felled trees and other obstacles; and at the top was a guard. This one approach to the heights made Montcalm nervous. The regiment of Guienne lay on the extreme right of his line and on September 5 he moved it to the open space west of Quebec known as the Plains of Abraham. The removal weakened by so much the defence at Beauport but it put the battalion in a position to help Bougainville who was being sorely tried. British ships were drifting up and down the river with the changes of the tide. He could not tell where they might attempt to land and

he was instructed to be always first at the threatened spot to receive them. To do this, he had once, on a single day, to march forty-two miles between dawn and midnight. Vaudreuil, nervous about the empty entrenchments near his own headquarters at Beauport, sent on September 6 reinforcements to Bougainville and the regiment of Guienne was marched back to its former quarters. Perhaps, in doing this, the governor wished to assert his authority as against Montcalm. Bougainville accepted the change, for he had now about three thousand good soldiers and he placed a guard of a hundred men at The Foulon. Montcalm was still nervous and on the 12th ordered the regiment to return, but Vaudreuil suspended the order, saying "We will see about it to-morrow"; and to-morrow not Guienne but Wolfe's army held the heights.

Meanwhile, Wolfe kept his own counsel, but his decision was made. From the south shore he studied the menacing cliffs. He could see the tents of the guard at the top of the bank, but he had keen eyesight and he saw also what convinced him that access to the heights was not wholly closed. Women could be seen washing clothes by the river and later he saw these clothes hung out at the top of the cliff to dry. On the 12th he was rowed up and down in front of the cliffs. Nine years earlier had appeared Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard,* and its phrases, tinged with melancholy, were in harmony with Wolfe's desponding mood. He repeated to those about him, the verse with the line

The paths of glory lead but to the grave,

and added that he had rather have been the author of those lines than take Quebec to-morrow.[1]

[1] The story has become current that it was in the darkness of the next morning when Wolfe was in a boat leading the long line of following boats and when there were strict injunctions of silence that he repeated the lines. Had he done so, he would have disobeyed his own orders for silence. The authorities support the statement in the text. See *Authorities,* Chap. XXVII.

Not even the brigadiers knew the details of Wolfe's plan but, on September 12, the army knew by the order of the day that an important movement was to be made. By this time the greater part of Wolfe's available force was in the ships. That night also under cover of darkness about fifteen hundred men marched from Point Levy to a post opposite The Foulon to be taken across in boats when the hour should come. Bougainville at Cap Rouge was perplexed. Late in the afternoon boats filled with soldiers put off from the ships and rowed away as if to attempt a landing farther up the river, and this he must try to prevent. At the same time the batteries at Point Levy were pouring a hot fire into Quebec, and war-ships edged in to the Beauport lines, kept up their fire during most of the night, and as the sun went down embarked men in boats as if to make a landing. Wolfe's effort was based on surprise and these tactics succeeded in diverting attention from the real point of danger.

Fortune had given Wolfe a tardy favour. He had learned from a French deserter that a convoy of provisions was to be sent down by water to Quebec on the night of the 12th under cover of darkness. There had been much rain, the roads were in bad condition, and in the darkness the French boats, hugging the shore, might readily escape the vigilance of the British ships in the river. Bougainville, alarmed at the threatened landing up the river, had cancelled the convoy, but this Wolfe did not know, nor, happily for him, were the French sentinels along the river bank informed of the change—a neglect inexcusable. Wolfe's plan was to lead an advance force silently for the three or four miles from the ships at Cap Rouge to The Foulon, to halt there and wait while a few men scaled the heights in the darkness. The needed twenty-four had volunteered. If they reached the top, they could probably hold it while others climbed up to join them. The few tents observed from the other side of the river made Wolfe believe that the guard at the

top was weak. It was indeed. The officer in command, Vergor, was the man whom Bigot had invited to plunder shamelessly in order to get away quickly to enjoy life in France. He had already been tried for misconduct in his defence of Fort Beauséjour in Acadia; and he had allowed some of his hundred Canadians to go home to gather the harvest.

Wolfe's plans centred in signals from the *Sutherland* off Cap Rouge. On that evening in his cabin there he told a former schoolfellow, John Jervis, commanding the *Porcupine,* afterwards famous as Earl St. Vincent, that he expected to be killed in the venture and handed to him his will and the miniature of his fiancée, Miss Lowther, to be returned to her. From the first days of the expedition he had made special efforts to ensure friendly relations between the men of the army and those of the navy. The British were free from the divided counsels which had hampered the French and now Wolfe left his plate to the naval chief, Admiral Saunders. His stiff military spirit was shown in two notes, among the last which he wrote. The three brigadiers had written to him a joint letter saying that they were not fully informed as to his plan and that, to avoid making mistakes, they desired to know where the landing was to take place. He told them the exact spot and, since he himself was to lead, added, with the quick irritation for which he reproached himself, that it was unusual for subordinate officers, not charged with a special duty, to ask for such instructions. If the plan to attack above Quebec was that of the brigadiers, the details of its execution were Wolfe's alone, without counsel from them.

Wolfe wrote this reply at half past eight. At twelve, by signal from the *Sutherland,* about eighteen hundred men were to get into the boats waiting at the ships near her. The tide turned to run out at half past one and at two, when one light was raised above another on the *Suther-*

land's topmast shrouds, the boats dropped away and fell into line, with Wolfe's boat in the lead. They edged in to the north shore, carried chiefly by the current and moving as noiselessly as possible. There were many difficulties. It was hard to keep so many boats in proper order. Montcalm's floating batteries were scattered along the river front and from these, or a sentry on shore, might come at any time a challenge. Challenges came. The night was clear, with only a light wind, but there was no moon. The boats in the lead were passing Sillery, where there was a battery, when a voice came from the cliff *"Qui vive?"* A British officer, whose French accent could be trusted, answered quickly "France." "What Regiment?" The answer "La Reine" in a very low voice. "Why don't you speak up?" "Be quiet or the English will hear you." At four o'clock, Wolfe was the first to leap ashore at The Foulon. Above towered cliffs about a hundred and eighty feet high, with slope so steep as to permit only shrubs and a few trees to grow. Saunders said of the plan to go up the cliff that the difficulty was almost incredible and now, in the dim light, as Wolfe looked up at the menacing height, he whispered to an officer that he doubted whether his men could get to the top, but that they must try. While he waited and watched, the twenty-four volunteers, led by that William Howe who was later to command against Washington, began the stiff climb, pulling themselves up by shrubs and boughs, and followed by three companies told off for the duty. If they failed and were killed or seized by the guard at the top, the boats could get away with only this slight loss. If they succeeded, the road up the cliff a few hundred feet to the west, could be quickly cleared and men and artillery brought up. Already Holmes's squadron was dropping down to The Foulon with more men, to protect either a further landing or a retirement. The twenty-four, with their weapons slung on their backs, pulled themselves up

in some way and gathered at the top. The guard was asleep; Vergor was in bed; in a sudden dash the post was taken, and far below Wolfe heard shots and huzzas. After this it was easy to clear the road and to bring up men. Boats brought across the waiting soldiers on the south shore. The complex effort was worked out with masterly precision; and by eight o'clock about four thousand five hundred British soldiers were taking up their chosen positions on the Plains of Abraham, a mile from the walls of Quebec. The surprise was complete.

Wolfe's position was perilous. Invisible beyond rising ground was a fortress which, however weak its defences, could hold out for a few days. It would take time to bring up adequate artillery against Quebec. Beyond Quebec, on the long strand of Beauport, lay a French army twice as numerous as Wolfe's; and in his rear at Cap Rouge was Bougainville who, given time, could bring up three thousand men. Wolfe had taken his last desperate risks and, when his battalions were in position, they may well have seemed to him pitiably few. They stretched in a line chiefly red from the edge of the cliff, for a mile, across the road to Sillery to the border of that to Cap Rouge. Wolfe had expected a battle before the walls of Quebec and judged rightly. Even, however, if he should take Quebec, he would not be much better off, with a resourceful foe to confront him. In the following winter, Murray held Quebec and yet was helpless to make any progress. Montcalm's communications with Bougainville and with Three Rivers and Montreal were safe on the other side of the St. Charles; and Wolfe had few more soldiers to bring up. He had made his bold venture because one last desperate chance must be taken and his chief hope for its success lay in his contempt for the fighting quality of Montcalm's army.

At Beauport, Montcalm had been having anxious days. Lévis had gone away to guard the upper river, for General

Gage was at Oswego with a large army to descend on Montreal. On September 2, Montcalm had written to Bourlamaque: "The night is dark and rain is falling. The men are in their tents, but they have their clothes on ready for an alarm. . . . I have my boots on and my horses are saddled, my ordinary practice at night. . . . I believe that Wolfe will act like a gambler who, having tried his luck on the left and on the right, will try the middle. . . . I have not taken off my clothes since June 23." On September 8, he wrote again that Wolfe would certainly make one more effort and was gathering forces above Quebec, but "Bougainville is on the alert;" and he gave Wolfe only another month to stay. On the 11th he wrote: "Where are you planning to spend the winter? . . . Quebec will not be habitable."

Wolfe's attack in the middle had now come on the 13th. Saunders's bombardment of Montcalm's lines, his movements of boats threatening a landing there, and the incessant firing of the batteries at Point Levy had given Montcalm a sleepless night. He dwelt in a house near the ravine at Beauport and was intensely anxious about the expected convoy of provisions, since he had supplies for only two days. He did not know that it had been cancelled for that night. At the moment when Wolfe's boats were leaving the *Sutherland,* Montcalm was pacing up and down the road near his house with his aide-de-camp, the Chevalier Johnstone, an exiled Scots Jacobite, and spoke of his anxiety about the convoy. By this time the British war-ships and the batteries at Point Levy had ceased firing but, at daybreak, Montcalm heard the boom of cannon above Quebec. It was the French battery at Samos, near The Foulon, firing on the boats which were landing Wolfe's army; but Montcalm's anxiety made him think that it meant a British attack on the convoy. He drank some cups of tea and then rode away with Johnstone and saw for a moment Vaudreuil whose headquarters were near the bridge over the St.

Charles. As he halted before the governor's house, he was told that the British were on the heights. A soldier, escaped from Vergor's guard, had brought the startling news and already an officer, Montreuil, had sent the regiment of Guienne to the Plains. Vaudreuil had been told the news but refused to believe it. Now Montcalm could see British redcoats in a skirmish with Canadians at the border of the heights over the St. Charles. He said to Johnstone: "This is serious," and told him to dash back to Beauport and order the whole of the French left, except a small guard, to march to the Plains. The French right was already on the move; but now was seen the curse of a divided command. Vaudreuil countermanded Montcalm's order by Johnstone with one of his own that not a man on the left should budge. No doubt, he feared that the British would land and seize the empty entrenchments. Nor did he himself move, though the battle was fought almost within his view.

The fight was in itself little more than a severe skirmish; yet it was one of world import for it involved the ruin of French power in North America and, by the removal of this danger from the English colonies, fostered the spirit of independence which led to the creation of the United States. The white group of the Guienne battalion stood on the rising ground, watching the rapid formation of Wolfe's line. Already the British had occupied houses on their left and Canadian sharpshooters were attacking them. Montcalm held a hurried council with the officers at hand. "We cannot avoid a battle," he said to one, "the enemy is entrenching; already he has two cannon; if we give him time to establish himself we can never attack him with our few troops." Near-by in the Palace battery in Quebec, were twenty-five light field guns. Ramesay in command there had already furnished three but, when Montcalm called for the others, the request was refused on the commandant's plea that he had a town to defend. Posted where

stood the Guienne battalion, they might have worked havoc in Wolfe's line and the three sent did some execution. As Wolfe's men came up, Indians protected by brushwood on the right at the cliff were troublesome, as were also Canadians on the extreme left. The open plain was dotted with plots of ripening grain and scattered brushwood. That morning early Bougainville had been startled to find that had gone down the river, and now Montcalm watched the British ships which were troubling him the night before anxiously for evidence that Bougainville was coming up on Wolfe's rear. When the cannon were firing he said: "Is it possible that Bougainville does not hear?" But Bougainville was seven miles away, and when, at eleven o'clock, he appeared on the British rear, the battle was over and he had to withdraw. On that decisive day nothing went well with the French.

Wolfe remained with Monckton, who commanded the right, while Murray commanded the left, with Townshend in reserve. In striking uniform, made the more conspicuous by a badge of mourning on his arm for his father recently dead, Wolfe went along his line, bringing needed order at spots, cheering his men, pausing to press the hand of an officer shot through the lungs, to bid him be hopeful, and to promise him promotion. He turned to an aide-de-camp to tell him to remind Monckton of this promise as he himself expected to be killed in the battle. It was such kind tact that made him loved in the army. Without any artillery, except the two light guns which had been dragged up, he planned to make the musket do the chief work. At close range, it was a deadly weapon. The balls were three quarters of an inch in diameter and Wolfe ordered that two should be put in each charge. The line was to lie down and wait in complete silence. As the enemy drew near it was to rise, hold its fire until he was only forty yards away, and then to give a shattering volley and reload and advance with

bayonet and claymore. Be deliberate, Wolfe had said, and take aim: "A cool well-ordered fire is much more destructive and formidable than the quickest fire in confusion." He was sure of his men. They were regulars, highly disciplined. They knew that this was their last perilous venture for victory; and an observer said that he read in every man's face that day victory or no quarter.

By nine o'clock, Montcalm had drawn up his line. It appears that in it he had not more than four thousand men, and he was thus slightly outnumbered by Wolfe's army. This emphasises his rashness in offering battle so quickly. No doubt he expected every moment that Bougainville might appear and that more men would come up from the left of the line at Beauport, but he was obsessed with the idea that it would be unsafe to wait. On a black horse, holding his sword high, he rode along the line, pausing to cheer his men greatly fatigued after a long, anxious night, and urging them to do their duty. He put his regulars, a long white line, in the centre, with the Canadians on each flank. At about half past nine the line advanced. Firing began at a point two hundred yards from the British. The line was irregular for the Canadians, unused to the battlefield, lay down to reload. The French advanced with cheers and shouts. Wolfe's men rose and stood silent until the French line was so near that they could see the blue and scarlet facings on the white coats. At about forty paces, the order to fire rang out and the whole British line burst into a roar like the discharge of cannon. Behind the cloud of smoke the men re-loaded and then in perfect order they moved forward, soon breaking into a run. The ground was strewn with French dead and dying and the whole irregular line was in such distress that, as the advancing charge came on, it broke and fled in complete confusion. The Celtic fury of the Highlanders was irresistible. As they dashed forward their huge clay-

mores struck off heads like flowers from the stalk and the havoc of the English bayonet was terrible. All efforts at a rally of the French failed for in that dreadful volley many of the chief officers had been struck down. Montcalm on his black horse was shot through the body and, supported in the saddle by two soldiers, was swept back in the rush to the gates of Quebec. As Wolfe, already wounded in the wrist, charged forward on the right at the head of the twenty-eighth regiment, he was struck in the groin but was pressing on when he was shot through the lungs. Whatever the panic of the French, their sharpshooters knew how to strike down the conspicuous leaders; and Monckton too was severely wounded. Wolfe tried to go on, lest his men should see what he knew was true, that the wound was mortal, but two or three men fell out and carried him to the rear. As the victorious charge went forward, one of those watching near him saw the broken French line and cried out: "How they run!" "Who run?" gasped Wolfe. "The enemy, Sir, they give way everywhere." Wolfe murmured an order to march a regiment down to the St. Charles River to cut off the retreat. That day, he had been sure, would bring death, and now he turned on his side and said: "Thank God, I die in peace." He had called himself a disgraced man for his previous failure, and he died with his fame retrieved.

Montcalm's wound too was mortal. As he passed through the St. Louis gate of the town, with his white uniform stained with blood, a group of terrified women shrieked: "*Oh, mon Dieu, mon Dieu, le Marquis est tué.*" "It is nothing, it is nothing," he said, "don't trouble about me, my good friends." The horse carried him to the house of the king's surgeon Arnoux, and examination showed that there was no hope. "How many hours have I to live?" he asked, and to the reply that he could not survive the night, he said: "So much the better, I shall not see the English in

Quebec." Wolfe's body was taken to the *Sutherland* to be carried to England; and, at nine o'clock on the evening of the next day, the body of Montcalm was conducted by torchlight along the sombre streets of the desolated capital and laid with solemn rites in a grave in the Ursuline Chapel which had been partly dug by the explosion of a British shell. The crude war methods of the time had put both leaders in the position of greatest danger on the battlefield; and they perished in the hour when their guiding hands were most needed.

Among the French, there was now no one to rally the army from the panic of defeat. Vaudreuil, it is true, remained at, or near, his headquarters and could watch the flying French as they rushed to safety by way of the bridge across the St. Charles. Officers crowded round the harassed, incapable leader who gave orders to carry out what the last person said to him. When someone cried out that the bridge across the St. Charles should be destroyed, this he ordered, but an officer on the spot stopped the madness. It would have cut off many French crowding to the bridge from the scene of defeat. While Townshend, who took command, was making his position on the heights secure, and averting the danger from Bougainville on his rear, Vaudreuil managed to hold a council of war at two in the afternoon. Everybody talked, and one thing was clear—the military officers were all for an immediate retreat from the position at Beauport. Vaudreuil and Bigot were, it seems, actually in favour of a rally and an attack on the British the next day. But the officers may well have asked who was to lead. Lévis and Bourlamaque were far away. Bougainville was within reach but was not consulted. At nine o'clock that night, the headlong flight began by way of Charlesbourg and Lorette. Officers and men were given no chance to go to the lines at Beauport for their personal effects. Past Bougainville at Cap Rouge swept in the dark

the fleeing army in complete disorder; and it did not halt to re-form until it was thirty miles away across the swift Jacques Cartier River. Some of the French officers felt the shame of the panic: "Posterity will not believe it," one of them said. The soldiers had to beg food from the habitants as they passed, but sometimes rushed off in panic before it could be brought. Vaudreuil, we are told, had been careful to take with him both food and cooks.

Not for two days did Ramesay in Quebec even know of the flight; the tents still stood on the Beauport shore and meanwhile prowling Indians and inhabitants robbed and wasted stores which were sorely needed. He was busy in Quebec with civilians urging surrender to save them, as they said, from massacre after an assault; with militia, anxious to get away to their homes, which the British would destroy if the men were found absent, and turning in their arms and claiming now to be only civilians. The dying Montcalm had said that Ramesay must surrender; and this, Vaudreuil, before his headlong flight, had authorized, though later he attacked Ramesay savagely for doing it. Saunders was drawing up his fighting ships for a bombardment, and two miles up the shore, at The Foulon, thousands of soldiers, marines and sailors were dragging cannon up to the Plains, with no horses to aid them, so that Townshend soon had more than a hundred guns in position to bombard the weak walls. We need not wonder therefore that, late on the night of September 17, Ramesay agreed to terms. Townshend and Saunders made them wisely generous: the garrison was to march out with the honours of war and to be sent at once to France. On September 18, Townshend had the proud duty of taking over, with impressive military pomp, the capital of New France, where ever since the British flag has floated.

The fleet was anxious to get away, for navigation would soon close on the St. Lawrence. Talk of destroying Quebec

and making an island camp for the winter at Orleans was soon dismissed. Murray, Wolfe's third brigadier, was to remain in command, Townshend was to go home with the fleet, and Monckton to a warmer climate to recover from his wound. There was no communication with the commander-in-chief, Amherst, on Lake Champlain, who, with a hostile country and scouting savages intervening, did not, until October 18, even learn of the fall of Quebec, though by that time it was known in distant England. A few days before, on October 13, he had embarked his army in whale-boats. He was delayed by autumn storms on the lake, and when he heard of the fall of Quebec he went back to his new fort, certain that all Canada must surrender and, as he said, to spare his men a useless campaign. On Lake Ontario, where the summer had brought success to British arms, General Prideaux had been killed while besieging the French fort at Niagara, and to Sir William Johnson had come the honour of receiving a surrender which was the final blow to the French claim to the Ohio. What forces remained to them got away to Detroit and the upper lakes.

When General Gage took over the command from Johnson, Amherst pressed him to descend at once by the St. Lawrence on Montreal. Gage gathered his force at Oswego but he equalled Amherst in capacity for delay. Until winter was at hand, he learned nothing of Wolfe's victory. The French had a weak fort on the river barring his way; but above all he feared that his army might perish in the hard winter even if he should take Montreal. So Gage delayed and did nothing. The one winner of laurels on land in America in that eventful year was Wolfe. Soon, a parallel victory on the sea crowned Wolfe's effort. All that summer, France had been building the many small boats, which, escorted by a fleet, were to make the great stroke of taking London. It was surely vain to suppose

that, with the English in command of the sea, such a convoy could cross the channel. Yet England was alarmed and the effort was made. In November, the French admiral Conflans was waiting in Quiberon Bay for the embarking in ships and boats of the French army, when he was attacked by Admiral Hawke with the result of the complete ruin of his fleet.

Meanwhile, at Quebec, Admiral Saunders landed large quantities of stores and then, on October 10, the great fleet began to move away. A part of it was to winter at Halifax and to return in the spring with another fleet from England. Murray was felt with two sloops of war, three small armed vessels, and seven thousand three hundred soldiers, to hold Quebec in a hostile country, with no chance, for six months, of aid by sea or land. His ships were soon frozen in and, in the spring, he found them embedded in fourteen feet of ice. The army did what it could to find shelter in the ruined houses of shattered Quebec. As winter came on cold was the great enemy, for the British were new to the rigours of a Canadian winter, easily combatted if fuel can be secured. The broken timbers of ruined houses served for a time, but to get fire-wood soon became a pressing problem and, in the end, Murray had to send armed parties to the neighbouring forests, haunted by skulking savages who took many a scalp. Snow soon added to the difficulties of defence. It piled up so high on the walls towards the Plains of Abraham that an enemy might get in over the drifts. Since Murray's men in boots slipped about on the glassy ice of the streets, he put them into moccasins and some of them wore at times the snow-shoes of the country. Sentries on duty were muffled to the eyes in what helpful protection from the cold they could secure. The Ursuline nuns, who remained cloistered in their convent, pitied especially the bare legs of the Highlanders and knitted hose to cover them. The British soldier's cheerful kind-

ness did not fail him: in the late autumn some of them went out to help the habitants with the harvest. In time, food became scarce and Wolfe's policy of devastating the villages proved only too effective when now the army needed supplies. To feed the civilian French in Quebec, the British soldier quite willingly gave up one day of his weekly rations. Wolfe had brought out no money to pay his men and they could buy little to supplement the sacrificed ration. Dark days came when salted food caused scurvy and in time two hundred men went down weekly before this dread malady. Many died and, since the frozen ground made burial difficult, hundreds of the bodies of the men who had fought under Wolfe were laid away stiffly frozen in snow and ice until mother earth herself thawed to receive them.

James Murray, now the defender of Quebec, was a sympathetic and competent leader. His ancestor, the first Lord Elibank, had won this Scottish peerage for loyalty to Charles I during the civil war, and the family's Jacobite record caused Horace Walpole's stricture that Murray's father, Lord Elibank, would receive further honours in a second Stuart restoration. Doctor Johnson said of this Lord Elibank that to be in his company was always to learn something. To Johnson's remark in his dictionary that oats was in Scotland a food for men and in England for horses, Elibank made the famous retort: "And where will you find such men and such horses?" A certain bravado in the family caused them to be known as "the windy Murrays." We find no evidence of Jacobitism in James Murray, a younger son; and his brother, Alexander Murray, was a radical for whom the London mob shouted "Murray and Liberty" before it learned, a little later, to shout for "Wilkes and Liberty." When this Alexander was brought before the bar of the House of Commons and ordered to kneel to receive censure for inciting to riot, his defiant

answer was "I never kneel except to God," and he went to jail for his contumacy.

James Murray had run away from home when a youth and had served as a private in a Dutch regiment, recruited from Scots. He could boast that he had served in every rank in the army except that of drummer boy. He had a fiery Scottish pride and an aristocratic scorn for the trader. The French officers whom he held as prisoners, themselves members of noble families, were charmed with Murray's courtesy and sympathy. He praised their courage and was as kindly to the Canadians as he was to his own men. But his hand fell heavily upon drunkenness and violence. The barbarous military code of the time permitted flogging of a thousand lashes; and more than once we find also at Quebec the grim hangings which punished outrages. As winter wore on, sickness reduced Murray's force to fewer than one-half of the original number and when, in the spring, he had to confront his chief danger, one of his soldiers described the army as "a poor pitiful handful of half-starved scorbutic skeletons" determined, however, he adds, "to a man to Conquer or Die."

This danger came from an attack on Quebec by the French whose numbers reports exaggerated to twenty-five thousand men. Lévis, Montcalm's successor, had spent the winter at Montreal. He had condemned the mad flight from Quebec and the surrender of the fortress which, he said, should rather have been destroyed, and now he was bent on a victory over Murray, to be followed, as he hoped, either by news of peace or by the arrival of rescue from France. In the late autumn he managed to get a message to France demanding reinforcements of ten thousand men equipped for two years. That was almost to equal Pitt's scale of effort; and there was in reality no remote hope of France's rivalling it. One frigate, the *Machault*, and some

ships with stores were sent in the spring but never reached their destination. Since food was scarce, Lévis scattered his battalions in the Canadian villages, and billeted them in private houses. The clever rascal, Cadet, was in charge of munitions and did wonders, at the cost, however, of harsh treatment of the Canadian farmers who sometimes had to suffer from relentless seizure of cattle, poultry and grain, with no pay except that of paper money, all but worthless. By this time the inhabitants were realizing that the French officers were fighting to save their own military reputations and earn coveted honours, and that they cared nothing for Canada. The Canadians cursed even their champion Vaudreuil who had been, in truth, their protector from military severity when, as often happened, they had deserted from the army in scores.

In these last days of New France one improvement had come. Lévis was conciliatory; "one must be on good terms with everyone," he said, and he and the governor worked in harmony; he had a pleasant way with ladies and Madame de Vaudreuil was his devoted admirer. Montcalm's memory, however, the governor attacked with relentless hate. He tried to get access to the dead leader's private papers, but this their custodian, Lévis, would not permit. On October 30, when Vaudreuil had had six weeks for reflection after the battle, he wrote to the minister his summary of Montcalm's qualities and deeds: boundless ambition, alliance with disreputable persons and abuse of honest ones: blindness to the corruption going on; insubordination and treachery; cruelty to the Canadians and hatred of Vaudreuil himself; ending with the summary that this "portrait of the dead Marquis de Montcalm . . . contains only the exact truth."

There was gaiety at Montreal during the trying winter and also still there was corruption, for Cadet and Bigot were carrying on the old practices. Now, however, they had

quarrelled and Cadet was its high priest. They did not yet know that France had refused their excessive drafts on her treasury and that the game was really ended. From time to time rumours of miraculous happenings favourable to France went about and Vaudreuil issued fantastic declarations that peace was near and deliverance certain and that his "brave Canadians" would still achieve wonders. Society managed to keep up appearances. A British officer, in Montreal in the autumn of 1760, saw so many silk robes, laced coats and powdered wigs as to give the appearance of plentiful fortunes. Anyone expressing misgivings as to final success was likely to be denounced as English.

Lévis called in Bourlamaque to Montreal and sent Bougainville to take his place in facing the peril from Crown Point. Bourlamaque's quiet efficiency perhaps did more than the cheeriness of Lévis and, as spring approached, an army of about seven thousand men was ready for an attack on Quebec as soon as the ice should break up and make it possible for boats to go down the river. By April 23 it was open in the centre, with banks of ice and snow lining each side, and about four hundred boats started, picking up, as they went, the companies quartered at points below Montreal. Vauquelain's ships were to join them near Quebec. Wolfe's success had been due to surprise and for this Lévis also hoped. Each night the boats were hauled over ice and snow to the shore and the shivering, ill-clad men got what rest they could in the villages. After three such nights, Lévis learned that surprise was impossible. Murray had guards at all danger points near Quebec, and the only thing to do was to land near the mouth of the Cap Rouge River, march round the west end of the promontory on which stood Quebec, and reach the heights by the road up the slope from the north. Though complete surprise of Quebec was impossible, this road was too far away for Murray to risk trying to hold it with a considerable force.

During a wild night of wind and rain, Lévis marched his men from the boats on sodden roads; and on the morning of April 27 the head of his column was on the heights some five miles from Quebec near the church at Sainte-Foy.

This movement had been secret and only early that morning had an accident revealed to Murray that Lévis was so near. At the landing on the afternoon of the 26th one of his artillerymen had been swept into the water, but had managed to clamber out on a floe of ice and was carried down the river past Quebec. Murray's two sloops of war were anchored before Quebec and the watch of the *Racehorse* heard human groans on the floating mass as it swept past. When it floated back with the tide the man was rescued. He was half dead but was able to gasp that he was one of a large French army which had come down the river to attack Quebec. Then at three o'clock in the morning of the 27th, Murray was aroused from sleep to hear the story. He saw its meaning, sent quickly to call into Quebec his menaced outposts, and soon had scouts in touch with the army of Lévis. He blew up the church at Sainte-Foy and when night fell the outposts had been abandoned and Murray was busy with plans for a battle on the morrow.

Like Montcalm, Murray had no thought of waiting in Quebec to be attacked and, like Montcalm, he was rash in method. Wolfe's name was glorious through the victory of the previous year; and Murray hoped for glory as great by being the final conqueror of Canada. He had built a line of defences on the Buttes-à-Neveu, some eight hundred yards from the walls, and there he was reasonably secure with a possible retreat open. But the event proved that he was not content to defend; he would seize the first opening to attack. At half past six o'clock in the morning of the 28th two columns, numbering in all about three thousand men, marched out of Quebec by the two roads on the

heights leading westward. They carried pick-axes and spades to dig themselves in on the chosen line, a task almost impossible for the ground was frozen. In the ranks were men who had been crippled in hospital, but now demanded eagerly to share in the fight. Murray trusted much to his twenty field-pieces and two howitzers, and they were drawn, not by horses, but by men weak from disease and scanty food. Melting snow lay in the hollows. Had Murray awaited attack he could have harassed an advancing foe with his artillery; but when, from his chosen line, he saw that the foe was only marching to the field and not yet ready to fight, he made a quick and disastrous advance. Then his cannon stuck in snowdrifts, ammunition could not be brought up, and the French, in superior numbers, were soon pressing in on his flanks to cut off retreat. At last the order went out to fall back; "Damn it, what is falling back but retreating?" some of the soldiers muttered. The retreat became a rout. The British left on the field everything, cannon, weapons, tools, dead and wounded, and soon a demoralised horde was fleeing pell-mell to the gates of Quebec.

Murray's casualties were about one-third of his force. Some three hundred men were killed, while the French had two hundred. Of the very large number of British wounded, abandoned on the field, most were scalped and so killed by the savage allies of Lévis, who even murdered some of the French left helpless there. That night there was disorder in Quebec, but when some drunken soldiers were caught in robbery and riot, Murray showed his firmness by trying and hanging one of their number. Now in adversity he showed great resource. He put even the women in Quebec to work on the defences and required convalescents in the hospitals to make wads for guns. Officers harnessed themselves side by side with their men to drag up cannon from the Lower Town to confront the

army of Lévis on the Plains and within a few days the defeated side was inviting the French to come on.

Such was the battle of Sainte-Foy, which did at least one thing: it soothed French pride for the defeat by Wolfe. Quebec, in panic disorder, might have fallen before a prompt assault. Lévis, however, checked his army and made his lines on almost the exact spot of Wolfe's victory. He needed artillery and it came up slowly to the Plains by the same winding road up which had come British soldiers and artillery in the momentous days when Quebec fell. There was, however, a difference: the British had the best possible guns, while those of the French were almost worn out. Their powder, too, was poor and when the time of testing came could not reach with adequate effect the distant walls of Quebec.

Bourlamaque had been wounded and his loss was disastrous; for Lévis was deficient in rapid energy. He hesitated and delayed, while Murray's artillery kept up a heavy fire on the French trying to dig entrenchments in the frozen ground. Each side was watching the river; each hoped for the early arrival of its fleet. On the morning of May 9, at eleven o'clock, the watchers of both Murray and Lévis saw a frigate rounding Point Levy. Excitement spread and the French soldiers began to shout *"Vive le Roi,"* while in Quebec a crowd gathered on the ramparts in tense expectancy. Certainty soon came; the ship was the *Lowestoffe;* she ran up the British colours and boomed out a salute of twenty-one guns to the garrison of Quebec. For nearly an hour the watching crowd in Quebec cheered and threw their hats in the air, and welcoming guns gave a noisy greeting. The frigate brought to Murray news of coming rescue; but it would be some days before further help could arrive; and Lévis, like Wolfe, might in a last desperate venture assault the town. All that night Murray's forces kept anxious watch. He sent a sloop down

the river to urge haste on the ships nearing Quebec. Wolfe's dash had been based on complete confidence in the quality of his men, but this Lévis could not have. On the 11th he began a heavy bombardment which damaged the walls, but he could not keep it up and he had no stomach for an assault.

On the 15th a strong north-east wind was blowing and, in the long light of the spring evening, three ships came in sight round the head of the Island of Orleans. Lévis watched and tried to believe that they were French; but they were British, the advance ships under Commodore Swanton of two British squadrons making all haste to reach Quebec. As so often in British history, the fleet had decided the issue. Instantly, on the next tide, at Murray's urging, Swanton took a squadron up the river past Quebec and, on the 16th, destroyed the small French fleet which had been anchored at The Foulon to aid the efforts of Lévis on the Plains. His retirement was now inevitable; the warships were getting the range of his position on the Plains; retreat by water was cut off; and his only course was to abandon his lines and get away by land as best he could. At ten o'clock at night on the 16th the battalions were to march away with no noise of guns or showing of fires. There was disorder; in the confusion the savages secured drink and attacked the quarters of the officers and killed a guard. Lévis seemed dazed and gave contradictory orders; when officers came to him for instructions he would look at them blankly in silence. But, by daybreak of the 17th, the French army had reached Cap Rouge and the British were not aware that it had gone. Not until that evening did a scouting party from Quebec enter the silent trenches. They found bodies of British dead, thrown clear of the camp and scalped and mangled, and hanging on bushes were many scalps, savage trophies of the victory of Sainte-Foy.

Within fewer than four months after the retreat of Lévis came the surrender of Canada; and we are only surprised that the end should have been so long deferred. Upon every tide war-ships were reaching Quebec and overwhelming forces were pressing in to the heart of Canada. Amherst, however, was commander-in-chief; and Amherst worked as if time had no meaning. Under the plan of campaign, Murray was to go up the river in ships to Montreal, an army under Colonel Haviland was to advance from Crown Point, while Amherst himself was to take up the task in which Gage had failed, and bring some ten thousand men down the St. Lawrence from Oswego to Montreal. Bourlamaque jeered at the elaborate plans; " a foolish chase," he said. There could be no resistance at Montreal which would justify the slow approach on it of three armies; one well-equipped force advancing by water from Quebec would probably have brought the end. Yet, perhaps to justify his strictures on Gage, Amherst took a large army on a toilsome advance through the wilderness to Lake Ontario; he kept all summer an army on Lake Champlain waiting for the signal to start; while Murray, with a third force at Quebec, was so chafed and angry at the long delay that, at his table, he said he ought to hang anyone who justified the leader's intolerable tardiness. At Louisbourg for a good part of the summer a considerable army was engaged in a task which might well have waited—the total destruction of the fortress which remains today an impressive ruin—and this kept occupied a force which Murray expected to arrive early. He set out for Montreal on July 14 and even then it had not arrived. He took with him about two thousand five hundred men and was soon joined by the army from Louisbourg. It was safe to leave Quebec guarded by the remaining seventeen hundred of his army who were fit for duty. There was no danger from the sea; for France's last effort to send help

to Canada had ended in disaster. Captain Byron, grandfather of the poet, with a squadron from Halifax, had chased the French squadron, consisting of the frigate *Machault* (30 guns), and twenty-one unarmed ships laden with stores, into the Restigouche River, at the head of the Bay of Chaleur. The French themselves burned the frigate; and Byron took and burned all the other ships after removing stores valued at two hundred thousand pounds. The crews escaped to the shore. Among the stores were horseflesh and putrid meat sent out by corrupt agents in France. Vaudreuil, always expecting miracles, had said that with the arrival of this convoy "we should now have been wholly at our ease."

Hitherto a British fleet had not advanced far beyond Quebec; but now an imposing array of eighty ships, including four men-of-war, sailed up the river day by day, watched from the shore by the amazed and alarmed Canadians. There was a fort at Jacques Cartier, but Murray sailed serenely past it; Three Rivers was strongly fortified, but he kept out of range of its guns. There were days of brilliant sunshine, and the scene was beautiful;—a broad river with a smooth glossy surface, banks, now forest clad, now showing open spaces, with villages, dominated by massive church buildings, and white houses stretched along the roads. Visible on the river banks at times were soldiers, some of the men in blue, faced with scarlet, the officers in white uniforms; on watch, and, at times, marching to keep pace with the advancing ships. By August Haviland had begun his advance and, early in September, he forced on Bougainville the inevitable withdrawal from the Isle-aux-Noix. Then his way was open to Montreal.

Far up the river at Oswego Amherst embarked his ten thousand men on August 10. The French had a mission station at La Presentation, now Ogdensburg, which they

had abandoned, but five miles below it, on an island, they had the new, weak Fort Lévis. Amherst might, like Murray, have gone on past so feeble a post without stopping. Pouchot, the efficient officer in command, had no force to molest him, but this was not Amherst's way. He delayed a week, making elaborate plans for a siege, until, on August 25, Pouchot's three hundred men surrendered to ten thousand. Amherst's chief problem was to take his boats down the successive rapids. Perhaps to strengthen his rebuke to Gage for failure he had called them "more frightful than dangerous." This was true, but he had not skilled pilots for his hundreds of boats and on September 4, in the boiling waters of the Cedars and Cascades, near Montreal, eighty-four of his men were drowned. Two days later, on September 6, he landed at Lachine and at three o'clock on that afternoon his advanced columns were before the weak defences of Montreal. Next day Murray landed on the east side of the town and at the same time Haviland's force marched into Longueuil on the south side of the river opposite Montreal. There is, in military history, no more dramatic example of strategy than the coming together at an appointed hour of three armies from three quarters of the compass.

The end had come, and the only remaining question concerned the terms of surrender. The inhabitants of Montreal, who included many refugees and now numbered ten or twelve thousand, begged Vaudreuil not to risk an assault. The militia had gone away by hundreds; the Indians were already on the English side and had become a danger. Nemesis for the failure to check their outrages had appeared, for they were a haunting terror to the Canadians themselves, and the cause now of a deep humiliation to the French army. There had been outrages on the British side, but rarely by savages, for Amherst despised their methods, which had included the loathsome opening of

graves to scalp the dead. He had not been afraid to hang offenders, something which Montcalm had not dared to do. When negotiations began, the most urgent request of Vaudreuil was for protection from the cruelties and insults of his own or Amherst's Indians. Amherst's reply was that "there never have been any outrages committed by the Indians of our army"; no man, woman, or child, he said, had been injured, not a house had been burned, by his Indians since he entered Canada. He declared that for "the infamous part" which the troops of France had taken in inciting the savages to "horrid and unheard-of barbarities" throughout the war, he must now deny the honours of war which the British had granted at the fall of Quebec; the French army must surrender and its members must not serve again during the war.

It was on the early morning of September 7 that Bougainville had gone to ask for terms from Amherst, who agreed to wait until noon for the French proposals. When they came he was conciliatory on some points; but his demands for the surrender of the army were unyielding. That night the French officers met in Montreal in furious protest against this humiliation. To surrender without honours of war might blast their military reputations; to have no right to military service for what might be many years still of war could mean not only starvation but the ending of their military careers. They demanded that Vaudreuil should break off negotiations or, failing this, should let the French army retire to St. Helen's Island in the river and there fight to gain better terms. This was chiefly a gesture; but when Vaudreuil, for once wise and firm, put the interests of the inhabitants before those of the soldiers and accepted Amherst's demands, the officers denounced him, and they refused to meet Amherst at a dinner given to him by the governor after the surrender. The terms were agreed to early on the morning of the 8th.

When Amherst called for the flags of the surrendered regiments, he was told that they could not be found. They had been destroyed to save what is, to a French army, its deepest humiliation, the handing over of its colours.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 9th Amherst wrote to Pitt the despatch announcing the surrender which Major Barré was to carry at once to England. That day for the last time Lévis drew up his little army. The numbers are suggestive: the Canadian forces had melted away; more than five hundred of the regulars had gone off possibly to join Canadian wives, certainly to become ancestors of future Canadians; and rather fewer than two thousand five hundred surrendered, the remnant of the army of Montcalm. The battalions marched to the Place d'Armes and there laid down their weapons with bitterness in their hearts, less against the victor than against the governor who had insisted on this sacrifice. The British officers might well pay compliments to the foe for his brave defence of Canada. Murray spoke freely to French officers of the prolonging against heavy odds during six campaigns of a struggle which, he said, the British should have ended in one.

If the terms to the army were exacting, those to the Canadians for the future were generous. Vaudreuil, in spite of his hectic boasting, had long pondered surrender, and now inevitably he made some extreme demands: that the Canadians should pay no new taxes and remain always under French law; that they should be neutral in all wars between France and Britain; that they should have a bishop named by the king of France, and a privileged church preserving the rights enjoyed under the French régime; that the Jesuits and other religious orders should retain their old privileges. All this Amherst said must await the pleasure of the king. But he promised religious liberty, with a saving clause, which meant nothing, that

this was to be as far as British law should permit; and he promised equality with the British to engage in trade; and respect for all rights of property. The Canadians should not, he also promised, suffer the hard fate of the Acadians, and be deported; while those who wished might withdraw, some of them to be given free passages to France.

Now, with the coast clear, Amherst worked rapidly. On September 12 he sent the guerilla leader, Major Rogers, with letters from Vaudreuil ordering the commandants at Detroit and the French posts on the Great Lakes to hand them over to the British. Navigation would soon close on the St. Lawrence. There were many ships at Montreal and, on September 14, the British began to embark the French army. Bougainville had hurried to Quebec to make arrangements there. Lévis sailed on the 17th. Vaudreuil and Bigot delayed a little longer to finish civilian business, and Amherst let them take away their papers without examination. Bigot's last official proclamation gave the holders of paper money three, and only three, days in which to bring it in and receive drafts on France in exchange. Since the holders were widely scattered, many could not bring their money to him and were left with it on their hands. This did not greatly matter, for the drafts which were issued were not honoured in France; only after some years was paid an inadequate compensation; and by that time many holders had been willing to take from speculators at little as one per cent. of the face value. We need not wonder that the resentment of the Canadians against France was deep. Many British transports with queer names, such as *The Fanny, The True Briton, The Abigail,* straggled across the ocean in stormy seas and landed in French ports the defeated army. The chief officials of the colony left Canada. So also did some of the landowners, but of these civilians there were probably

not more than about a thousand including their families. Since even returned soldiers had to face in France neglect and poverty, for defeat is the offence least pardonable, the civilians with no claim for valour and sacrifice in war had little hope for gratitude from a corrupt and selfish court. Canadian traders and peasants remained in what was their own country. Their former rulers, as often oppressors as helpers, were gone and the war was over. The new master gave them security, in property and person; for what they sold him he paid in yellow gold and not in paper money; he saved them from a system which had become cruelly unjust; and, even if he were a new and alien master, he at least gave a helpful peace to a people who had been in arms for seven long years.

The surrender of Montreal ends the story of the fall of Canada. France never disputed the finality of that surrender and there was no more fighting. The effect of the conquest on the Canadians and the enduring survival among them of French culture belong to a later story. Pitt received the news of the rescue of Quebec by the fleet, due to his own urgency, with the expression of "most humble and grateful thanks to the Almighty." The generals had sent him their diaries; he knew the situation of every obscure post, the roads, the fords, the boats needed to move an army on the turbulent rivers; and Amherst's slowness must have tried a minister who watched every step of the campaign planned. Pitt had treated the colonial governors and legislatures with great tact; he had made requests rather than given orders, and had appealed to a common patriotism. Some, notably Massachusetts under its imperialist governor, Pownall, had responded with alacrity; others, notably Pennsylvania, whose interests were intimately affected, hardly at all. Amherst had had to correspond with each colony and the inevitable delay is a partial excuse for his tardiness. Wolfe's army, which won

the glory of taking Quebec was, except for a few Rangers, almost wholly from Britain, while about half of Amherst's forces consisted of colonial troops. Thus the English colonies had an important share in the fall of New France and this gave their opinion weight when peace was made.

By that time, however, Pitt was no longer in power. On October 24, 1760, he wrote to congratulate Amherst on the success of "that masterly Plan, which you had, with such unwearied Application and Diligence formed," and asked him to report what further efforts might be made against France, which still held the lower Mississippi. Pitt was not superior to the view, widely held, and not softened until after the fall of Napoleon, that France was an enduring enemy and that safety could be found only in making her weak. He was planning further attacks on the French West Indies. The morning after he wrote the letter to Amherst, a servant hearing a noise in the king's room, went in and found George II dead on the floor. This meant the end of Pitt's rule. The new king, George III, intended himself to govern and would not be dominated by an aggressive minister. Pitt held on for a short period; but his vehemence against France gave to the king and to his own colleagues a handle for attack. They talked of a ruinous debt; earlier in the war the brilliant "Junius" had said that "England owed more to Pitt than she could ever repay"—her enormous debt; and now, it was said, Britain needed peace, for the insatiable ambition of Pitt in war was ruining the kingdom. His enemies even drew flattering pictures of the boundless resources of the nation's enemies.

It was a year after the death of George II before Pitt's dominance ended and meanwhile France had found a man. In 1758 the Duc de Choiseul had become Minister of Foreign Affairs and for twelve years he was almost the ruler of France. Though he had a clear mind and made

rapid decisions, he was far behind Pitt in insight and masterful energy; he kept himself in power by courting the favour of Madame de Pompadour; but he is the most important statesman to hold office under Louis XV. In person small and ugly, with a bulging forehead and a bald head, he lived, when in office, in a lavish splendour, conspicuous even in that age of display. He had four hundred servants, gave costly hunting parties, and held great receptions. When ambassador at Rome, he had sent to Madame de Pompadour rich presents of the objects of art in which she delighted. Later, while ambassador at Vienna, he had begun the negotiations which led to the marriage, so tragic in history, of Marie Antoinette with the heir to the French throne. After becoming Minister of Foreign Affairs, he tried to draw away from the exacting support which Austria demanded in the war and from which France had no prospect of gaining anything. In 1760, when New France was perishing for lack of aid, France had a hundred and thirty thousand soldiers fighting Austria's war in Germany; and in the next year she had a hundred and sixty thousand. Austria, always a futile ally, was thinking only of crushing Frederick of Prussia and recovering Silesia. In 1760, Russians and Austrians took and pillaged Berlin, and in the campaigns of the next year the ruin of the king of Prussia seemed inevitable. But Choiseul was pondering what gain could come to France, and the answer was—nothing. Britain was the enemy; and in 1761 M. Bussy was in London trying to make a separate treaty with Pitt.

It is the fate of most despotisms to rot at the top. French leaders and French policy had been futile; but France's enemies have too often made the mistake of ignoring the unquenchable vitality of her people. Fifty years earlier, Britain and her allies had thought to ruin Louis XIV only to find that his appeal to the nation

revived its formidable force; and now Choiseul refused to accept the hard terms which Pitt demanded. Bussy sent to Choiseul his estimate of Pitt's strength in England. In contrast with Choiseul, he lived without ostentation, remained poor, was indifferent to money, paid no court to others and would receive none himself. The king was against him, but had to be wary, for the nation trusted Pitt as it trusted no one else. He supported his opinions with a fiery passion "as if everyone must yield to his dominance." "Mr. Pitt," added Bussy, "has no other ambition than to raise his nation to the supreme height of glory, and to bring France to the lowest depths of humiliation." Pitt had said that once he would have been content to bring France to her knees: "Now I will not rest till I have laid her on her back." He demanded that France should give up even any rights to her fishermen to use the shores of Newfoundland; to which Choiseul retorted that if he yielded this he would be stoned in the streets of Paris.

Pitt's extreme demands were furnishing fuel to his enemies. The king talked of a "bloody and expensive war" and Pitt's colleagues had never loved this fiery master. He learned of a Bourbon Family Compact which would bring in Spain as an enemy, and on October 5, 1761, he resigned because his colleagues refused to meet this by declaring war on Spain. By this time Choiseul was the real government of France. Posterity has laid on the graceful shoulders of Madame de Pompadour the ruin of France. She deserves consure, but the source of evil was in the king, determined to be a despot, but unwilling to pay with the labours of a despot. If she required lavish luxury, at the cost of a distressed nation, Richelieu and Mazarin and Colbert had done the same. She had given a million livres to aid the defence of Canada and she never failed, to her death, to support the most capable minister of her age. When Belle-Isle died in 1761, Choiseul became Minister

of War and he also took over from Berryer the Marine. He found the naval arsenals empty, and the officers in the remnants of a fleet in bitter antagonism to the use of non-noble officers from the merchant fleet, and refusing to serve with them. France knew well how to build good ships and so did Spain, and now, when Spain came into the war, there was new hope of the revival of naval power by Britain's enemies. It takes time, however, to build a fleet, and Britain's course of victory continued. In 1762, she took Havana from Spain and Martinique from France, to which was left of her colonial empire in America only Louisiana, French Guiana and the western half of the island of San Domingo. British sea-power was gaining that world empire which French prophets had declared inevitable if Canada should fall.

On land, however, there was another story. Frederick of Prussia was being overwhelmed by the armies of France and Austria and Russia, until in May, 1762, came a dramatic change. Elizabeth of Russia died and was succeeded by Peter II, her nephew. He was German in blood and sympathy, an ardent admirer of the German hero, Frederick; and at once he made peace with Prussia and entered into alliance with her. It did not matter that Peter was mad and soon was assassinated. He was succeeded by his wife, Catherine, a German princess. She did not change the policy of peace with Frederick; France had nothing to gain from continuing the war; and Austria had no power to do this without her allies. With Pitt gone, Britain was prepared to treat on terms which he scorned; and thus it came about that the war ended in 1762 and Britain signed in 1763 the Treaty of Paris. Nearly a million men had perished in the long struggle. In Europe each side reverted to the position before the war; and there the chief result was the ominous rise of Prussia as a power of the first rank with Frederick, now the Great, as its Colossus. He had

humbled the Roman Catholic powers; and Protestant Europe accepted this cynic and sceptic as its great hero. In America, France had fallen and Protestant Britain had grasped a new empire. Religion was, in truth, a vital factor in the war and in the peace.

There was no public opinion in France to resist the giving up of Canada. Such a demand existed, however, for the recovery of the West Indies. Little was known in France about Canada; the only history of the colony was that of Charlevoix, written nearly half a century earlier and by a member of the Society of Jesus, now an object of hatred, and near its fall. It was an argument against holding Canada that there the Jesuits had been active. The dominant school of economists was against retaining the colony. A nation's salvation, said the physiocrats, is in drawing wealth from its own soil. Colonies take away population from such industry and tend not to enrich but to impoverish the mother country,—an argument that had abundant support in the heavy demands from Canada. The men of letters were against retaining it. Voltaire said that he was ready to go on his knees to beg that France should abandon these acres of snow inhabited by bears and beavers. Choiseul, whose zeal to humble Britain was not less than that of Pitt's to humble France, thought that to yield Canada was to set a trap for his enemy, whose colonies would soon be defiant when they ceased to need her protection against their French neighbour. He wondered that Britain should wish to have it.

Nor was opinion in England wholly united in taking Canada, if it would involve the return to France of her West Indian Islands. At that time their commerce was more important than that of Canada; and the point was urged that, if one of the two must be given up, Britain should retain Guadaloupe and give back Canada. There was, too, a glimmering of the fear that Choiseul was right.

The Duke of Bedford said to Newcastle: "I don't know whether the neighbourhood of the French to our North American colonies was not the greatest security for their dependence on the mother country." Yet Bedford himself had felt bitter chagrin at the handing back of Louisbourg and it was never doubtful that Britain must take Canada. If there had been great clamour in the colonies when she gave up the fortress of Louisbourg, for which New England had spent her blood, there would now be fury at the return of Canada. During seventy years the colonies had suffered cruel massacre and pillage on their frontiers; and had just spent themselves on what was for them a great scale, in the long war. Pitt had proclaimed the ruin of France's power in America as the chief end of the war, and a bolder man than Pitt—and none existed—would have been needed to change this policy.

The treaty of peace was signed at Paris on February 10, 1763. Britain had to yield something. She had lost Minorca to French arms and now to get it back and have a naval station in the Mediterranean, destined to be taken from her twenty years later, she returned Guadaloupe and Martinique to France. She had also to yield to France fishery rights on the west shore of Newfoundland and two small islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon, for use as fishing stations, but never for military purposes. She gave Havana back to Spain and took in exchange Florida. France yielded her possessions westward to the Mississippi. She retained what Pitt would probably not have conceded, Louisiana, but retained it only to give it up to Spain as compensation for yielding Florida. The ghost of murdered La Salle may well have stirred at the final ruin of his great plan of empire. Spain and Britain faced each other across the Mississippi, but to both the navigation of the river was to be free.

The treaty confirmed to the Canadians all the rights

which Amherst had promised at the surrender of Montreal and no one of these has ever since been challenged. The manner in which the conquered people worked out their destiny in a new allegiance belongs to the later history of Canada. They clung with enduring tenacity to their language, their religion and their laws which they derived from France; they felt sorrow for the defeat which brought an alien ruler, but slight regret at the break of the political tie with France. It was an ill-governed France which had lost Canada and the evil hand had fallen heavily on the colony. "When I wish to study the merits and faults of the administration of Louis XIV," said Tocqueville, "I must go to Canada; its deformity is there seen as through a microscope."

The most penetrating intelligence among the leaders who returned to France was that of Bourlamaque. Vaudreuil had no sanity of judgment; Lévis was a man of the world, only moderately efficient as a soldier, and with no capacity for analysing the complex conditions of a distressed country; Bourlamaque, quiet, thoughtful, aloof from the scenes of dissipation in which Lévis shared with a light heart, brooded over the defects of a system which had brought ruin, and committed his opinions to writing after his return to France. Canada, he said, had been governed on false principles. It was an evil that the governor and intendant were rivals in authority: the people did not know to whom to go; the governor should have been supreme with power to use the services of the intendant. The religious policy was wrong; the country should have been thrown open to all comers, to Protestants and to foreigners, and the king should have helped their settlement. The policy of expansion was over-done; distant chimaeras had held attention; posts were set up with no certain communications, and no frontiers had been solidly established. The natives had not been handled wisely; it was well to keep them as allies but

they were only moderately useful in war as scouts; presents to buy their support and undue complaisance made them insolent; they were loyal only when France was victorious; the soldiers despised them and yet were corrupted by their brutal manners.

Bourlamaque was well aware of the corruption at the trading-posts. No one who serves the king should, he said, engage in trade; no monopoly should be tolerated of selling goods to the king and, to avoid temptation, the agents at the posts should be frequently changed. Authority should be centred in Quebec; separate governments at Montreal and Three Rivers were a mistake, useless in time of peace, mischievous in time of war. Fisheries and manufactures had been neglected. There had been no adequate system of defence. Bourlamaque thought that in Canada there were more people naturally brave than in any other country, and that wise handling could have given her an effective army of as many as sixteen thousand men. The governor should have been both a soldier and a statesman, active, himself working, seeing everything with his own eyes, the enemy of fraud and jealous for the public good. Bourlamaque's opinion of Canada's needs was tinged by his outlook as a professional soldier, but he saw clearly enough what caused the fall of New France.

It remained for France to deal with those who had plundered the colony. Vaudreuil, Bigot, Cadet, Péan and a score of others were sent to the Bastille. The charges went to the Court of the Châtelet, and twenty-seven judges spent fifteen months in the case, which attracted the attention of Europe. Vaudreuil redeemed himself by his bearing during this ordeal. His lineage, he said, should have protected him from suspicion of any share in things so sordid; he had been occupied with military matters and had no contact with the channels of fraud; nor, he believed,

had the brave officers in the regular army, who had shed their blood for France, been tainted by the evils. Bigot, on the other hand, showed a base spirit; he traduced Montcalm and Vaudreuil, turned on Cadet, his former accomplice, as the real criminal, and claimed, and indeed with justice, that his zeal and energy had been of high service in the defence of Canada. Judgment was rendered in December, 1763. Vaudreuil was acquitted. For Bigot the prosecution asked the degrading punishment that, clad only in a shirt, labelled as a thief, and with a rope around his neck, he should be made to kneel before the principal gate of the Tuileries and proclaim aloud his own guilt. Then he should be beheaded. France was still mediaeval in the barbarity of her punishments, and, in the next year, executed with ignominy equal to this an innocent man. Lally-Tollendal had failed in India, not through any fraud, but because of tactless handling of "these wretched blacks," as he called the natives, and of furious quarrels with his colleagues. In a dung cart, handcuffed and gagged, he was dragged to the scaffold and beheaded. The Canadian criminals escaped, however, the last penalty of guilt. Bigot was condemned to perpetual banishment from France and to have all his property confiscated; and soon persons of rank were scrambling to buy the rich objects of art, the plate and candlesticks, which he had collected in France. Cadet, the arch-criminal, was to pay back to the king six million livres, and to be banished from Paris for nine years. Lesser criminals suffered in proportion to their crimes; but justice was not relentless. Later we find Bigot living in some comfort in France. Cadet returned to Canada for a time and made up an account for nine million livres due to him, he claimed, by France. He was able to purchase extensive lands in France and the daughters of this Quebec butcher married into some of the noblest families.

The military leaders in the lost colony won distinction

in their later careers. Courtesies between nations at war were more generous then than in later times and Great Britain released some of the returned soldiers from the penalty of not serving again during the war. Bougainville joined the French army in Germany, and when the war ended, he turned sailor, went to the South Seas, hoping to begin there a new empire for France, made important discoveries and, in 1769, completed a tour round the world, two years before that of Captain Cook, who also had served in the war in Canada. Bougainville is a symbol of France's vitality to rally after defeat, for he took part in the victory, won chiefly by the French, at Yorktown in 1781, which involved the ruin of England's colonial empire. He died in 1811, a senator of France under Napoleon. Bourlamaque served in Malta against the Turk, but soon went as governor to Guadaloupe and there, to the loss of his country, he died in 1764. Lévis served in the war in Germany and in the end became a duke and a Marshal of France. He died in 1787, two years before the Revolution, and in the tumult of that rising his body was torn from the tomb at Arras and his bones were scattered. His widow and two of his three daughters were beheaded during the Terror.

Berryer, the Minister of Marine, rebuked Vaudreuil for the capitulation which had so humbled the French army. Though loquacious, vain, jealous and vindictive, he had yet given himself to the service of his native land and he retained some title to respect. He secured one object of desire, the Grand Cross of St. Louis; and pensions amounting to twelve thousand livres enabled him to live in dignified poverty. His wife, much older, soon died and he was left alone and broken. "I am well convinced," he wrote, soon after the peace, "of the instability of human affairs." We may wonder whether he ever thought to make amends to the family of Montcalm for his slanders against the dead leader. This last weak governor of New

France calls up the figure of Champlain, the first governor, capable, alert and hopeful, dying at Quebec in the belief that he had founded an empire. Relentless history had decided otherwise, but does not forbid our picturing what might have been had the French monarchy, in its days of power, thrown energies, wasted in Europe, into the task of making French half of North America.

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CHAPTER XXI

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CHAPTER XXIII

THE DRAMA OF HUDSON BAY

RADISSON'S narrative as in Chapter XII. Sufficient information as to Prince Rupert will be found in the article *Rupert* in the Dictionary of National Biography which has a list of authorities. The Charter of the Hudson's Bay Company is printed in E. H. OLIVER (Editor), *The Canadian North-West, its early development and legislative records* (2 v., Ottawa, 1914-15). ALBANEL'S account of his journey is in *The Jesuit Relations.* IVANHOË CARON, *Journal de l'expédition du Chevalier de Troyes à la Baie d'Hudson en 1686* (Beauceville, Quebec, 1919), contains Troyes own journal, written from day to day during the expedition. The volume contains also the narrative of Père SILVY, the chaplain of the expedition, which was printed by Bishop Saint-Vallier at Paris in 1688 in his *Estat présent de l'Eglise . . . dans La Nouvelle-France* (reprinted, Quebec, 1856). There is much of interest about Silvy in C. DE ROCHEMENTEIX (Editor), *Relation par lettres de l'Amérique Septentrionale* . . . (Paris, 1904), and a list of authorities for Iberville is in C. B. REED, *The first great Canadian, the story of Pierre le Moyne, Sieur d'Iberville* (Chicago, 1910). BACQUEVILLE DE LA POTHERIE, author of *Histoire de L'Amérique Septentrionale* (4 v., Paris, 1753), was with Iberville on the voyage of 1697. R. DOUGLAS and J. M. WALLACE, *Twenty Years of York Factory, 1694-1714* (Ottawa, 1926), is a translation from the French of a brief narrative published in 1724 by JÉRÉMIE, who was with Iberville on Hudson Bay in 1694 and 1697. It tells of the destruction of the British war-ship *Hampshire.* Oddly enough there is no known account of this disaster in English sources. KELSEY'S *Journal* was printed in the *Report to Parliament on the Hudson's Bay Co.* (London, 1749), and is reprinted: C. N. BELL,

The Journal of Henry Kelsey, 1691-1692 (Winnipeg, 1928). There are widely variant opinions as to his route to the interior; see L. J. Burpee, *The Henry Kellsey Puzzle,* in his *Search for the Western Sea,* and J. B. Tyrrell (Editor), *Samuel Hearne, A Journey from Prince of Wales's Fort in Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean in the years 1769-1770, 1771 and 1772* (Toronto, The Champlain Society, 1916). Hearne tells the story of the loss of the expedition under James Knight. J. Robson, *An account of a six years' residence in Hudson's Bay from 1733 to 1736 and 1744 to 1747* . . . (London, 1752), attacks the arbitrary methods of the company. A. Dobbs and Captain Middleton engaged in fierce controversy about the north-west passage, which may be traced in A. Dobbs, *An account of . . . Hudson's Bay* . . . (London, 1744; in his *Remarks on Captain Middleton's Defence* . . . (London, 1744), and in *A Reply to Captain Middleton's answer* (London, 1745); See also H. Ellis, *A Voyage to Hudson's Bay* . . . *1746 and 1747* (London, 1748). The Province of Manitoba secured the territory west of the older Canada, which became Ontario, and an elaborate report on *The northerly and westerly boundaries* (Toronto, 1882) throws light on the early history. Secondary narratives are N. E. Dionne, *Chouart et Radisson* (Quebec, 1910); G. Bryce, *The remarkable history of the Hudson's Bay Company* (Toronto, 1900); Beckles Willson, *The Great Company, being a history of the . . . Company . . . trading into Hudson's Bay* (London, 1900); A. C. Laut, *The conquest of the great north-west, being the story of . . . the Hudson's Bay Company* (2 v., New York, 1908); L. J. Burpee, *The search for the Western Sea, the story of the exploration of North-western America* (Toronto, 1908). In A. Shortt and A. G. Doughty, *Canada and its Provinces* (Vol. XXIII, p. 234, Toronto, 1917), is a list of works relating to Hudson Bay.

CHAPTER XXIV

NEW FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XV

H. Carré, *Louis XV (1715-1774)* in Lavisse, *Histoire de France* (Vol. VIII), gives lists of authorities. It is an excellent general account of the reign. Pierre de Nolhac, de l'Académie française, *Louis XV et Marie Leczinska* and his *Louis XV et Madame de Pompadour,* both based on new material, throw light on the character of Louis XV (Paris, no date). L. Ducros, *La société française au XVIIIe siècle* (Paris, 1924), is translated into English by W. de Geljer, *French society in the eighteenth century* (London, 1926). All these volumes are for the general reader but are based upon adequate authorities. A large amount of material on the relations of the French court with Canada is calendared in *The Report on Canadian Archives* (Ottawa, 1904 and 1905). A. M. Macmechan (Editor), *A Calendar of . . . letter books . . . 1713-1741* (Halifax, 1900); and *Original minutes of H. M. Council at Annapolis Royal, 1720-1739* (Halifax, 1908), throws light on the period following the cession of Acadia. J. S. McLennan, *Louisbourg from its foundation to its fall* (London, 1918), is an elaborate study. The priest Bobe's *Mémoire,* of 1718, is in the Canadian Archives; his second *Mémoire,* that of 1720, is printed in F. Parkman, *A half-century of conflict* (Boston, 1692); a third *Mémoire,* of 1723, is translated in *New York Colonial Documents.* Charlevoix now becomes an original authority in his *Histoire de la Nouvelle-France,* already cited. His journal, which forms the third volume of the original edition,

translated by J. G. Shea, in 1861, was republished by Louise Phelps Kellogg (Editor), *Journal of a Voyage to North America . . .* (2 v., Chicago, Caxton Club, 1923, a limited edition). J. E. Roy, *Essai sur Charlevoix* (Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, Ottawa, 1908), includes original papers. Peter Kalm's *Travels into North America,* an English translation (London, 1772), is reprinted in Pinkerton's collection of Voyages. A. Gosselin, *L'Église du Canada* (Vol. III, Quebec, 1904), gives an illuminating account of religious conditions at Quebec and Louisbourg, and his *Mgr. de Saint-Vallier et son temps* (Evreux, 1899) is excellent. On church matters, *Mgr. de Saint-Vallier de l'Hôpital Général de Québec . . .* (Quebec, 1882) and Le Comte de Breuil de Pontbriand, *Le dernier Évêque du Canada français, Mgr. de Pontbriand, 1740-1760* (Paris, 1910). The intendant Dupuy's report on the burial of Saint-Vallier is in the *Rapport* of the Quebec Archivist for 1920-21. That for 1922-23 has papers on church matters. The *Invenfaire d'une collection de pièces judiciares . . .* (2 v., Beauceville, Quebec, 1917) throws light on social life. The same is true of the *Inventaire des insinuations du conseil souverain . . .* (Ibid., 1921).

CHAPTER XXV

THE THIRD WAR WITH THE ENGLISH COLONIES

J. B. Brebner, *New England's outpost, Acadia before the conquest of Canada* (New York, 1927), gives an adequate list of authorities, and in Shortt and Doughty, Vol. XXIII, pp. 235-7, there is a list of works on Louisbourg, by J. S. McLennan. C. H. Lincoln (Editor), *The Correspondence of William Shirley* (2 v., New York, 1912); G. A. Wood, *William Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts 1744-1756* (Vol. I, New York, 1920). There is much on events in Nova Scotia in *New York Colonial Documents* in the *Collection de Manuscrits,* and in *the Jesuit Relations.* Vol. LXVII, are letters to Râle from the authorities in Canada. G. M. Wrong (Editor), *Louisbourg in 1745* (Toronto, 1897), has a reprint of the original text with a translation of the only detailed French account by an eye-witness of the siege, the *Lettre d'un Habitant de Louisbourg. The Journal of Captain William Pote, Jr., during his captivity in the French and Indian War, from May, 1745 to August, 1747* (New York, 1896), shows the spirit of the time on both sides. *The Pepperell Papers* are in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 6th series, Vol. X. The text of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle is in McLennan's *Louisbourg* (See Chapter XXIV). F. Parkman, *A half-century of conflict,* remain the best secondary accounts with full references to authorities. H. L. Osgood, *The English Colonies in the eighteenth century* (4 v., New York, 1924), shows the position of New England in respect of Acadia. H. R. Casgrain, *Les Sulpiciens . . . en Acadie, 1676-1762* (Quebec, 1897), and his *Un pélérinage au pays d' Evangéline* (Quebec, 1887), picture with sympathy the life of the French in Acadia.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE FRENCH IN THE PRAIRIE COUNTRY

The material relating to La Vérendrye is collected in *Journals and Letters of Pierre Gaultier de Varennes de La Vérendrye and his sons with correspondence between the governors of Canada and the French court*

touching the search for the Western Sea, edited with introduction and notes by LAWRENCE J. BURPEE (Toronto. The Champlain Society, 1917). This fine edition supersedes earlier scattered sources. In the *Report on Canadian Archives* (Ottawa, 1904, 1905) are calendars of French state papers which show the methods of the French court in respect of New France. *The Aulneau Collection, 1734-1745,* edited by A. E. JONES (Montreal, 1893), relates to the martyred Jesuit priest with La Vérendyre, and papers relating to him are in the *Rapport* on Quebec Archives for 1926-1927). ELLIOTT COUES (Editor), *New Light on the early history of the greater North-West, the manuscript journals of Alexander Henry . . . and of David Thompson* (3 v., New York, 1897), contains a description of the Grand Portage and other aspects of the west. J. B. TYRRELL (Editor), *David Thompson's Narrative* (See Chapter XXIII), includes an account of a journey to the Mandan country and of life among the native tribes on the prairie. The *Journal, 1750-1753,* of LEGARDEUR DE SAINTE-PIERRE, is printed in the *Report* on Canadian Archives (Ottawa, 1886). The *New York Colonial Documents* contain many papers by LA GALISSONIÈRE, LA JONQUIÈRE and others, on the West. ANTHONY HENDRY'S *Journal* is in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada* for 1907.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE FOURTH WAR AND THE FALL OF NEW FRANCE

General works dealing with the operations and diplomacy related to the Seven Years War are RICHARD WADDINGTON, *La guerre de sept ans* (4 v., Paris, 1899-1908); J. S. CORBETT, *England in the Seven Years War . . .* (2 v., London, 1897); the HON. J. W. FORTESCUE, *A History of the British Army* (Vol. II, London, 1899); H. L. OSGOOD, *The American Colonies in the Eighteenth Century* (4 v., New York, 1924). Later writers have assimilated what is valuable in the older works by THOMAS JEFFREYS, JOHN ENTINCK, THOMAS MANTE and the ABBÉ RAYNAL. W. WOOD, in *Shortt and Doughty,* Vol. XXIII, pp. 235-7, gives a list of authorities.

1. *The Founding of Halifax to Confront Louisbourg*

T. B. AKINS (Editor), *Selections from the Public Documents of Nova Scotia* (Halifax, 1869), gives the dispatches of Cornwallis relating to the founding of Halifax. The same editor wrote a *History of Halifax city* (Collections of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, 1895). BEAMISH MURDOCH, *History of Nova Scotia* (3 v., Halifax, 1866), has many documents. *The Memorials of the English and French Commissioners concerning the limits of Nova Scotia and Acadia* (2 v., London, 1755), has as counterpart *Mémoire des Commissaires du Roi et de ceux de Sa Majesté Britannique, sur les possessions et les droits respectif des deux couronnes en Amérique* (7 v., Paris, 1756). Light is thrown on conditions in Louisbourg by G. DUBOSCQ DE BEAUMONT, *Les derniers jours de l'Acadie, 1748-1758; correspondances et mémoires extraits du porte-feuille de M. Le Courtois de Surlaville* (Paris, 1989). GOSSELIN and MCLENNAN on Louisbourg, cited in Chapter XXIV, have much of interest.

2. *French and English on the Ohio*

The opposing views on the Ohio country may be traced in the *New York Colonial Documents;* MARGRY, too, gives CÉLORON'S *Journal.* In

The Jesuit Relations, Vol. LXIX, is FATHER BONNECAMPS' account of the expedition and LE MARQUIS DE LA JONQUIÈRE defends his ancestor in *Le chef d'Escadre, Marquis de La-Jonquière* (Paris, 1895), as do also the Bulletin des recherches historiques (Vol. XXVI) and the *Rapport* of the Quebec Archivist for 1920-21. That of 1922-23 has many papers on Fort Duquesne. N. M. MILLER SURREY, *The Commerce of Louisiana during the French régime 1699-1763* (New York, 1916), shows the nature and extent of French settlement. A. CHAGNY, *Un defenseur de la Nouvelle France, François Picquet, "le Canadien" 1708-1781* (L'Université Catholique, 1907), is an account of a bold effort by the French to hold the upper St. Lawrence in New York State, a continuation of the policy described in Chapter XII. W. C. FORD, *The Writings of George Washington* (14 v., New York, 1889-93), give Washington's narrative of his contact with the French, and there are many reprints. H. E. EGERTON, *Federations and Unions within the British Empire* (Oxford, 1911), gives the text of the scheme of federation approved at Albany, and H. L. OSGOOD, already cited, gives an adequate examination of its setting. Literature relating to Braddock and Sir William Johnson is summarized in the articles in the Dictionary of National Biography; see also J. SULLIVAN, *Sir William Johnson's papers* (3 v., Albany, 1921) and *New York Colonial Documents*.

3. *The Expulsion of the Acadians*

CAPTAIN JOHN KNOX, *An historical journal of the campaign in North America for the years 1757, 1758, 1759, 1760*, edited by ARTHUR G. DOUGHTY (3 v., Toronto, The Champlain Society, 1914-16), is written by an eyewitness. Colonel JOHN WINSLOW'S *Journal* of the Expulsion of the Acadians is in the Transactions of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, as are also *The Life and Administration of Governor Charles Lawrence* and SIR BROOK WATSON'S narrative. A list of the vast literature relating to the expulsion of the Acadians is given in J. B. BREBNER, *New England's Outpost* (See Chapter XXV). It has the merit of being based wholly on original materials and is free from the passions still related to the episode. Many papers are given in the *Reports on Canadian Archives* for 1894 and 1905. E. RICHARD, *Acadia; Missing Links of a lost chapter in American History by an Acadian* (2 v., Montreal, 1895), edited and enlarged by H. D'ARLES, *Acadie* (3 v., Quebec, 1916-21), includes bitter attacks on AKINS (already cited), on F. PARKMAN for lack of sympathy with the Acadians, and describes Lawrence as a monster. A similar note is found in E. LAUVRIÈRE, *La Tragédie d'un people, histoire du people Acadien de ses origines à nos jours* (2 v., Paris, 1922). P. GAUDET, *Le Grand Dérangement* (Ottawa, 1892), is by an Acadian. D. C. HARVEY, *The French Régime in Prince Edward Island* (New Haven, 1926), shows the extent there of the expulsion.

4. *The Victories of Montcalm*

H. R. CASGRAIN (Editor), *Collection des manuscrits du Maréchal de Lévis* (12 v., Quebec, 1889-95), contains Montcalm's Journal, Letters and a great collection of papers relating to the campaigns. BOURLAMAQUE'S papers, chiefly military, are calendared in the *Report on Canadian Archives* for 1923. His *Mémoire* on French colonial policy is in the Bulletin des récherches historiques, Vol. XXV. Bougainville was the most prolific writer among the French leaders. MARGRY gives an account of him in his *Relations et Mémoires inédits*. DOUGHTY and PARMELEE (see below) give his letters and P. G. ROY in *Rapport de l'Archiviste de la Province de Québec* for 1923-24 many papers. His descendant, R. DE KERALLAIN in

La Jeunesse de Bougainville . . . (privately printed, Paris, 1896), defends him with vigour. Long, tedious letters by VAUDREUIL are in MS. in the Canadian Archives. H. R. CASGRAIN (Editor), *MM. Duquesne et Vaudreuil* . . . 1755-60 (Quebec, 1890), gives many, and some by Vaudreuil and also Lévis are in the *Report on Canadian Archives* for 1905, which has also calendars of royal orders and dispatches relating to the period. Vaudreuil's own papers were destroyed by his family during the Franco-German war, 1870-71, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Prussians. They might have helped to vindicate him. This, with no great success, the ABBÉ H. R. CASGRAIN tries to do in *Guerre du Canada, 1756-1760, Montcalm et Lévis* (2 v., Quebec, 1891) and in *Wolfe and Montcalm* (Makers of Canada, new edition, Toronto, 1926) where Lévis, not Montcalm, is the hero. Montcalm's career is covered adequately in T. CHAPAIS, *Le Marquis de Montcalm* (Quebec, 1911). W. WOOD, *The Fight for Canada* (London, 1904), is a good companion to F. PARKMAN'S admirable *Montcalm and Wolfe,* where authorities can be traced (2 v., Boston, 1884). A. G. DOUGHTY and G. W. PARMELEE in *The Siege of Quebec* . . . (6 v., Quebec, 1901), give a vast amount of material on the campaign. G. M. WRONG, *The Fall of Canada* (Oxford, 1914), gives a full bibliography for events after the fall of Quebec, containing the narratives of Malartic, Desandrouins and other participants in the campaign. The as yet unprinted papers of LA PAUSE, one of Montcalm's best officers, are in the Canadian Archives. The bitter *Mémoire sur le Canada depuis 1749 jusqu'à 1760* (Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, 1st Series, Vol. I), is probably by the same author as the *Mémoire du Canada* in the *Rapport* on Quebec Archives, 1924-25, which gives a list of the reputed Canadian millionaires enriched by fraud. LE R. P. HUGOLIN (see Chapter XXIII) gives some *chansons* over French victories.

5. *The Ministry of William Pitt*

On Pitt's life the literature is too copious even to epitomize. It can be traced in BASIL WILLIAMS, *The Life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham* (2 v., London, 1913), defective on the Canadian campaigns but with a good list of authorities. ALBERT VON RUVILLE, translated by H. J. CHAYTOR and MARY MORRISON, *William Pitt, Earl of Chatham* (3 v., London, 1907), is biassed against Pitt's character but gives adequate authorities. To be consulted are C. S. KIMBALL, *Correspondence of William Pitt with colonial Governors* . . . (2 v., New York, 1906) and WILLIAM WOOD (Editor), *The logs of the conquest of Canada* (Toronto, The Champlain Society, 1909). P. C. YORKE, *The life and correspondence of Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke* (3 v., Cambridge, 1913), is critical of Pitt.

6. *Wolfe's Siege of Quebec*

R. WRIGHT, *The Life of Major-General James Wolfe* . . . (London, 1864), has many of his letters and is supplemented by BECKLES WILLSON, *The Life and Letters of James Wolfe* (London, 1909), a book carelessly written, and by his article containing Wolfe's *Journal* (Nineteenth Century . . . March, 1910). C. V. F. TOWNSHEND, *The military life of F. M. George, first Marquess Townshend* (London, 1901); R. H. MAHON, *Life of General the Hon. James Murray* (London, 1921) and the papers of MONCKTON in the Northcliffe Collection (Ottawa, 1926) relate to Wolfe's three brigadiers. E. SALMON, *Life of Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, K.B.* (London, 1914). The interesting but unimportant incident of Wolfe's repeating Gray's *Elegy* is discussed by E. E. MORRIS; *Wolfe and Gray's Elegy* (English

Historical Review, Jan., 1900), and by Beckles Willson, *General Wolfe and Gray's Elegy* (Nineteenth Century . . . April, 1913).

7. *The Surrender of New France*

The absortive negotiations for peace in 1761 have now lost their interest and may be traced in such sources as the Annual Register, the Gentleman's Magazine and the writings of Horace Walpole. Many protests against the peace by French Chambers of Commerce are in the *Rapport* on Quebec Archives for 1924-25. On the peace the general accounts of the war, already cited, and such histories as W. E. H. Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* and Lavisse, *Histoire de France.* The text of the Treaty of Paris is in A. Shortt, and A. G. Doughty, *Documents relating to the Constitutional History of Canada* (2 v., Ottawa, 1905). The authorities for Bigot's trial are given in Wrong, *The Fall of Canada,* already cited. Adam Shortt (Editor), covers the financial history, which ended so disastrously, in *Documents relating to Canadian currency, exchange and finance during the French régime* (2 v., Ottawa, 1925).

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